

# The Chatelaine

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A Magazine for Canadian Women

May  
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In This Issue:

When I Went to School  
With Royalty—By A. L. Ludlow

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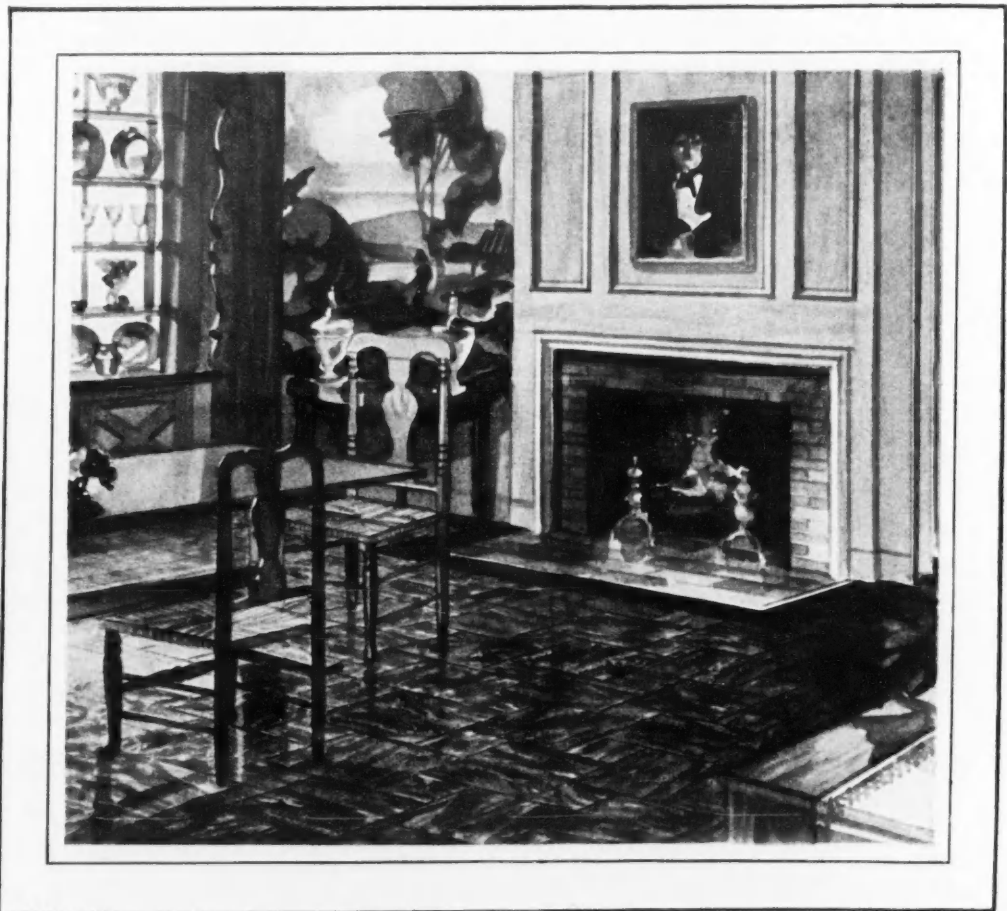
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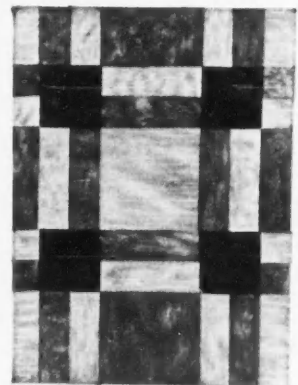
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# Fast Company

Unaccountably she felt hesitation overcome her again and paused beside him for a minute. "Come on," he said intimately, "Everything's all right, sister."

by

VICTORINE  
KIRK

THEY had begun watching her as she walked away from the house in the mornings. Promptly at ten minutes until nine, when the front door closed heavily and softly after her, they started by mutual impulse for the big plate-glass window at the front of the drawing-room and stood there, concealed by the heavy gold net. It would not do, of course, for her to turn and see them standing there, but there was little danger. The curtain concealed more than the vaguest outlines from the street and, besides, she never looked back.

They rarely spoke until she was out of sight. Theirs was a watchful silence, broken only by the faint clink of silver and china from the breakfast room where the maid was removing the dishes. They stood side by side, Mr. Calhoun towering above the slight, nervous figure of his wife, and holding his paper turned to the market quotations in a listless hand; Mrs. Calhoun, with the ordering for the day pushed, at the moment, out of her mind.

There she went—Gretchen—one hundred and ten pounds of the slim grace which money and tradition delight to nurture. Her feet, in their made-to-order shoes, seemed to touch the earth with fleeting contempt. Her body, moving with the relaxed ease of an athlete, was proudly held. Seen at a distance, her fair-skinned face looked tender and even docile, but her parents knew that close at hand she looked at you with the unfathomable, disconcerting wisdom of the young.

"Thatcher, do you suppose she is meeting him somewhere?" asked Mrs. Calhoun, as Gretchen was lost behind a tall, clipped hedge.

"Oh, undoubtedly," Mr. Calhoun turned away from the window and sat down in a deep chair, leaning his head back

with the weariness of one who contemplates without pleasure the newness of the day. "We made a mistake in asking her not to let him come here."

"But Thatcher!" Mrs. Calhoun was tense with protest. Her beautiful, high-arched nose became sharp as little lines appeared at each side of it. "What are parents to do? Encourage their children to bring home men who refuse to give any information about themselves? And his refusals were so very adroit! He had a confusing way of making a

Illustrated by  
W.V. CHAMBERS



A new aspect of  
pleasure-mad youth,  
and old-fashioned  
parents

snub sound like a compliment."

Her husband said nothing, and Mrs. Calhoun said, a little crisply, "Well?"

"Well, what? If we say anything more to her, she'll say what she did the other day—that we left her alone when she was a child who didn't want to be left alone, and that she'll appreciate it if we'll do the same thing now that she's a woman who does."

"We were building a social position for her."

"And for ourselves, Carrie. Admit it. Let's be frank with each other at least. It's a luxury we don't enjoy with other people."

They paused for a moment and mentally inspected something—the fabric of their lives, which in spots was hanging together by the mere threads of their nerve and tenacity.

Mr. Calhoun leaned forward suddenly and gripped his hands hard between his knees.

"If she begins to run with a fast crowd while we still have money, what will she do if I fail, Carrie? That's what I think about. What will she do? We've brought her up to have everything. It'll be an awful blow to her."

"Thatcher—" Mrs. Calhoun began, as if she would hearten him. Then her voice trailed off without finding words with which to go on. "If only she would marry Gilbert Page," she said instead.

Mr. Calhoun nodded.

"That's a funny thing. Sometimes I would swear that she loves him. Then again it looks more like hate."

He rose slowly, dropping the paper in the chair. Standing, he looked around the room, as he had fallen into the habit of doing lately, at the fine rugs, the mellow furniture, the pictures which he and Carrie had selected with such discriminating taste at a time when they never had to glance first at the balance in their cheque books.

She watched him.

"Don't go down to the office today," she said presently.

"Heaven knows it does little good," he said, adding, with a tardy, hopeful gleam. "Still, something might turn up. I'll just go on down today."

He kissed her and drove off in the big, silent-running car which in a few weeks, or a few months at best, would probably be taken from him.

As he passed the corner around which Gretchen had vanished, his thoughts turned to her again. He wondered what, if anything, she was up to. He wondered what was

**DR. GRUENFELD**

Medizinalrat Dr. Karl Gruenfeld, the noted physician, medical writer and lecturer, is Primarius (clinic head) in Vienna's great Mariabilder Hospital. He is very popular in Austria for saving the life of the great grandson of the Emperor Francis Joseph I.



# "The effect of yeast on *Sluggish Intestines* is remarkable"

declares this CELEBRATED AUSTRIAN CLINIC HEAD

**IF YOU** are troubled with sluggish elimination, stop to consider how the great physician's statement quoted above applies to you.

A sluggish, unclean condition of the intestines demands serious attention, you know. For it lies at the source, physicians say, of many of our commonest ills. So read carefully what this famous Vienna authority, Dr. Karl Gruenfeld, says about it:

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"This condition is readily overcome by eating fresh yeast . . . Yeast is not a medicine, but a food . . . It has a remarkable effect on intestinal activity, toning up the muscles of the whole digestive tract. It checks putrefaction . . . It corrects con-

stipation in a gentle, gradual, permanent way."

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So try eating fresh yeast—*Fleischmann's Yeast*—for 60 days. Note the improvement in your digestion, in your color, in your energy for work and play. Note

your greater freedom from headaches, colds and other minor ills.

And start now! You can get *Fleischmann's Yeast* at grocers', restaurants, soda fountains, drug stores, and each cake is rich in three vitamins—B, G and D—essential to perfect health. Send for free booklet, "Yeast for Health." Address Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

## Famous Medical Leaders advise Yeast

Dr. FRIEDRICH KRAUS, President of the German Medical Society and one of Europe's greatest medical teachers, says, "Yeast stimulates the intestines to normal action . . . promotes regular evacuations and normal digestion."

Dr. PAOLO ALESSANDRINI, of Rome, the noted intestinal specialist, declares: "Yeast keeps the intestinal tract active and clean . . . improves digestion."



(LEFT)

"Abdominal pains and intestinal troubles of various kinds caused me great distress," writes Mr. Charles Burke, of Church Point, N.S. "I can truthfully say that I have been greatly benefited by my regular use of *Fleischmann's Yeast*."



(Above) Poisons from sluggish intestines upset digestion, take away appetite and pep. Yeast keeps intestines clean.



(LEFT)

To correct internal sluggishness eat three cakes of *Fleischmann's Yeast* every day, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime, plain or in a third of a glass of water (cold or hot), or any way you like.

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*Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast . . . the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat three cakes every day!*

tiny, oval photograph. A smartly groomed young man's face looked confidently out of a flat, gold frame, and Max recognized Gilbert Page.

"They're right, of course," Max said jealously, picking up the things and laying the bag back beside her.

"Not Gilbert. Not now. He's too cagy," she thought bitterly, and started to tell Max that most smart young men were no longer so imprudent as to forget financial considerations even under stress of love. But she checked herself. She had been talking too much. She could not afford to indulge herself in an honesty which would cheapen Max's valuation of her. In the delicate contest of drop or be dropped, which she foresaw that she would have to play with her own set, Max's crowd offered her the only available harbor where the scale of living would be equal to the one she had known. And if she came into this group, they must feel that she was condescending to them, not they to her.

She considered the men and women at the bridge tables during a moment when Max stepped over to speak to a man who was leaving.

They might pass for those people who are loosely classified as the best, she thought. Their clothes were as good, and they had the manner. They were as widely travelled and as well informed. They were even more casual about money—"probably because money can be made more quickly outside the law than inside it," she realized. There was no difference between these people and the ones she had always known that could easily be analyzed. It was more something to be felt, and it had to do with their standards.

Her own friends might be snobbish, selfish, superficial; but underneath lay a set of conventions—things one did or did not do.

To these people, in spite of their careful exteriors, the world was wide open. But the very freedom which they took would probably manufacture some shameful cage for every one of them, later on.

"Still," Gretchen pondered, "they're rather magnificent while they last, and some of them last a remarkably long time."

It would be better to have people say, "Gretchen Calhoun fell in with a wild crowd and quit her old friends," than to have them say, "Gretchen Calhoun? Oh, her people lost their money, and her friends dropped her. She couldn't keep up with them any longer." Anything would be better, she thought, than to have people dismiss her like that.

And Max was all right. There was nothing cheap about Max.

"But if I should marry him, how frightful it would be if he were ever arrested and brought to trial," she thought.

Life was difficult and confusing. But only one thing was quite unbearable, and that was the humiliation of being pushed into obscurity.

LOOKING around for Max, she saw him standing near the door, talking with a young man who had just come in. From the rather special attention which Max was giving him, Gretchen decided that he must be someone of some importance, although he looked young for that. He looked like a boy, in fact, in spite of his powerful build; he had such clear, dark eyes.

From time to time, as he talked to Max, he turned his clear gaze toward Gretchen, and when Max was called to the telephone, he frankly stared at her.

She returned his inspection briefly and impersonally, then glanced away, only to look back at him in surprise as he started toward her.

"Pardon me," he said, stopping before her and looking down at her with something oddly like concern. "You're Gretchen Calhoun. I was in high school with you—senior in your freshman year."

He stopped there, and gazed at her again, considering. It rasped her rather frayed nerves.

"So were two thousand others," she said. "I'm sorry but I don't remember you."

"In Mr. Sterner's Review English," he reminded her urgently. "Don't you remember? He had a goatee. You never could understand intransitive verbs. I sat right across the aisle from you. I'm Dick Fleming."

"I'm sorry," she repeated. "All I can remember about school is one of the yells. Shall we give it?"

"You think I'm trying to force an acquaintance," he said quickly. "All I wanted to say, before Max comes back, is that you don't belong with these people."

"If they're so bad, what are you doing here?" she asked. She was angry, chiefly because he had said what she knew in her heart to be true.

"That's different. I came here to make a deal with Max for a young friend of mine who has got into a little difficulty. That's all. I don't stop to visit."

"But I do." She gazed defiantly beyond him and sat like an effigy with her hands motionless in her lap.

He looked at her keenly. In spite of his boyish appearance, there was something very mature and strong about him.

"It would be too bad for you to get mixed up with the wrong crowd, because you're naturally nice," he said explanatorily. Then as he saw Max coming across the room, he added, "I'm sorry if I annoyed you. Good-by."

He walked toward Max and spoke briefly for a few minutes, while Max inclined his head in agreement. Then he went away.

"Max," she said, when he had rejoined her, "I want to go home."

A phrase had disturbed her. You're naturally nice. He was right. All the way to the corner where Max let her out, all the way into the house, her thoughts were turning almost in a panic to her own friends. She must manage somehow to hold them, no matter what her circumstances got to be. Surely they'd be loyal to her. Why, only a month ago, she had known that Gilbert Page had been leading up to a talk about marriage; and she had been asking herself just how much she cared for him. She had a luncheon engagement with him today. Probably she had only imagined that he had changed toward her. Probably everything was all right.

The maid met her at the foot of the stairs.

"Mr. Page telephoned, Miss Gretchen," she said. "He said that he won't be able to get here today. He has to make a trip out of town."

Gretchen stood still on the first step. As much as she had believed in him a moment ago, she doubted him now. He had meant to take her out to the Saddle and Sirolo Club to see some practice polo. She didn't believe that he had gone out of town today. He had [Continued on page 78]



H.M. Chambers

She gazed like an effigy beyond him, and sat motionless. He looked at her keenly. "I'm sorry if I annoyed you," he said. But the phrase disturbed—"You're naturally nice"—He was right, and her thoughts began to turn to her own friends.

in her mind. It came to him that he and Carrie had waited fatally late in the day to try to find out.

TWO blocks from the house a large maroon roadster had picked her up. The driver, a tall man of thirty who drove bareheaded and whose unhurried ease suggested that his time was his own, pulled up beside the curb and let the door swing open for her in a way which showed that it was quite the usual thing for her to step in beside him.

"Lovely," he said, his glance sweeping over her. "Worth getting up early to see."

His eyes saw everything—her face laid like a luminous pearl against dark fur, the pale gold hair curving against her cheeks under a close hat, her steel blue eyes which seemed so sure. He saw that they were not sure. At the back of them lay a bewildered look which she tried almost successfully to hide. A cog had slipped somewhere in the machinery of her satisfaction, and she was adrift. He had guessed it weeks earlier, and had felt the same sharp thrust of triumph which sprang up in him now.

"She doesn't know where she is going," he told himself, "but I know. I'll marry her. I'll have her. She will belong to me."

She was instantly in repose on sitting down. Part of her charm for Max was in her quiet hands. Their control was so fascinatingly at variance with something rebellious in her.

She looked at Max sideways without turning her head.

"You shouldn't bother to drive down here just to take me to a class that is within walking distance," she said.

"I don't want to take you to it," he answered. "I want you to drive with me. Why must you go there, anyhow? What do you do?"

"We draw little pictures," she said, with a trace of mockery in her even voice. "And we hear why Inman was a great genre painter. Alice Leyton and her sister talk about the year they were at school in France. I retaliate with the year I was at school in Switzerland. Patricia Hensley tells us how much her new bracelet cost."

"Heavens!" said Max. "Why is that supposed to be good for you?"

"Oh, it's one of those things one does," she answered restlessly. "It's horribly expensive to study under Fischer. Only people with money send their children to him. That," the mockery surely became more pronounced, "is why my father sends me."

Max glanced at her uncertainly. He wondered if she knew anything about her father's financial condition and was indulging in irony, or if she only thought she was being frank. He had been watching her for three months but had not yet been able to estimate her subtlety. She was a new experience to him. He did not know any other young girls with her background.

"Don't go to the class," he begged. "Ride out to Edgewater with me. I've got to see a man on business. I'll only be in his house for a short while. Then we'll drive. We'll find some new place for lunch."

She listened and considered. When she thought of going, she felt the little tingle of daring which was connected, for her, with going out with Max. She did not know, definitely, who he was. Lida Train, an older woman in her crowd who had introduced him to her, had picked him up.

Since Gretchen had known him, he had given her a small dinner at the *Royal Alexandra*, at which he had introduced her to some of his friends. They were people who made a presentable appearance, but Gretchen realized that they were older and harder than her friends. They were unquestionably more exciting, but she did not enjoy them. She would not have thought of coming to know them well enough to call them by their first names, except for the fact that she seemed to feel a change in her accustomed group. The social wind was swinging to the north and gathering chill. She knew why. She had not overheard her father pacifying a creditor in the library for nothing.

"I'll go," she said abruptly.

What was the difference? She would probably be out of Fischer's class soon enough. And aside from the fact that membership in the class carried prestige, she would not be sorry. It bored her.

She leaned back, took off her hat, and let the wind blow her soft pale hair about until she looked five years younger than nineteen. She loved this deep-seated, powerful car of Max's, and she felt sure that it would be at her service as long as she wanted it. That was different from the depression she had felt lately when she drove with Gilbert Page, as if at any moment she might find herself standing unworthily in the middle of the road, while he went on his way to seek some more impressive passenger.

Max pulled into a long, circling driveway and stopped the car before a great white house.

"I'll only be gone a few minutes," he said.



"It would be too bad for you to get mixed up with the wrong crowd, because you're naturally nice," he said.

"There's no hurry. I have the whole morning now."

Left alone, she took out a cigarette. Finding her lighter out of fuel, it occurred to her that Max probably kept matches in the side pocket. She lifted the flap and pulled out a dust cloth, a box of light bulbs, and several other objects among which was a flat package. This, when she drew it out, proved to be a stack of letters which had been tied together, with a photograph on top. It was the photograph of a man Gretchen knew slightly—Peter Brandon, of the Brandon Trust Company, a man of fifty years, a vast fortune and a cherished dignity. The picture was inscribed, "To my darling Flo, from Pete." Gretchen, who knew that there were no Flo's in Mr. Brandon's family, put the package back thoughtfully, after she had found the matches in the bottom of the pocket.

She was rather quiet for a few minutes after Max returned.

"Please tell me," she said at last, as they passed out of the driveway, "you are a blackmailer, aren't you? My father heard that you were. I've often wanted to ask you, but I have been afraid that you'd think it was rude of me. Your manners are so much better than mine."

He laughed, then sobered and looked at her keenly.

"What if I were, and you knew it?" he asked. "Would you keep on letting me see you?"

"Would you give it up if I didn't?"

"No," he admitted. "I couldn't give up a racket as good as mine, even for love. No reasonable woman would ask it," he went on anxiously. "And it isn't as if I were a common thug. I just don't see any use in passing up a good thing, that's all. If I didn't take these fellows who get into trouble, somebody else would. They fairly ask for it."

"Yes, but the people with whom you have to be associated—who work for you—" she began distastefully.

"You think they're crude? Underworld stuff? You met a few of them at dinner. They weren't bad, were they?"

"No—"

"I want you to meet the others. Come up to my rooms this morning, Gretchen. I've been wanting for a long time to ask you. I want you to see how I live. You'll see that my friends and I are very much like you and yours." As she hesitated, he added, "A number of my people will already be there."

She looked resentful. She was still young enough to be afraid, at the least hint of conventional considerations, that she was being accused of cowardice.

"Of course I'd come in any case, if I liked," she said. "Where is it? Let's get started."

HE STOPPED the car presently before a row of large apartment houses on Mansfield Avenue. They entered one, walked through an amber lighted lobby, and took the elevator to an upper floor.

"Here we are," said Max, slipping a key into a door.

They walked through a short hall, then went down two steps into a vast drawing room.

The place was furnished less tastefully, but more luxuriously than the homes she usually visited, Gretchen noticed. Too many oriental rugs lay superimposed on the deep carpeting. There were an astonishing number of overstuffed chairs and divans scattered the length of the room. The effect was cloying, like a plum pudding with rum sauce. Gretchen knew that after a little while here, she would be deliciously sleepy from too much warmth and soft lighting and velvet.

Eight people were playing bridge up near the front of the room. A woman and a man were watching the hands. At the piano, a young man tried over and over a strain from Grofé's *Indigo*. Two men sat on a divan, talking.

"Some of these people you've already met," said Max, taking her over to the tables. Three had been at the hotel. The rest were strange to her, but from the look of recognition in their eyes when Max introduced her, she saw that they knew her name.

"Shall we set up another table?" asked the woman who had been watching the game, and whose name turned out to be Flo.

"I hardly think I can stay long enough to play," said Gretchen. She was not sure yet whether she wanted to stay at all.

"Come over here and I'll get you something to drink," offered Max.

He led her to a divan well away from any of the other people, and gave a nod to a servant which resulted in two small glasses on a black-and-silver tray.

"I know you don't drink, but I wanted an excuse to get you to myself," he said. "I'll drink it for you, presently. Unless you'll make an exception. Just to celebrate your being here."

"I stopped celebrating things some time ago. I like to keep fit for swimming," she explained. "Max, I've been wondering.

Aren't you ever afraid that some day you'll open that big door of yours and find an officer outside?"

"No. I always make sure that my position is perfectly secure."

"Perfectly secure! That's a good deal for anybody, in any walk of life, to be able to say," she said meditatively. "I wonder how many in my crowd say as much."

"All of them, couldn't they?" he asked. "You're society with a big S in this city."

She looked at him in surprise.

"Do you honestly think that?"

"Well, you get your names and pictures in the papers," he argued.

"Because we try to," she informed him.

"Lots of people try to, and don't," he reminded her.

"Yes, but—we're only the second layer, Max. At the top are a lot of old families who have lived here always. It's enough for their children simply to be born. They don't need any further advertising. God made them, and put them in their places, but not even God can take them out. Their grandmothers are still mentioned by people who never knew them, though they may have been dead for twenty or thirty years. In fact, the deader they are, the more aristocratic they seem to get."

"Like good stock aged in wood," Max contributed.

"Exactly. Our people are different. They don't mention their parents, or at least, not their parents' occupations. But the funny part of it is, they've fought up into something that looked like society to them, and once they get there, they convince themselves that they are on the top of the heap. But we children haven't all that false respect for it, and we get to know a difference. We know that we are important because we made money, and that we'll be unimportant if we lose it. Perhaps that's why we never quite trust one another. We're always wondering if our friends will be as good for our standing tomorrow as they are today. There. I've made you a speech. Partly because you're naive about society with a big S. And partly," she glanced up at him directly, "because you've been honest with me, and I want to be honest with you."

"You're not worried about anything, are you?" he asked.

She laughed a little.

"You keep up with everybody and everything," she said. "Tell me honestly, haven't you heard anything about my father's business?"

"Only that it wasn't quite as good as it has been," said Max, who had heard that Calhoun and Company was going on the rocks.

Gretchen gave him a long look.

"I think you've heard more than that," she said. "A thing like that gets in the air, and people sense it, like old men smelling rain. Father and mother think if they go on putting up a front, that nobody will know about it, and that their daughter will at least have a chance to marry money before the crash comes."

As if to give point to her words, her handbag slipped off the divan, and coming open, spilled among other things a



"It's so quiet here, John," she said. "No one makes me do things. There's just you and me, and Mrs. Holland and maybe the doctor and the dog. I like it."

## Illustrated by Carl Shreve

She sighed so lightly that he did not hear. "No," she said, "I suppose not."

He put the cards back on the table and looked at the curtains.

"John," she said in a low voice, "everyone's been so kind. There haven't been questions or anything. No one's tried to make me remember. Do the doctor and Mrs. Holland know anything—about me?"

"They know—" he began.

She gasped and put out one hand quickly to stop him. "No, no! Don't tell me! I—I don't want to remember!"

"—that you are Justine D'Arrast."

"It doesn't mean a thing!" she said with desperate cheerfulness.

He rose. "They know," he went on relentlessly, "that you have a mother and an older sister. They know that you were to be married in two weeks. It was in all the newspapers—with pictures."

"You get newspapers here?"

"They're sent out from the city."

"But you don't have to have them if you don't want them, do you?"

"No."

"And you have no telephone?"

"No."

"No newspapers. No telephone. How nice . . ."

He went to the door. His lips were tight. "They know," he said sternly, "that your fiancé is Timothy Prescott. They know he—"

"My fiancé," she interrupted. "I suppose that explains this."

And she wagged the fourth finger of her left hand. The huge diamond on it caught the sun and shot out hot sparks of red and green and white and blue. She watched them.

"I don't like diamonds," she said in a small, reflective voice. "They're too hard. They are too much glitter."

He paused in the doorway. "Then why did you let him give it to you?"

She thought. "I don't remember," she said.

For the first time he looked directly at her; for a full minute he looked at her. Then he turned quickly and went out.

She relaxed and caught her breath—and smiled. Then she reached out very delicately and rang for Mrs. Holland.

"I do hate to trouble you like this Mrs. Holland," she said.

"Nothing's trouble, my lamb."

"You're a darling, Mrs. Holland, did you know? Please tell John to come back. Tell him I haven't finished talking and he promised to listen. Tell him if he doesn't come I shall get up out of bed."

"Oh, you wouldn't!"

"If he doesn't come," she said firmly.

**A**FTER a long time he came back. He came and stood in the doorway, leaning against one side and with one hand in a pocket. He was tall and flat in the right places and he looked rather wonderful in his polo shirt and riding breeches. She made her voice severe.

"You were very rude, John."

"I know. I apologize."

"It isn't enough. There were many other things I wished to talk to you about. Please stop standing on one foot and come in and sit down again."

"Very well."

Rather grimly he came in and planted a chair next to the small table and sat down. He was deliberately facing away from her so that she saw only his profile. He drummed on the table with his fingers and then picked up the cards.

"Fire away," he said, and arranging the cards in little piles for solitaire, began to play.

"John," she protested, "you're ruder than ever!"

He turned over an ace. "I'm sorry."

"But you don't stop! Why do you play solitaire?"

"It helps me think."

"Oh . . . Are you thinking now?"

"Yes."

"A penny for your thoughts?"

"I'm thinking that if I look at you I shall have to kiss you."

"Don't you want to kiss me, John?"

"Yes—and no."

"Why no, John?"

He put a black four on a red five. "You wouldn't understand."

"No?" (Silence.) "You need that three of diamonds, don't you?"

"It would help."

"But you can't get at it. You are losing the game."

"I'm afraid so."

"You have lost the game!"

"Yes." He swept the cards together into a disordered heap.

"You are looking at me! You are going to kiss me!"

He sat on the bed and kissed her once, gently. Then he kissed her again, not gently. She put up her hand, the one with the diamond on it, and pushed him away.

"I liked it," she said in a breathless, scared sort of voice. "I liked it very much. But don't do it again."

"No."

He got up and went to the window and stood looking out with his back to her.

"John."

"Yes?"

"Were you surprised to find me?"

"I didn't find you. You stood in the French window downstairs, holding on to the side with your left hand. I was playing solitaire and you said, 'Put that red six on the black seven,' and fainted."

"What did you do?"

"I pushed your shoulder back into place, quick, and yelled for Mrs. Holland and sent for the doctor to come set your arm."

"You think of everything, don't you, John? I'm glad I picked your house to faint in! But if you didn't find me—how did I get here?"

Even with his back turned she could see that he did not enjoy answering that question. "You—crawled, I imagine. Two miles."

"I don't remember that at all."

"I'm glad." He meant it.

"I remember only that I screamed when the wheel came loose in my hand. What happened?"

"You crashed into a tree. You were going at a tremendous speed. The car was wrecked, smashed to bits almost. If you hadn't been hurled out into a bush . . ."

"Don't talk about it any more, please."

"I won't," he promised.

"John."

"Yes?"

"You—you— notified my people?"

"Yes."

"They wanted to come?"

"Right away."

"But you wouldn't let them because I did not wish to see anyone?"

"I explained matters to them."

"They must be upset that I'm not getting married in two weeks."

He turned. "You're not to think of that. You're not to think of anything but getting well. Not of your family, not of your fiancé, not of your wedding. Do you understand?"

"Very well, John," she said meekly.

He took a step toward her, halted with visible decision, and strode rapidly from the room.

But this time she did not smile, she did not reach out very delicately and ring for Mrs. Holland. She put her nose into a pillow and sniffed.

**A**FTER that he did everything he could to keep her from being bored. Flowers were always in her room and books and magazines; and once he sent up a sprawling pup who very much wanted his mamma. But he never again passed the time of day with her, alone. There was always Mrs. Holland there or the doctor. Sometimes they played rummy, sometimes she played checkers with the doctor who adored winning. Once they spent a hilarious hour trying to teach Mrs. Holland how to play bridge. Until finally the day came when, her arm still in a sling, she was allowed to dress and come downstairs. Then John went to the city.

When he returned he found her lying on a chaise-longue under a tree, his collie guarding her, awkwardly playing solitaire with one hand. He stood over her and smiled.

"Why are you playing solitaire?"

"It helps me think."

"Are you thinking now?"

"Yes."

"What are you thinking?"

"I am thinking that you have been away for a long time."

"I've been gone but two days! Is that a long time?"

"It's hard to manage the cards [Continue] on page 69]

# SOLITAIRE HELPS YOU THINK

Proving again that the way of a man with a maid can be utterly ruined if he listens to advice on how to handle her

by ALICE ALTSCHULER

THE GIRL on the bed moaned softly. She heard herself moan and wanted to laugh, but she had no strength left from struggling up from the blackness. Merciful as it had been, she hated that dark as she hated all dark, and she fought her way toward light. Like a swimmer she beat her way agonizingly up through smother until, spent and exhausted, she floated on top.

Pain chewed along her right side. She hated it as she hated all pain, but she could not conquer this as she had conquered the darkness. She opened her eyes.

It was night. She knew it was night because there was a lighted lamp somewhere that threw an oval of soft yellow on the ceiling. Three faces were against the ceiling: she studied them one by one. The first was a middle-aged woman's face with a double chin and red cheeks, framed by curly grey hair; the second was a young man's face with grey eyes and high cheek-bones and lean jaws; the third was an oldish man's face with whiskers. She spoke to that one.

"Who're you?" she asked faintly.

"I'm the doctor. Drink this."

She drank.

"I'll bet," she whispered, "you're Scotch."

"I am."

"I'll bet," she whispered, "there's a Mac to your last name."

"There is."

She lost interest in that face.

"Who're you?" she asked the woman's face.

"I'm Mrs. Holland, dear."

"Don't 'dear' me, please—ever. I hate it. Are you his mother or his aunt or his housekeeper?"

"I'm the housekeeper."

"Yes." She spoke to the young man's face. "You've got a good housekeeper. I like her. What's your name?"

"John," he said without hesitation.

"It's wrong. You don't look John-ish. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes."

She summoned strength. "That's more than I do," she said decidedly, and closed her eyes and slept.

WHEN she awoke it was day. She knew it was day because the sun cast a cross-barred block of gold on the wall. The pain had subsided to a throbbing ache. It was very bad but better than the pain. The doctor was sitting at the side of the bed.

"Hello," she said. "Have I a fever?"

"Yes, but don't be alarmed."

"But I'm not out of my head."

"No."

"What's the matter with me?"

"You must not talk."

"What's the matter with me?"

"You've a broken arm and a dislocated shoulder and bruises, and you're suffering from shock."

"Where am I?"

"In the country. Drink this."

She drank.

When she knew things again and opened her eyes, the doctor was still sitting at the side of the bed. But it was a different day. She knew because the doctor was wearing a different suit.

"I feel much better," she said.

"I'm glad to hear that."

"But I'd like it if I could forget my arm and shoulder."

"Time will take care of that."

"Do I have to get up now?"

"No, indeed!"

"You mean I can just lie here and not do anything?" Then she saw that the young man had been standing behind the doctor's chair. He leaned forward.

"For as long as you like," he said. "Without doing anything."

"Not even thinking?"

The doctor spoke. "No thinking."

"And without seeing anyone?"

The doctor hesitated. She looked at the young man.

"Not anyone," she said. "Please."

He pressed his lips together and nodded once. "No one except the doctor and Mrs. Holland," he promised.

She closed her eyes. "It will be heavenly," she murmured rapturously.

It was heavenly until the time when she was able to be propped up in bed with many pillows, her arm and shoulder in plaster casts, her arm in a sling. Then she began to be bored.

"Please, Mrs. Holland," she said, "tell John to come. I want to speak to him."

John came rather quickly and stood in the doorway. She thought maybe he had been waiting. She wore a soft, yellowy, knitted bed-jacket belonging to Mrs. Holland, which was like a cape on her, and Mrs. Holland had threaded a soft, yellowy, satin ribbon through the neck of it and tied the ribbon in a big bow under her chin. She looked very quaint and utterly lovely, but John kept his eye on the foot of the bed.

"Come in, John," she said, "and sit down."

He took a chair near the window. He swung one knee over the other and looked at the shining toe of his riding boot or at the curtains blowing slowly in and out, in and out.

"John," she said, "you're thinner. You're not going to be ill, are you, John?"

"No," he said, "I'm never ill."

"You know, John, it was heavenly not doing anything, not thinking, not seeing anyone, but now I'm bored. They won't let me up yet. Will you—would it bore you to come in sometimes and pass the time o' day?"

"It wouldn't bore me. But I'm not a good talker. I can't say things."

"Then I'll do the talking. Will you listen?"

"Yes."

"And answer sometimes?"

"If I can."

"That will be very nice. I know I shall like it."

His eyes flicked to her and away. He said nothing. On the small table near him lay a pack of cards still scattered from the game of casino she had had with Mrs. Holland. Mrs. Holland getting very pink under the eyes when she held the big ten; he picked up the cards and made a neat pile, carefully tapping the edges even; he shuffled them and reshuffled them. She thought what silly things the cards were in his strong hands.

"John, are you nervous?" she asked interestedly.

"No; I'm never—nervous."

She understood that nervous was the wrong word. "What then?"

He shrugged. "It doesn't matter."



He sat down on it and took the cards from her. They were careful not to touch fingers. She leaned back and looked out into the trees. He watched her thoughtfully.

*An endless sacrifice of private time and interests in a most uncertain life — to-day in power, tomorrow in Opposition, or not in Parliament at all—here is an inspiring and absorbing glimpse into the job of being*



"No woman should be permitted to rule a man's career just because she marries him," says Madame Lapointe, wife of the former Minister of Justice for Canada. "His career is hers."

# The Wife of a Politician

by LESLIE ROBERTS

A WOMAN who marries a politician must have the patience of a saint and the charity of an angel," said Ernest Lapointe to me recently. We had been questioning whether the tasks of statesman or statesman's wife are those which any man or woman would seek if they could read first, the responsibilities which accrue to those who live in the insecure seats of the mighty in democratic lands.

So I asked the lady to whom the Liberal chieftain from below Quebec attaches these qualities of perfection: "If you were choosing your path again would you try to divert your husband from public life? Would you urge him to remain in his law office, whence he could come home to dinner at the end of the day to an evening of peaceful domesticity? Would you change all these shoutings and alarums for the certainty that at least once each year there would be a time of holiday when you could run away together from the everyday world?"

The response ought to be written in capital letters in whatever guide books to happiness may exist for brides-to-be. Mothers of marriageable daughters ought to instil the text into the minds of their girls until the words become a marriage-making credo—at least so it seems to a mere man.

"No," said Madame Lapointe. "Never. No woman should be permitted to rule a man's career, just because she

marries him. When a man weds, his destiny already is taking shape, in his mind's eye at least. He is striking toward some distant shore in his own world of affairs and is seeking a partner to accompany him as he travels. The young woman who is offered the opportunity to share his life has ample facilities at her disposal for learning his ambitions and dreams and whatever time is required to make the choice between sharing these dreams and ambitions and living without him. If she really loves him there is no choice. Thereafter her rôle is to help, certainly never to come between her man and his chosen career. His career is hers. Beyond everything she must never try to take her husband on leading strings—at least not with his knowledge."

"But since the Lapointe family has made public life its career, will you tell me as a woman which you would choose for your husband, Office or Opposition?" I asked.

Madame Lapointe looked at me for a moment; then her face lit in a smile. "When a man who follows politics is out of office he may profess to be glad," she answered, "but he really feels like a fish out of water. When he is in Office he may kill himself with work, but he will be happy. There is no choice that I can see. A woman should always choose to see her husband in the rôle where he is happy and where he can be of greatest service to his country and the causes which he serves."

I suggest that Rivière du Loup has not only given Canada a statesman, but a stateswoman, as well, to share his march down the corridors of our contemporary history.

IT HAS become fashionable, whenever a man discovers that he is successful, for the possessor of such achievements to point with pride to his consort and announce that, whatever he is, he owes it all to the Little Woman.

The phrase is a formula, chanted much as one might say: "So pleased to have met you!" to an utterly nondescript person of whose existence one had not previously heard. Those who attend testimonial dinners and such foregatherings have come to look for it during the course of the tearful remarks of the lion of the evening, as he acknowledges the watch and chain tendered by his colleagues. But no one puts any faith in the business, unless he is the rawest of sentimentalists. There is nothing of cynicism here. But the man has not been born who does not entertain certainty in his mind that through himself alone, has personal success been won. To pretend to pass the ultimate credit to a wife, therefore, is a romantic gesture which follows a recognized formula but is only next door to downright lying.

The Lapointes do not disseminate this peculiar abracadabra of success. Invited to explain and indicate the part played by his lady in the fashioning of his career this great French-speaking political leader has no silly claptrap to divulge. Instead he twinkles at the corners of his eyes and smiles half mischievously as he counters: "In what way am I supposed to answer that? If I tell you that, whatever I am, I have made myself, then I have something to explain at the fireside and the world will regard me as a conceited fool. If, on the other hand, I tell you that [Continued on page 75]

# CROSS CURRENTS

Another installment in this love story of tangled lives

by JOAN SUTHERLAND

Illustrated by  
HUBERT MATHIEU

**T**ANIA ARDWYN has been ensnared into a secret marriage with Rodney Blakiston when she was too young to realize his duplicity. However, she leaves him immediately after the ceremony. She meets Larry Cardross and falls deeply in love with him, but before she can tell him of her marriage he hears it from Blakiston, who is insisting that it be made public. In a fury he marries Mae, a selfish, pleasure-loving girl interested only in his money.

Blakiston, in order to threaten Tania and compel her to acknowledge the marriage, makes love to Tania's sister Judy.

**H**ERE is a letter for you, Tania my dear, among mine—stupid of the porter—

The duchess and her granddaughter were sitting out in the garden of the Hotel Europe just before lunch, and as she spoke the duchess handed the envelope to Tania who had a moment ago brought the letters to her. Tania turned rather uninterestedly to her letters, saw the first was from Judy and put the others aside.

The duchess, deep in her own correspondence, heard a strangled sound from her granddaughter and, startled, looked up to see Tania staring at her letter with dilated eyes in a face gone white as her dress.

"My dear child!" The duchess thrust her letters aside, and leaning forward took Tania's hand. "Tania! What's the matter? Pull yourself together, my dear. You look like a ghost. Have you had bad news?"

Tania rested her elbows on the little iron table, with her forehead against her hands, for the garden, the dancing leaves, the sunshine, were spinning about her in a cloud of darkness. As she fought the weakness she heard her grandmother's voice as from a great distance.

"Drink this water, my dear. The heat of the morning—thank you, Guillaume—"

Guillaume was one of the pages, a smart lad of seventeen who had taken Tania very specially under his wing and, having seen her loss of color and her attitude, presented himself less than a minute later with a glass of iced water.

Tania took it, drank some, managed to smile her thanks and met her grandmother's anxious gaze.

"I'm sorry. It isn't often I make a fool of myself. Of course it must have been. I walked such a long way yesterday."

The duchess nodded. "Yes. By the way, Judy has written to me. She is very full of Rodney Blakiston's praises. He's too old for her and I confess I do not altogether like him. I hope she doesn't intend to marry him."

Tania put out her hand and grasped that of the elder woman.

"She must not marry him," she said. "She must not. Grandmamma, he is rotten—rotten through and through. It must be stopped! If father won't stop it, I will!"



"Tania—come with me to Canada! You're not a child—you know you can trust me . . ." the stumbling voice, the agonizing grip of his fingers, the look in his face, all weakened her.

"Tania, my dear, you are saying very grave things. Why are you so upset? The engagement is not announced. Judy does not even say he has proposed. Even if he does there is time for Judy to be shown her mistake."

"No, no. Not with Rodney. Time won't make it safer. He can't marry her—it would be hideous."

"Tania, control yourself. Dear child, you are shaking all over. What is it? What do you know of this man that I don't? What has excited and frightened you just because I have mentioned that Judy seems rather épris?"

With a great effort Tania controlled the nervous trembling that had seized her.

"Grandmamma, I know he is a man without honor, generosity or decency of feeling. He will break Judy's heart and wreck her life, and go away without even thinking of it. He does not love her. He is incapable of loving anyone but himself."

"I know your affection for Judy," the duchess said after a minute, "and I can understand you feel anxious if you think Judy's infatuation is serious. I can only advise you to tell your father what you have told me, and your grounds for what you say, and use your own influence with Judy. But, my dear, it is a very delicate matter to interfere with an affair of this kind, and unless you are very careful your disapproval and distrust of Captain Blakiston may result in having the opposite effect from what you desire upon Judy's mind."

The elder woman's sane words steadied Tania so that she could speak more quietly.

"Yes, I realize that. But this is a thing that must be stopped—must."

The duchess turned and looked at her more attentively.

"Tania, my dear, there is something more in your mind than dislike and distrust of Rodney Blakiston. Do you mean to suggest that a really definite and serious reason exists why Judy should not marry him?"

Tania's eyes left the trees and flowers they did not see and met the duchess' steady gaze.

"Yes, grandmamma; a serious and most definite reason. Would you think it terribly rude or neglectful if I didn't come in to luncheon with you? I must think. I must try and decide what I am to do if—of course, I only mean—if Judy really cares—would you understand?"

The duchess laid her hand for a moment on Tania's arm.

"I quite understand, my dear, and you shall do just as you wish. And remember that if you need help I am an elderly woman who knows the world and its men and women fairly thoroughly."

Tania rose, bent swiftly and kissed her; then walking like one in a dream she went into the hotel and up to her room.

Once there, something of her self-control broke and she dropped face downward on to the bed shuddering and sobbing tearlessly, seeing ever before her the words of Judy's letter:

"He's been taking me everywhere. He's wonderful Tania. I think he means to ask me to marry him and I'm just crazy wanting him to." [Continued on page 65]

IT WAS evident, however, within twenty-four hours, that there were other matters of which he was not so ignorant. He went off, returning with his own slender luggage, and four gardeners in as many motors. Under the stimulus of Mr. Thripp's business voice, which differed materially from his social tone, the men began lustily to tear the garden apart.

Another application of four fried eggs and leathery ham at one o'clock did little to reconcile Uncle Pendleton to his nephew's sudden attack of expensive insanity, but the storm did not disturb Mr. Thripp's tranquil appetite. He might have been as well accustomed to it as Giles himself.

Having seen nothing more of Miss Carr that day, Giles was on hand early next morning to watch for the newspaper. But when he opened

Illustrated by Carl Shreve

the front door, he came abruptly upon something so surprising that it could deflect his easily concentrated mind from even the radiant Olivia. Reposing at the threshold was a large basket of the sort one associates with wash day. And in it, on a soft white pillow, slept a very pretty little girl.

"Well, bless me," breathed Mr. Acker in stupefaction. He sat down on his heels beside this anonymous donation and looked at it with more interest than he could have shown the very newest gadget at the Patent Office. As a small fat fist rubbed petulantly at a sketchy nose, the action revealed a pink ribbon tied to the crease that did duty for a wrist, and dangling from it, a platinum wedding ring.

It was the ring that woke Mr. Acker to the meaning of this unsolicited arrival. Here was a castaway, without peradventure, but one to be known as born in lawful wedlock. There was no doubting the finality of the be-

stowal when it was delivered wedding ring and all. Mr. Acker rose to his feet and drew a difficult breath. Just what, he wondered, was Uncle Pendleton's bursting strain.

"What you got there?" asked the voice of Heman Thripp behind him.

Giles Acker turned a blank face to the question and with a despairing gesture, invited Mr. Thripp to look for himself.

"Why, it's a baby," said Thripp cordially.

"So I supposed," replied Giles. "What do you do with 'em?"

"Well, we can't leave it there."

"But Uncle Pendleton?"

Thripp leaned down and lifted the basket. "Pshaw, he only eats ham and eggs," he remarked with a chuckle.

At the moment, a resonant question roared from the head of the stairs. "What in time's going on down there?" Uncle Pendleton stood there in his nightshirt, glaring down at them. "More of your foolishness, Giles?"

"Whatever it is, it's not mine," said Mr. Acker positively. "Somebody has made us a present of a child."

"Child?" Giles waited for another roar, but Uncle Pendleton was about to surprise him. "We can send it to the Foundling, I suppose?" he merely snarled. "In the meantime, you got to get somebody with a grain of sense to take care of it. Didn't you say that girl next door was a trained nurse?"

Waves of rosy light broke like a gaudy dawn about Mr. Acker's spirit. "I'll get her," he cried and was gone like an arrow from the bow. Uncle Pendleton retreated to greater privacy. Mr. Thripp with a glance upward lifted the small intruder, quilt and all, and made for the kitchen, where his burden woke up and smiled at him.

"Ago," said the child.

"Hello yourself," retorted Mr. Thripp, and gave it a gentle squeeze.

It was thus that Giles and Olivia found them when they entered a few moments later. "You'll have to let me take entire charge, Mr. Acker. I can't have you men messing in the kitchen. I told Sarah to come over and get breakfast."

"But Uncle Pendleton—"

"I don't give a fig for your Uncle Pendleton," she interrupted. She took the child from Mr. Thripp with an easy confidence that thrilled him. "Give me some milk and go away. I'll want a lot of things: oranges, cereals, fresh tomatoes, spinach—and don't stand there objecting."

Acker gasped and ran. Miss Carr, as a professional, had rather an incisive manner.

Half an hour later, Acker and Thripp being already at table, Uncle Pendleton marched into the dining room and came to a dramatic pause before his place. His nephew choked on a sip of coffee, but Mr. Thripp managed a polite "Good morning," as he patted his mouth with a masking napkin.

"What," roared Pendleton, "what in time is that?" His pointing finger shook with rage.

Acker and his *vis-a-vis* rose as the swinging pantry door gave way before Olivia, hand in hand with a small party, beaming, bathed and well-fed. Miss Carr gave Mr. Pendleton a level look.

"That," she said, "is orange juice. Sit down and drink it."

Mr. Pendleton turned purple. "I'll cook my own ham and eggs young woman. Pray stand aside." [Continued on page 52]



There it was, a basket such as one customarily sees on wash day. And sitting up in it surrounded by three wondering adults was another little girl. "They're alike as two twins," averred Acker, lifting the little girl to Olivia's arms. "So be by tomorrow they're not triplets" said Pendleton grimly.

# THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

The cast of characters in this rollicking love story includes two bachelors, a mysterious gardener two foundlings and a beautiful neighbor

by BEATRICE DEMAREST LLOYD



Olivia, the enchanting young trained nurse who dominates a masculine stronghold.

THERE was rarely anything in the newspapers that interested Giles Acker, whose special devotion was to his scientific magazines and who could get more fun out of an article on valve-castings than his old Uncle Pendleton found in a front page of murder and bank-robbing. Nevertheless it was he who daily retrieved the journal from the front walk, as indeed he did everything else in and about the house of two lone men. And one early June morning he varied his customary snatch and go by standing stock still near the gate. For the most arresting person he had ever seen had come from the next house on an errand like his own.

He had never seen her before but he saw her now with the most photographic perception of detail. She was tall and slight, but how little that serves to express the knowing way her frock clung about her while all the time pretending to be a mere straight slip of green linen. A belt of brown suede simply called attention to the fact that nothing except two little straps prevented its falling to her feet. Her whole body was a contradiction in terms, being at one and the same time as flat as a ruler and as round as a rose.

She stooped to pick up the paper and straightened, bringing up a small delightful head. When she turned a little he could see a sharply cut nose, slightly tiptilted for all its directness of line, a red mouth and two sets of black fringe whose position only led him to believe could be intended for mere eyelashes.

At this moment sounds burst from the house behind him and the girl's startled eyes lifted, disclosing the fact that they were very dark, perhaps almost black, like unfathomable pools.

"Jerusalem," moaned Mr. Acker.

"But what is it?" called the girl, anxiously.

"That? Only my uncle."

She burst into a most enjoyable laugh. "I thought it must be a starving lion."

"No, he's not starving," Giles assured her, hoping to detain her longer. "He's had four fried eggs with the customary chassis of ham."

Surely the stranger had the most anticipatory eyes. They said everything before she did, widening now into an expression of horror. "Four fried eggs!" she repeated in an awestruck tone.

Giles Acker nodded. "Three times a day," he said pleasantly.

"You're joking."

"No, on my honor."

She came nearer the edge of the little verandah and leaned on its railing. "But—doesn't it give him indigestion?"

"He's tough as a plank," said Acker, somewhat casually. "Are you boarding with Mrs. Glass?"

"Yes," said she. "Vacation."

"From school?"

"School?" Again she laughed. "I'm a trained nurse."

He simply stared at her. "Now you're joking," he said presently. "Why, you'd turn out nothing but incurables."

Color came up into her cheeks, but she said only, "Your uncle's name is Pendleton, isn't it?"

"Yes, but mine is Acker." Considering his state of mind, it was rather an astute reply. "Giles Acker."

She understood this too. "Mine is Olivia Carr." She veered sharply back to less personal matters. "Couldn't you induce your cook to change his diet? I'm sure he's dyspeptic. He fairly howls with it."

"There speaks the trained nurse," said Acker. "Bless you, we haven't got a cook."

She looked a little grave, for the first time misunderstanding. "Just you two men live alone?" she asked gently. "Yes. I've been with him five years."

Miss Carr was visited by a vision—a broomless untidy house with a kitchen piled with dishes. Little did she know Giles Acker's meticulous housekeeping. Not even his workshop in the white painted cellar, as gleamingly spotless as a jeweller's showcase, was more spick and span than the other rooms in Augustus William Pendleton's abode.

"And do you too," she ventured, fishing up a smile that tried not to be compassionate, "live on fried ham and eggs?"

"No, as a dietitian you can approve of me. Fruit, milk, a little meat, lettuce, green vegetables—what my uncle calls rabbit food."

"Well, I'm glad—" she began, when Mr. Pendleton came vociferating to his front door.

"Why in time don't you bring in the paper?" he yelled. Catching sight of the stranger, he drew his dressing gown more closely about him and made her a creditable bow. "Your pardon, ma'am," he said politely. "I'll take the paper, Giles."

But Acker followed him back into the house, for with a courteous gesture waiving all claim to an apology, Miss Carr had disappeared and nothing remained to keep him from his precious lathe. Nothing but a lingering memory of her voice, which led him to remark quite astonishingly to Mr. Pendleton, "How'd you like some chicken for dinner?"

The older man stared at this. "I will fry my ham and eggs as usual. What's the matter with you?"

"Aren't you ever going to eat anything else?"

"Why should I? I learned to cook 'em when—when I was alone here, and I like 'em."

"She says you've got indigestion."

"Who says?"

"Miss Carr; she's a trained nurse."

"Yah," snarled Uncle Pendleton, and got behind the news.

FOR all his scornful manner, Pendleton had a great respect for his nephew, even if based primarily on the annual total of royalties from the Acker valve, the Acker automatic lever, the Acker caterpillar check, and the Acker lathe on which improvements were but now in busy course of construction in his own cellar. At least, so he thought. As a matter of truth, the young inventor of these boons to a mechanical world, was passing the hours in a brooding dream approximating coma.

Toward noon, the idea that Olivia Carr might not stay indoors all day stabbed through his bemusement so galvanically that he was out of the cellar-way before he knew it. There was no sign of anybody on earth beside himself, however, save a rather seedy looking individual hesitating near the Pendleton gate.

"Beg pardon," said the stranger in a wavering voice, "Could I sit down a moment? It—it seems very hot."

Young Mr. Acker came out of his daze like a prompt Samaritan. "Come right in," he said cordially. "Can you make the steps? Take a chair and I'll fetch you a glass of water."

"Thanks awfully," said the man. "I'll be all right in a minute. Been ill recently, that's all, and haven't got used to my legs yet."

Acker bringing the water, returned to find the man sitting on the porch and looking about him with considerable interest. "You live here, of course?" he suggested and took the cool glass with a word of thanks.

"Yes, my uncle and I."

"A pretty place," said the wayfarer politely.

Giles couldn't quite assent to that. He thought the house and grounds rather awful, though heretofore his surroundings had made remarkably little difference to him. But as now the entire cosmic scheme had become a mere background for a tall slender girl in green linen, he saw that this particular slice of it was utterly unworthy.

"If I only had time, and knew how to do it," he said, "I dare say it could be made to look a little less like a green mattress."

The other smiled. "I've got lots of time," he said, "and I do know how to do it. But it's not mine, and it does take legs."

Acker regarded him in some astonishment, which merged into some rapid and inspirational speculation. If this queer bird wanted a job—!

"And then," the man was saying, "you'd want vegetables, I dare say, and I'm only good at roses."

"But I would infinitely rather have roses," protested Giles. He wouldn't be likely to ask Olivia Carr to go strolling in rows of cabbages. "Half a dozen men under someone who knew the game ought to be able to root around here to some purpose."

The queer bird didn't answer.

"I say, look here," said Mr. Acker coming to the point suddenly, "are you—I mean to say—would you take it on?"

"And what about this uncle of yours?"

"He'll rave and roar. But it's not his funeral. I'll pay."

"Short tempered, is he?"



Disturbed by somewhat distant sounds, Uncle Pendleton wrapped himself in his dressing gown before stealing downstairs. Every step brought him nearer the source of the uproar.

Acker grinned. "Longer on temper than any man I know." The other nodded, so much as if in agreement that the young man asked rather sharply, "You know him?"

"Never laid eyes on him in my life. Well, if you'd really like to have me valet these grounds—Takes a long time to make a garden, you know—years. But we could certainly cut its hair." He hesitated a moment, adding, "My name's Thripp. Heman Thripp," and seemed to wait for something.

"But nothing more came than an extraordinary irrelevance. "How long a vacation does a trained nurse get?" asked Acker without preparation.

Mr. Heman Thripp did not know.

# WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH ROYALTY

by

ANNE LEE LUDLOW

*An intensely human glimpse into the daily lives of Queen Victoria's grandchildren, by a Montreal writer, who lived in the palace as a child*

Illustrated by R. W. MAJOR



WHEN I was a very little girl, my father, who was a "Queen's Messenger," used to take me with him on most of his journeys.

When his travels were to be made in great haste, as sometimes happened, he left me at home; and on these occasions, by the kindness of the great Queen Victoria, I shared the lessons and training of some of her grandchildren.

Usually we were at

Windsor Castle, but on one occasion we were at The White House, Richmond.

There were nine of us altogether, four boys and five girls; our average age, eight years.

The leading principle of our training was the old adage: "Children should be seen but not heard." Thus we entertained very wholesome respect for our elders, and would be very shy in company.

Our regime was very strict and one day exactly like another. Most of our time was spent in our own quarters, but at six o'clock every evening, we were dressed to go downstairs and it seemed to me then that our whole existence was toward this end.

The quantity of starch the little girls advertised must have been seen to be believed. The frills of the pantalettes were starched, so were the voluminous petticoats and the equally voluminous dresses. Had any little girl been plunged into a bath full of water with her robes on, she would not have been recognizable afterwards, so collapsed would her figure have become.

Round the waist sashes were tied, with a huge, winged bow adorning the back. The short puffed sleeves of our dresses were tied up with matching ribbons. To this day I recollect the rasping of the lace "tucker" which edged neck and sleeves!

The little boys were less stiffly decorated, clumsy as their clothes were. All the starch they had was in the wide ruffle or collar, and in the white wristbands. But without doubt, they found it quite sufficient.

Sandals and white shoes were the strict order for everyone.

The hair of the little girls was combed severely back from the forehead and kept in place by a round comb, secured at the back by a firm elastic, provocative of headache in no small degree. The hair of the little boys was brushed at the sides and the back and arranged in a large "sausage curl" on the top of the head.

When the dressing, very seriously undertaken, was complete, the head governess marshalled us in stern order of precedent. We went out of our own quarters, cut off by a door covered with thick, green baize from the rest of the



*At six o'clock every evening we were dressed to go downstairs to see Queen Victoria, and it seemed to me then that our whole existence was toward this end.*

house, and down the wide front stair to the dining room door where a footman announced "the young ladies and gentlemen," as he threw the portal wide.

Now came the crux of our drilling, for we had each to make the "salute." Each little girl gathered her skirts in hand on either side and curtsied low, each little boy clicked his heels and bowed stiffly from the waist. As the salutation was ended the individual advanced into the room, taking up a line before the "Lady in the Chair," the queen herself. When the last was in, which was my small self, we curtsied and bowed simultaneously.

FOLLOWED some questioning from the Lady in the Chair, mostly relating to nice points of conduct or learning. The head governess watched all these performances meticulously. She would reply if any question were directed to her, perhaps the other governesses, or nurses, who had followed us into the room would also be interrogated. Then the staff would be dismissed and we might break the line

and, if company were present, attach ourselves to those willing to receive us. If there were no company, we stood in a circle around the Lady in the Chair.

Bonnes bouches were given us, maybe a caraway seed comfit, perhaps a seed biscuit, or a morsel of candied fruit. These delicacies must be consumed with great care and neatness—small folded handkerchiefs, part of the dressing equipment, helped.

In twenty minutes we again formed a line, went through the simultaneous salutation, marched to the door, performed individually—and the excitement was over.

I, not one of the family, was always the last. At the commencement of these festivities I rather liked this, for once a boy bowing too jerkily, burst off a button, and on one terrible occasion, a little girl lost her pantalettes. There was always the wild hope that something might happen again like this, but at the termination of the evening my heart positively fluttered till I had made my duty, and the folding doors were closed by the footman.

Bed upon reaching the upper regions finished the day.

It seemed to me that our whole lives were the preparation and education for this high moment of life. All the lessons, the meals and the walks seemed to have this one end in view—that we should be "dressed," take creditable part in the proceedings and come through without bringing disgrace upon ourselves or our preceptors.

ALL our days were regulated by the clock. At seven in the morning we were roused by the nurses, shepherded into the schoolroom where one of the governesses read prayers. After prayers, breakfast—porridge one morning, bread and butter the next, washed down by "toast and water" tea.

Lessons began immediately after breakfast and went on till twelve. At twelve we went for a walk. At one we had dinner, always mutton and potatoes, cabbage twice a week. The desserts were either baked rice, roly-poly pudding, suet pudding with treacle—on Sundays suet pudding became plum pudding by the simple additions of a few plums—lessons again till four when we were allowed one hour with toys, tea at five, bread and butter one day, bread and jam without butter) the next, with the [Continued on page 73]



*Bread and water and solitary confinement was the usual punishment. It had no terrors for me because in the attic of imprisonment, I found a great box of books which I devoured.*

# Should a Woman Speculate?

*Should it be made illegal for women with insecure futures to jeopardize their savings without definite protection in other forms?*

by Anne Anderson Perry

IT IS nobody's secret that when the stock markets crashed, and everything "fell down and went boom," women stock buyers—and losers—could be counted in their thousands and thousands. For now that so many women have money of their own as compared with women of a generation ago, it is undoubtedly true that they have used their liberty to plunge wholeheartedly into the troubled waters of frenzied finance.

In the past few years it has become "the thing" among women, married or single, to own stocks, talk stocks, think stocks, and grow rich in imagination on stocks. But women cannot be good losers; for far more of them than men, have unassured futures, and the market crash brought to many such women actual tragedy. Listen to a man in Big Business, whose feelings have been harrowed by the casualties which occurred among his women employees in his firm which has thousands on its salary lists.

"If I had my way," he said recently, "I would have a law passed making it illegal for women to buy stocks. Sounds silly, doesn't it, but it's the way I feel. At this moment I could name you at least twenty women speculators with small salaries, who have lost most, if not all of their savings in the market breaks of the past six months. Yet, I would say that few, if any of these women were really justified in any measure in buying stocks at all. When I say justified, I mean that they had in no way made their futures secure, through building up adequate savings, or buying insurance or hoarding government bonds. They just took whatever money they could lay hands on, and entered an admittedly gambling game in order to get rich quick. Yes, it is true that many men did the same thing and lost as heavily, but as a rule the average man has had greater experience in the business world. Much more often than not he has taken the precaution to secure himself before he gambles—partially at least. What he does, he does with his eyes open, but the women! It was cruelty to animals. To me it was actually pathetic the faith they had in 'my broker,' who was quoted *ad lib* on all possible and impossible occasions. There are, of course, many wise and honest brokers, but recent investigations, prosecutions and sentencing of numerous brokerage firms in Canada ought by now to have convinced women as well as men buyers, that intelligence, not faith is needed in the business world, where many things are so little what they seem. The results of ignorance allied with recklessness, have been not less than tragic in the cases of hundreds of women speculators."

TRAGIC is indeed the word. I think of Mary Smith, for instance, a middle-aged widow whose husband had left her so well fixed that nobody ever thought there was a chance of a wolf at her door. Yet there he is today. Mary is working for a living and finding it hard going in a business world where only the young and, preferably, beautiful woman has a first-rate chance. Mary went with such gusto into the stock market! She was going to become really rich. Ten thousand went, then another ten, and so on to the drab end. Each time she took the plunge with so merry a heart, so utterly hopeful a spirit! But she was shaven and shorn, was Mary. Of her competence of nearly fifty thousand, only the barest pittance remains.

I wonder if Mary ever demanded the stock certificates of what she bought from her brokers? Perhaps not. Many women did not. Yet there is just this to be said for women speculators—the first investigations into the fishy activities of one big firm of brokers in western Canada were precipitated by several women stock buyers. One, of them, a school teacher in Calgary, went to the firm to demand her stocks, when "coverings" were asked. The stock was not produced. She then went to several other teachers who owned stock and had them do the same. Still the stock was not forthcoming. Then the group went to the attorney-general, and thereafter that particular

firm was put out of business and heavily penalized. That little group of women started a mighty avalanche of prosecutions, but that did not prevent or lessen their heavy losses. Their intelligence came too late. But it is safe to say that today they are not buying any more speculative stocks.

Neither is Jane Brown, a hard-working spinster, the only support of an aged father, who earned a living selling high-grade corsets and renting out portions of the old family mansion. Jane had acquired seven hundred dollars in savings and she plunged with the whole sum. At one time she bragged that she could take out four thousand "cool," but alas, for Jane she didn't take it, and the last I heard, her fortune had dwindled to a problematical hundred and fifty. She had bought outright too, but in the recent slaughterings both outright and margin traders were caught.

Literally scores of other instances might be quoted. Lamentations as sorrowful as those of Job or Jonah are the order at every teaparty where women gather, and it is quite evident that "the Bitter Tea of General Yen," was not more bitter than the draughts of poverty and pinching which so many of our sisters have had to drink since the crash.

BUT have they learned the lesson? Do they understand that it is only in diversification of investments—the distribution of risks—that these smashes of "all eggs in one basket" can be avoided? And do they realize that for our sex, until we have acquired a great deal more financial education than most of us possess, the buying of stocks should only follow—if follow it must—safety-first investments. For, as a great financial authority said recently, "Nothing has happened to change the old, well-established principles of thrift. Nobody is exempt from the old-

during the stock buying epidemic and subsequent to the crash, they are now showing a slow but steady tendency to swing back to a "thrift" standard. As to insurance and the attitude of the average woman wage-earner to it before and since the stock war, some interesting information was forthcoming, from a woman agent who sells over a quarter of a million annually to women clients exclusively.

"Women" said she, "married or single, have never looked into the investment and security angles of insurance as intelligently or in as large numbers as they should, but I notice a very decided turning of their minds in this direction since the stock market bubble burst. Women are naturally hard-headed, calculating creatures, and if insurance companies would make the same sort of dead set at the salaried woman as was made by the stockbrokers in the last few years, we would soon have a very large proportion of our women insured. When I went into the insurance business a few years ago, my chief told me that women had a prejudice against insurance. But what I found to be the case was that the average woman was almost totally ignorant about the various kinds of insurance procurable, and that the insurance companies had a sure enough prejudice against women policy holders, especially the married woman.

Perhaps there is no actual discrimination, yet for insurance purposes wifehood, child bearing and housekeeping are regarded as hazardous occupations as figures show that more women than men die between the ages of twenty and fifty. Then too it is equally clearly shown by figures that between the ages of fifty and seventy far more women than men survive, the married woman can secure total disability or old age pension types of insurance only for a much higher premium than those asked of men. This too, in spite of the fact that today there are so many kinds of married women—

grass widows, women who support indigent or invalid husbands, divorced women and so on. I believe that all such cases ought to be considered on their merits and that when it comes to the total disability or old age pension types of insurance the married woman ought to get at least a square deal. The truth is, I think that today there are more women than men with family responsibilities. I know it is a popular belief that the unmarried woman has no responsibilities and is able to do as she likes with her earnings. Well, in my experience it is only about one unmarried woman in four or five who has no burdens. Far more daughters than sons remain at home to assist parents or help educate younger sisters or brothers and among my clients are literally scores of spinsters who bear heavy responsibilities. Yet, when I began my work in this small city, I found that only about fifteen per cent of the salaried women had any insurance. I have made it my special business to educate them to the desirability of insurance from both the investment and the security angles. Today quite fifty per cent of all the salaried women in my city carry some kind of insurance, and I take a lot of the credit for that, but I feel and feel very strongly that insurance companies are losing a magnificent opportunity when they do not make special drives to get women clients.

"Marriage used to be regarded as bringing economic security to women, but that is not the case today to anything like the same extent, because the men themselves are never sure of their jobs. A woman's future is her very worst worry, and that, I think is why so many of them plunged into the stock gamble. They wanted to put away a little pile for the future. This might have been excusable if they had had safety-first investments in bonds and insurance, but as things were it was pretty poor

policy. I believe that the day is not far distant when our women in homes or business will have been thoroughly educated to see the advisability of carrying insurance and when insurance companies will have worked out much broader plans of insurance benefits for women of all classes and occupations. It cannot come too soon. One of the most ironic aspects of the stock crash was the run on the insurance offices for advances on policies. For such advances, we charged only six per cent, at a time when the banks were grudgingly letting out money to even legitimate businesses at eight per cent. What many of those [Continued on page 75]

## "MOTHERING"

by Lilla Muriel Kerr

It may be that, within these sheltering arms,  
No little child of mine shall ever rest  
With baby arms soft-clinging round my neck  
And drowsy head laid gently on my breast.

And yet, I have a loving mother-heart  
That longs to soothe, and shelter and caress,—  
To show the glories of the birds and flowers  
And fields and trees and tangled wilderness;

To see the wonder grow in children's eyes  
That learn life's secrets at their mother's knee;  
To feel that I may give a hostage to  
The coming years—and to Eternity!

Still, motherhood is really in the heart,  
As well as in the pangs of giving birth,  
And many childless women have been loved  
As mothers for their kindly mother-worth.

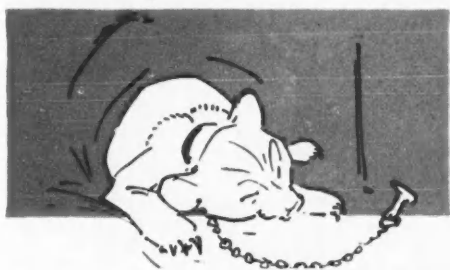
And so I do not idly sit and pine  
But find some happy work to do each day  
To make this world a brighter, fairer place  
Where children's footsteps cannot go astray.

fashioned misfortunes—sickness—death—loss of position—and any of these may mean immediate need for large sums of money. At such times insurance policies, savings accounts and stable investments such as sound bonds are the dependable sources of cash. Stocks, even good stocks are speculative; they always have been, they always will be. In my opinion no one should begin to purchase stocks unless he or she is first provided with safety cushions in home ownership, a savings account and insurance."

Enquiries in numbers of banks reveals that while women's savings accounts in the past two years were heavily depleted

# THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

This month the special little book for the children tells the tale of another bad little bear, (Cuffy.) This children's feature can be taken out of the magazine without spoiling it for the grown-ups. Cut the page along the margin, fold along the dotted line, doubling in half from top to bottom, then from left to right, so that the large picture of Cuffy comes in front. Cut neatly round the edges, pin or sew in the middle.



"GOODNESS me! his mistress  
cried,  
"However did you get inside!  
You're never safe unless you're  
tied!"—  
And chained him, then and there.

## "CUFFY"

By Dora Sanders

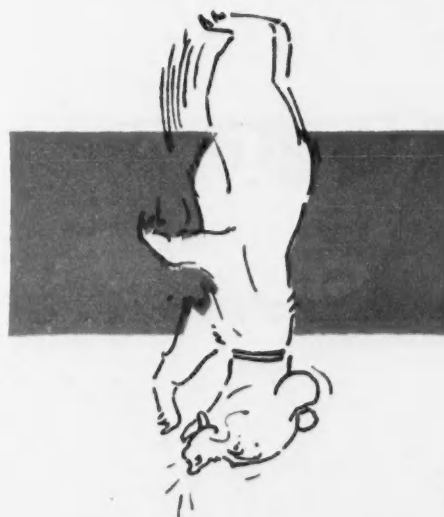


"NOBODY," thought Cuffy,  
"knows  
I know the things I do know!  
No one ever guesses what  
A knowing cub I am."



Page Five

To the house he slipped, and  
In the pantry nipped, and,  
On his tip-toes tipped, and  
Stole a pot of jam!



Page Four

# School Days for the Blind

*How do blind children live?—Here are the very human experiences of a young teacher who is working in a school for the blind, and helping the children to a new happiness*

**S**EVERAL years ago I came to teach at the school for the blind, in Brantford, Ontario—where the blind children of Ontario, Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan are living.

I was young, my imagination was easily stirred, and I had all youth's quick compassion for physical afflictions. I pictured the children as groping their way about with resignation. I could not imagine them as being happy. How could they be blind and be happy? Before I arrived at the school I pitied the little blind children more than can be told.

School opened on a golden day in late September. I stood at the window watching a group of children arrive from the West. Tired, pitiful youngsters they seemed. Travelworn they were, of course and weary. For days I had been tense, wondering if I could really endure daily contact with these children. One little fellow, just a baby, stumbled and slipped from the sidewalk. I wanted to run far away. Then the superintendent told me kindly that each new teacher had to face this same thing. He said he expected such a reaction in his new teachers, because he tried to select those who were sympathetic and understanding, realizing that his charges needed more care and tolerance than the average child. But he told me that the children did not want to be pitied, which seemed unbelievable to me at the time. He told me a story of Helen who was coming back to school on the train. A voluble old lady sat down on the seat beside her. She was one of the kind who, without provocation, gives you her life history and expects yours in return. Helen's blindness was not noticeable to a casual observer, nor did she intend it to be. The old lady told her about Aunt Mary's rheumatism, and asked Helen how old she was, and where she lived. Then she told her about Annie's husband who was drinking too much. She had a picture of Annie and her three children. There was a rattle of paper as she took it out of the bag. "There!"

"Why," said Helen, "doesn't that one putting her finger on the picture, 'look just like her mother!'"

"Oh, yes," said the old lady, quite



Miss Kellett, the author of this article with some of her happy young pupils.



Every one of them loves a dog.

These children at the Ontario School for the Blind, more or less accustomed to blindness, disregard it. They are, in their own minds, normal children, with a normal child's desire for happiness.

A baby is born blind. A child, by accident is deprived of

pleased, "everybody thinks so."

When Helen told this story to Mr. Race, the superintendent, he asked her, smiling, "Why did you want to deceive the old lady, Helen?"

"Well, I didn't want to be questioned and pitied, and I didn't think it was any of her business, anyway. Why, for all I know, she might have been deceiving me. How did I know she wasn't wearing a wooden leg?"


school routine must be either crammed with study—and in many cases the child's physique is not sturdy enough to stand this—or he must be content with a limited knowledge.

A mother is the most tender-hearted creature in the world. She would shield her afflicted child from all hardships, if she could. But she cannot—indefinitely. Sooner or later he must be thrown upon his own resources, and he must be equipped to stand a few buffetings from a harassed old world. It may take a bit of Spartan courage to send her blind seven-year-old off to a strange city to school, but she is the finer mother for exercising that courage.

The school has for its purpose the education of all blind children of the Province of Ontario between the ages of seven and twenty-one, who are free from disease and any physical handicap, other than blindness, and who are mentally capable of receiving an education. Tuition is free, as in the public schools of the province, and board and maintenance are also free. Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan,

not maintaining schools for the blind of their own, send their pupils to the Ontario School, the expenses incurred being borne by the different provinces. Clothing and travelling expenses to and from the school are paid by the parents or guardians.

The course of study followed in the school for the blind is exactly the same as that in the public schools of the province, with the exception of art. In addition to this, the school offers instruction in music, piano tuning, furniture making, type-writing, and household science. A blind child, given the proper start, can keep pace with his seeing companions, and can be just as well-informed and interesting.

In the kindergarten class, the child learns to spell simple words. He has blocks on which are the letters of the alphabet, only his letters are different from yours. Yours are seen. His are felt, "seen" through his fingers. One raised dot like that "A," two raised dots in vertical position: "B," two raised dots in horizontal position: "C," and so on. Every letter of the alphabet is formed by a combination of dots in a six-cell arrangement like this:  He learns all the kindergarten arts of sewing on cards, making paper chains, modelling in plasticene, and he finds that for these things, eyes are not absolutely necessary. He learns songs, memorizes pieces and even little plays.

In the primary grade he learns to write, not with a pencil but with a stylus, an instrument that looks like a steel knitting needle inserted in [Continued on page 38]



On a sunny afternoon five of the blind girls posed especially for the writer to photograph them.

# Why I Spoil My Husband

*He is tired because he has been working for me. Why should I mind hanging up his things and bringing him his slippers.*



by E. G.

Happiness in marriage is not a free gift from Heaven, says this writer. Like everything else it must be worked for, fought for, bought at a price that has to be paid.

**D**URING the ten years of my married life I have been favored with a great deal of good advice, most of it gratuitous. My women friends have warned me that I am very foolish to spoil my husband; that I shall regret it bitterly; that all men are selfish; and that he will probably run away with a stenographer. I have been told repeatedly that he would "think more of me" if I would assert myself more, and that I am in a fair way to becoming a meek Victorian wife.

On the other hand, at least two women have told my husband that he is wasting himself on me. Perhaps they had ulterior motives, but on the surface there was some reason in their remarks. Goodness knows I am no beauty, and am always being chased down to the hairdresser to get another marcel wave. I am too solid to enter the sylph class, and am beginning to slide unobtrusively off the scales before the indicator has quite stopped swinging.

I am a well-meaning but somewhat haphazard housekeeper—and I am a writer. When a new book is in process of incubation I am hopelessly absentminded and inclined to be peevish. My good man recognizes the symptoms, which he calls being "broody." He is very patient when I cook two kinds of potatoes for the same meal, or bring him a nail file when he wants his glasses. There is no apparent reason why he should be so unswervingly loyal to me when the world is so full of lovely women and excellent housekeepers. And yet—I say it in all grateful humility—after ten years of married life he not only loves me; he is in love with me—more so now than when we married. There must be a reason.

Only last week I was again inundated with good advice. I had been playing bridge and had to leave early in order to get home before milord arrived. The other three members of the party objected to my breaking up the game, although they knew my weakness of old, and the fun started. Some of their warnings really worried me, and I began to take stock of the situation. Now, from the vantage of ten years' record as the happy wife of a contented male, I am going to give some good advice myself. Here it is. If you want to be happy, though married, *spoil your husband*.

**W**HY should a husband not be spoiled? When a man marries he sacrifices many things dear to the masculine heart. No longer can he play poker all night, have a fleeting but pleasant affair with a blonde waitress, or take that snappy little chorus girl out to supper. He cannot throw up his job because he has a chance to drive to the coast in an ancient flivver or ship for Buenos Aires on a

fruit boat. He cannot even afford the exquisite satisfaction of telling the boss to go where it never freezes over. When a man marries he voluntarily shoulders a heavy burden of care. His wife may run the house, bear children, work hard to make the budget balance, but the heavier responsibility is always his. Waking or sleeping he has the consciousness that there are people dependent on him. In sickness or health, poverty or affluence, it is by his efforts that they live. His wife does the housework, but he must pay the rent. If she is ill, or children come, still he must carry the load. He cannot afford to be sick himself unless he has insurance. He cannot rest because the wheel keeps relentlessly turning, and he is a cog on that wheel.

Some women feel that by merely saying "I will" they have earned free board and lodging for the rest of their natural lives. They fasten like barnacles on a wage-earning male and take everything he has to give without giving anything in exchange. Others, with more justice, look on marriage as a partnership. They care for the house and fulfill their matrimonial duties in exchange for financial security. In theory, it is a fair *quid pro quo* but it is not enough. In exchange for that extra burden of responsibility carried by the man, they should give the extra service that is commonly called "spoiling" a husband.

My friends accuse me of being "positively Mid-Victorian, my dear." It goes back farther than that—back into the mists of time. When the cave man came home with a bloody beast hanging from his shoulder and a mighty club in his hairy hand, he expected to be greeted with grunts of appreciation from the female in the cave, and rightly so. Had he not braved the dangers of "outside," eluded sabre-toothed tigers and dodged the poisoned claws of pterodactyls? In peril of his life he had captured his prey and "brought home the bacon" to feed his grunting mate and their progeny. A little appreciation was indicated.

And when the Roman soldier came marching home, hung about with trophies, did he not expect to be greeted with squeals of glee by the girl he left behind him? Of course he did. He had been fighting swift-footed Parthians, or wily Cyrenean pirates, blue-striped Britons, or the bearded giants of the Germanic forests. It was no light thing to carry the eagles through Europe and establish the *Pax Romana* all over the civilized world. If, on his return to the home town, his lady friend did not squeal loudly enough, there were plenty of other maidens who would!

When my man comes home tired from the battle for existence downtown, why should I be too proud to greet him at the door with a smile? His trophy may not be a slain timber wolf or the gold armlet torn from a dying Viking, but a salary cheque is none the less a proof that he

has held his own against competitors. If he fights with his wits rather than with a club or a short sword, he is none the less a warrior and he has been fighting for me.

If he has had a good day it is my job to hear all about it, to congratulate and applaud. If things have gone badly, it is up to me to sympathize and lessen the discouragement. After all, I share in the fruits of victory, and the bitterest part of any loss is, to him, the fact that I shall suffer from it. Like every man worth his salt, he realizes subconsciously that I am dependent on his efforts. It doubles his troubles if things go wrong, but it gives an added incentive, and the fruits of victory are sweeter, if they are shared. All day he looks forward to coming home when his work is done. It is my job to make that homecoming worth while, and the measure of my success is largely the measure of our happiness together.

That first hour is so vitally important, and so many women waste it. Inevitably, after the strain of a long day there is a slackening, a reaction. A man does not want to be greeted with a flood of small talk about the latest squabble at the Women's Club, and what Mrs. So-and-So said, and how annoying the baby has been, and how curious it is that the maid never cleans the living room properly unless she is watched. Nor does he want to wait in an empty house for an hour until his wife bustles in from bridge with a delicatessen meal under her arm. He is altogether likely to be a little grouchy at such treatment, and then his wife wonders why. To counteract the grouchiness, she suggests going to a movie, or having the neighbors in for a game of cards—and another opportunity is gone beyond recall.

Men vary, of course. Some want amusement and find rest in an atmosphere of hilarity. Others come home tired and want peace until the strain of the day's labors has worn off. My own man is the high-strung, nervous type, who works under terrific pressure and crams a day's work into a few tense hours. He comes home with nerves still tightened up and his brain seething with energy. It is my job to ease the tension and let him relax. And I enjoy doing it, in spite of my friends' scathing comments. He is tired because he has been working for me. Why should I mind hanging up his things, bringing him his slippers, and smoking jacket, and getting him comfortably settled in his favorite chair? Then, with a long, cool drink beside him, a cigarette going nicely, ash-tray within reach, and an evening paper at hand, he really feels at home. It is the most completely satisfying thing to see the lines in his face smooth out and the grim expression fade. He picks up the paper, glances over the headlines, and then I often hear a chuckle.

"Funny thing happened today," he begins, and I know that I am going to get my daily budget of news from the Western Front. Sometimes there is no chuckle, but a faraway look. Some problem has [Continued on page 32]

## THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

Here is another in *The Chatelaine's* series of children's booklets, which can be cut out of the magazine and made into a book without spoiling the magazine for the grown-ups. A number of mothers are covering these little stories with book muslin to protect them, while others are binding two or three together for a birthday gift. Next month will tell "Why the Lark Flies Up at Dawn."

Page Two



CUFFY was a bear cub,  
A very debonair cub,  
A quite-without-a-care cub!  
He rolled about in glee.

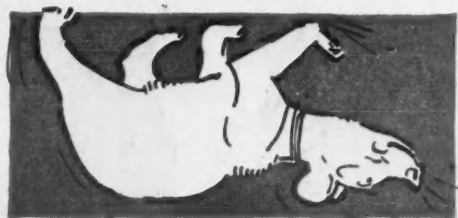
Page Seven



"NOBODY" he chuckled, "knows  
Jams as well as I do!  
Nobody's as clever as  
This clever little bear!"

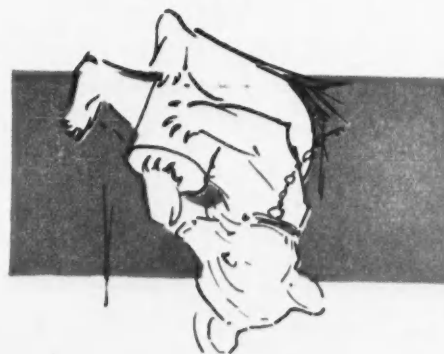
BUT——!

"NOBODY," thought Cuffy,  
"knows  
The splendid secret I know,  
So I don't think there's anyone  
That's quite as fine as me!"



Page Three

ON the ground he placed it  
Eagerly he tasted—  
Not a scrap was wasted!  
He found it royal fare.



Page Six

# Sisters of Quebec

came to the New World nearly three hundred years ago



The new building of the Hotel Dieu as it stands in Quebec today.

plan and dream, with the other nuns, of their twin enterprises. Pioneer women indeed were they.

But the white sisters did not remain long in Quebec, for Sillery was a rival missionary station, and there the Jesuits had a post. Today the little stone house of the Jesuits, still standing, is the oldest house in Canada. There the nursing sisters went, where the Indians were being attracted by the Jesuits, for their chief care was for the sick and dying savages.

IT WAS a curious life. In the little chapel the sisters hung up some old tapestries which they had purchased in order to have a secluded choir as their order required. But the greater part of their time was spent upon the sick and wounded Indians who came to them, their copper-skinned bodies painted and scarred, their hearts full of wonder over these "daughters of Sachems" who had come across the sea to nurse them. Among the filthy, suffering savages the delicately nurtured women worked, their life made exceedingly more difficult because of the necessity of keeping their white serge and white linen spotless. It was an impossible task. The Jesuits urged the sisters to give it up and adopt black or grey, and so save themselves the pain of seeing their spotless white turning discolored with frequent washings, and stained with marks they could not remove. But the sisters shook their heads, and continued to scrub and struggle. They could not relinquish the traditional white.

But there came a day when they must. The situation got out of hand. With tears streaming down their faces, they set to work to dye them a more serviceable shade.

They stripped bark from walnut trees and putting it in a great iron pot they boiled it to extract the color and then to it they added indigo, and into their drab mixture they dropped their white habits. It was a sacrifice beyond measure. When the habits came out they were a queer, sombre color—"the color," said the nuns, "of the clothes of chimney sweeps."

And while the little hospital was struggling along at Sillery, the end had come for the great cardinal. One by one the court bade him farewell and passed out of his great room, while France rejoiced at its impending release from

the mighty will. Even the king, whom he had served so magnificently, left him for the last time with indifference. Only his niece stayed loyally by him until he sent her from the room that she might not see him in his death agony.

"She is the one whom I have loved most," gasped the cardinal, as she went at his bidding.

His will might have been the will of a powerful monarch. Although he was a cardinal, he provided that any one of his heirs who entered the church would be disinherited. They were ordered to marry into none but the families of the highest nobility. To the king he left a fund of a million and a half francs which he had used for years as ready money to promote his schemes for France and begged the king to do likewise. To Madeleine he left the governorship of Havre, immense estates, and an income of sixty thousand

to heaven. A dying savage praying for the man who held all France in his hand, until that hand relaxed in death!

The duchess continued to be a figure of significance in the political turmoil that followed. Such was the woman who spared time from her great responsibilities in France to write to her nuns at Quebec, to send them gifts not only of money, but of furniture and books. One of the chief treasures of the convent is a magnificent Port Missal which belonged to the duchess, and which bears her arms.

THE story of the Hotel Dieu has never been told in words sufficiently colorful to paint the amazing adventures of these highly-born women. The contrast is all the more vivid when their story is laid side by side with the story of Paris of the same era. Many a daughter of an old and noble family

fled to the cloister for safety from the voluptuaries of the day. There was no defense for a pretty woman of the times, not even in her own family, where she might be regarded as coin of the realm in the purchase of advancement for father or brothers. The memoirs and diaries of the lay teen with the most amazing scandals, so that it is little wonder that the wimple and veil, the serge robes, and the grille between them and the world, offered to some women a sense of security which they could find nowhere else in the universe. So in their 'teens, aristocratic girls took their dowries to the convents, preferring the monotony and labor of safety to the sparkle and peril of society.

The first eight nursing sisters who came to the new world were from Dieppe, and others followed from other parts of France; but after 1671, every nun who entered the Hotel Dieu was of Canadian birth, with the exception of one lay sister who came from Dieppe in 1677. From the end of the seventeenth century it was a purely Canadian institution. Most of the seigneuries are represented in the

list of nuns from that day on, most of the noble names of the colony—the first of the Canadian novices was the daughter of the first Canadian seigneur, Robert Giffard, of Beauport. Then came daughters of the houses of Juchereau, Le Gardeur, Aubert de la Chenaye Meloises, Lemoyne de Longueuil, Couillard, Aubert de Gaspe, Boucher, Tilly, and many [Continued on page 82]



Today there are 250 beds in the hospital, and operating rooms equipped with the last thought in surgical necessities.

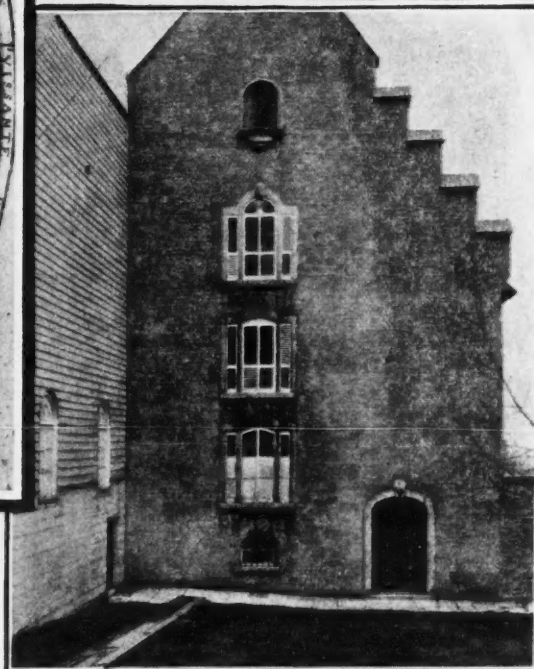
# The Story of the White

by  
**BLODWEN  
DAVIES**

The amazing adventures of the nobly-born daughters of France who



Amid the glittering courts of King Louis XIII of France, Madeleine, Duchesse d'Aiguillon, heard of the work of the missionaries to New France, and in 1639, founded the Hotel Dieu in Quebec, the oldest hospital on the continent.



Through this door, in part of the original building, passed daughters of the proudest of French aristocrats, who came to a new world to nurse the Indians.

Illustrated by Edith McLaren

**N**EAR by the old Palace Gate in Quebec stood two strange neighbors. Outside the gate was the infamous palace of the Intendant Bigot, where all that was vicious in New France was cultivated. Sounds of revelry from its luxurious rooms floated up over the gateway to shock the ears of the inmates of the austere, grey-stone Hotel Dieu on the rocks above—the Inn of God. The Palace has only a bit of bronze to mark its site, but the Hotel Dieu flourishes. It is the oldest hospital in America, a woman's enterprise, the oldest organized women's effort in the New World. On the walls of the main corridor of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa is a beautiful memorial to the nurses of Canada, with figures carved in high relief to tell the story. The tale begins with the veiled figures of the *hospitalières*—gentle-born French women who came to Canada to serve the sick, two centuries before the day of Florence Nightingale, and who tended the fighting men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It ends with the figures of Canadian women who returned to France, in the first war in which France and Britain fought side by side instead of face to face.

It is a huge organization now, the Hotel Dieu, with hundreds behind its walls and new buildings of every epoch, since first the stones of New France were laid so hopefully together. Instead of vile concoctions, based half on superstition, half on simple experiences, it has its laboratories and white-coated scientists, its modern mysteries of the X-ray, and all the attendant mechanisms and equipment of

operating rooms, its staff of highly trained physicians and surgeons. And yet the same white-robed nuns minister to the sick, and candlelight flickers from the same silver altar lamps as in the days of the seventeenth century. Here are united science and religion, progress and tradition, seventeenth century self-abnegation and twentieth century skill.

The present entrance to the hospital is through the latest wing. There, in a tiny office you may find a white-robed portress either stitching at a frame of frostlike lace, or sitting tapping at a typewriter. And in one of the little reception rooms as you wait you may occupy yourself with two pictures. One shows an Indian woman on a narrow cot with a nursing nun feeding her from a pewter bowl. That is 1639. The other is of a long ward glistening with enamel and plate glass and serried rows of beds. That is 1931.

On the wall hangs a canvas grown dim with passing centuries, the portrait of a woman. This is Madame la Duchesse d'Aiguillon, better known to the court of Louis the Thirteenth of France, to the glittering throngs of courtiers and politicians and soldiers than to Canada of the twentieth century. Lady of the bedchamber to Anne of Austria and almost her supplanter, confidante and comforter of the cardinal Duke of Richelieu. From her hand came the gift of the Hotel Dieu to Quebec.

The great Richelieu came of an unimportant family of Touraine, and Armand John du Plessis de Richelieu as his name was, became Bishop of Lucon, the poorest see in France, at the age of twenty-two. He had so little of this

world's goods that he had to borrow a coach in which to drive into his bishopric.

One of his sisters was the wife of Rene de Wignerod, whose forebears were originally English. When Richelieu became a bishop, his sister's child, Madeleine, was a child of three. In her teens Madeleine was married to Antoine du Roure de Combalet, who died in 1622, leaving her a widow and still in her teens. She contemplated becoming a nun, but all her family, including Richelieu, objected. Two years later Richelieu came into power, and from that day until his death, nearly twenty years afterward, he virtually ruled France as he ruled her king.

Richelieu was unfortunate in his associations with all women but Madeleine, his niece. Queens and favorites were in turn his friends and foes. Only in Madeleine, his beloved niece, did he find constant unchanging loyalty, and a level head in which to confide.

Madeleine became one of the women of state in attendance on the queen of Louis XIII, whom Richelieu in turn loved and hated, and who hated him.

Richelieu was determined to elevate his family to the ranks of the highest nobility. Titles were heaped upon himself, and in 1638 the estates of d'Aiguillon were purchased for Madeleine and she was created duchess in her own right.

The duchess, involved though she was in the plans of the Cardinal-Duke, seems not to have been of the same ambitious mind. On the other hand, she was extremely devoted to works of charity and it was in her salons that St. Vincent de Paul, founder of so many noble charities in Paris, appealed for funds among her friends.

To the hands of the duchess there came copies of the *Relations of the Jesuits*, those curious, vital documents written by the missionaries in New France, to the world at home, in order to fan the flame of interest in the savages of the American forests. Richelieu was one of the chief members of the Company of New France, which had been entrusted with a monopoly of trade with the Indians, and the duchess was intimately aware of all that was going on in Quebec.

What interviews there must have been between the powerful, red-robed cardinal in his great palace, and the clever, clear-witted woman who shared his counsels! There they must have pored together over the pages of the *Relations*, and pondered on every possible angle of trade and religion in New France. As a result the duchess decided to found a hospital in the tiny capital of the great colony. So, with powerful sponsors, the nursing nuns came to the New World, with a new house belonging to the Company of New France, set aside for them in upper town, and seven and a half arpents of land upon the cliff-top for their buildings and a fief of land at Cap Rouge for their support.

For the foundation of her convent the duchess chose three young nuns from Dieppe, Mère Marie de St. Ignace, aged twenty-nine, Mère Marie de St. Bernard, aged twenty-eight, and Mère Marie de Bonaventure, aged twenty-two. They crossed the Atlantic with the Ursuline nuns and landed in Quebec, in August 1639, after living for the last three weeks of their journey on uncooked salt codfish. They had had three months inaction on the vessel, time in which to



If the chesterfield can be placed against the window with a nest of small tables on one side and the desk on the other, a happy lighting arrangement is achieved. (The chair and chesterfield courtesy of Snyder's).

# The Small Living Room

**I**N THE first article under the above title which appeared in the last number of *The Chatelaine*, a description was given of the seven-roomed house which a young couple, Alice and Bob, furnished for the sum of \$1,500. Of this amount \$400 was apportioned to cover the cost of furnishing the living room pictured on this page, every piece in which was the work of Canadian manufacturers.

When one is living up to the conditions of a budget which includes every necessity, there is little danger of succumbing to the lure of an expensive piece, the purchase of which would mean curtailment in some other necessary item. Buying on a budget means that everything required has its place and its stipulated amount. It is really an excellent lesson in self-sacrifice. When this foundation is supplied, however, there is always something left to anticipation in planning for the "little things that count"—the personality touch.

Before starting out on their quest for furniture for the living room, Alice and Bob considered carefully their actual requirements. These included a chesterfield with a corresponding chair, another easy chair, a desk, small tables, rugs, lamps, pictures and curtains.

There are four important matters to be borne in mind in the purchase of furniture. First, the color scheme, next the scale of the room, then pattern and finally arrangement. Alice and Bob took with them the measurements of the spaces to be filled, a large sample of the paper used on the walls, the size of the windows and of the doorways.

The woodwork of the living room was painted a deep ivory tone and the walls were papered in buff with flecks of leaf green. Taking these tones as a basis, the room was carried out in deeper tints shading to henna and to jade green with touches of gold. Alice realized that while the buying of furniture may of necessity be conditioned by one's means, one's color sense need recognize no economic laws. More color combinations and contrasts are being used in our rooms today than formerly, and when these are intelligently applied, nothing is more enchanting, but one must walk warily to get a harmonious effect. A safe rule to observe when several colors are used in a room is to have the background in a neutral shade which should represent fifty per cent of the color used. Then the next harmonizing shade, which in this living room is henna or rust shade, should represent thirty per cent. The third tone which in our case is green might be fifteen per cent, and the final color or colors should be a mere touch for sparkle and contrast, such as the black and gold minor notes mentioned. It is a fascinating pastime to follow out various schemes of color and to finish with a little surprise note in the ensemble. One can become quite expert in learning the rules of color harmony by this expedient, particularly if one uses a color chart and has an observing eye.

Whether you are furnishing for the first time, redecorating, or buying new pieces, you will find much of practical help in this article

by MARY AGNES PEASE

**T**HE first purchase made by Alice and Bob was the material for the over-drapes for the windows. Cotton damask was selected in deep orange tones with a modern design carried out in gold and black. The glass of the windows was covered snugly with thin net in gold tones to permit the windows which are of the casement type to be opened without difficulty.

The next purchase was a chesterfield with corresponding chair. These with a simple rep covering in a rust shade they were able to purchase for \$150. Alice and Bob cast long eyes on the more luxurious suites made by our Canadian craftsmen which were miracles of softness, upholstery and fine workmanship, but after all a budget is a budget! For those whose expenditures are not so restricted, there are splendid investments possible in furniture nowadays which in design and excellence of construction leave nothing to be desired.

Although the living room was not large, the fact that it opened widely into the dining room, gave an effect of space. Alice was rather keen to have a love-seat instead of a chesterfield as more in keeping with the size of the room, but Bob insisted that after marriage comfort was more necessary than romance, and created much amusement in the shop by lying on the chesterfield to be sure that it would answer the purpose in length and comfort. When the day's purchases were completed, they included:

2 small rugs	\$ 57.50
1 chesterfield and chair	150.00
1 smaller easy chair	32.50
1 desk	29.50
1 desk chair	16.50
1 nest of tables	15.00
1 tea table	35.00
2 lamps	10.00
3 pictures	15.00
1 mirror	16.00
Curtains	18.00
Cushions and minor bits	5.00

\$400.00

Since the wall space in the room was broken up by two doorways and a fireplace, it was decided to place the chesterfield in front of the casement windows, with a desk on one side of it and a nest of tables on the other. This proved to be a most happy arrangement for both light and comfort, for all times of the day and night. When the window curtains, which were equipped with a traverse rod, were drawn at night, they provided a perfect background of rich color and design for the sofa. The second easy chair chosen was a modernized edition of a "tub" chair, and was upholstered in rust and green damask of small design.

For a small room, a nest of tables is an excellent purchase because these can be pressed into service in both the living room and the dining room, and are useful and ornamental either singly or en masse. A tea table is of course an indispensable item, and the one pictured adds a smart and unusual note. Tables with mirrored tops are becoming extremely popular as tea tables. They reflect the light and also duplicate the loveliness of such china and flowers as they carry at the tea hour.

Another important and useful item is a desk, which if wisely chosen will contribute to the lived-in and intimate effect that is so desirable in a living room. The one pictured is very simple in design as is the chair which acts as its consort. Bob's heart was set on a bookcase which had a wider writing space and several wide drawers, but he was overruled by the budget and also by lack of space. The desk chosen is easily moved about, and sometimes Alice discards the chair, places the desk in front of the chesterfield and writes her letters in cushioned ease.

The made-in-Canada rugs though slightly differing in design were similar in coloring, a henna background with designs in lighter shades. These rugs are of the type that will serve admirably for more obscure rooms when the family fortunes make possible the purchase of more costly ones.

A long mirror hung flat on the wall without framing was a distinctly decorative note in the room. It was used on the wall space near the entrance to the room and was a brightening and decorative touch. Mirrors are usually regarded as belonging to the realm of furniture, though from a decorative standpoint they should really be considered as pictures. The pictures chosen were inexpensive but were nevertheless quite charming. Two of them are the colored prints above the fireplace. You will notice that the black touch in the curtain design is picked up again in the picture frames. The other picture was a replica of a painting of a narrow street in Devon, which is arresting in its color contrasts and quaintness of design.

Every home furnisher of taste and [Continued on page 62]

# THE CHATELAINES INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, *Director*

by  
Helen G. Campbell,  
*Director of The Chatelaine Institute*



*New sandwiches, macaroons, salads and creams are suggested in this new article to help the bride make her trousseau tea original and distinctive.*

## The Bride's Own Party



THIS month, we know, is going to be a busy one for every happy bride-to-be whose great day comes in June. And just as busy will be the days of the mothers or aunts or married sisters, who are helping in all the exciting preparations. Customarily at this time, most of the parties are arranged by the friends of the bride but there is at least one bit of personal entertaining to which every bride looks forward with a glow of pleasure—and that is her trousseau tea. This function and an engagement party, if she chooses to have one, are her very own intimate bits of entertaining.

At the former the guests need no other form of diversion than just viewing the lovely things which have been brought out to delight their eyes and arouse their admiration. It may even be difficult to induce them to leave the scene of the trousseau and partake of the dainty refreshments that await to be served. And we are safe in saying that the tea-time topic of conversation will be so engrossing that only the hostess will be thinking of anything so commonplace as food. Her task on this occasion is to make the tea hour one in which the guests may offer their enthusiastic compliments on the store of treasures, to the accompaniment of a refreshing drink and a tasty morsel of food. Tea remains always popular but often a choice of beverages is welcomed—tea and coffee, or tea and fruit punch, but whatever it is, it must be perfectly made. Tea served in the daintiest cups you possess is fresh and piping hot, and cream or lemon are there for the guests to choose. Coffee, if it is served, must

also be perfect, made from the best coffee, freshly ground and served steaming hot with accompaniments to suit the taste of the guests. Fruit drinks offer unlimited choice and are particularly pleasant if the day is warm and summery. They are colorful and frosty and give you the opportunity to use your punch bowl or glass pitcher.

The bite to eat may be a collection of dainty sandwiches with a variety of fillings, carefully made and cut in fancy shapes; or tiny hot baking powder biscuits which were mixed early and baked at the last minute. Thin rounds of dark fruit bread spread with soft white cheese are extremely popular and little cream puff cases with a smooth cheese filling may even cause your guests to forget, for the moment, the all-absorbing trousseau. Cinnamon toast is crisp and spicy and you might try orange toast for a pleasant change.

For a sweet, cookies, little frosted cakes, macaroons, tiny eclairs, shortbreads or angel cake may be chosen and there are many deliciously melting varieties which can be made with no trouble. These may be served alone or as accompaniment to an ice. Candies or nuts or candied fruits may be passed to round out your tea. For this purpose, Jordan almonds, crystallized ginger, candied orange, lemon or grapefruit peel are more unusual than salted nuts and mints or other candy, and are very popular. However, fresh salted nuts are excellent and mints may be chosen to blend with a particular color scheme.

If the guests at the trousseau tea are to include friends of the bride who are girls at business, she may choose the evening for her party. In this case slightly more substantial refreshments would be in order and nothing is more appropriate than one of the many salads that are possible at this time of the year. Crisp greens form the background for

colorful mixtures and the salad is finished with a dressing which blends with the particular salad you have chosen. Thin bread and butter, hot biscuits, toasted crackers, finger rolls, cheese straws or sandwiches are served with the salad, and if you desire, olives and sweet pickles may be passed. A frozen dessert may follow the salad or cakes and coffee are more frequently the only dessert and many find this practise more fitting for their evening entertainments. A few suggested combinations may help in planning these party refreshments.

### Afternoon

Minced Lobster and Celery Sandwiches  
Chopped Salted Peanut Sandwiches  
Frosted Chocolate Cakes      Macaroons  
Tea

Almond and Cream Cheese Sandwiches  
Chicken and Chopped Olive Sandwiches  
Angel Cake      Crystallized Ginger  
Tea      Fruit Punch

Cress Rolls      Celery Rolls  
Fruit Bread with Cheese  
Maple Mousse

Walnut Bars      Candied Orange Peel  
Tea      Coffee

### Evening

Shrimp Salad  
Hot Cheese Biscuits  
Lemon Marlow      Coconut Sticks      Coffee

[Continued on page 70]

# The VOGUE for CANADIAN WOODS



by Helen G. Campbell  
Director of the Chatelaine Institute

An indication that birch is used in high-grade furniture is seen in these attractive pieces from The Hespeler Furniture Company, well known as manufacturers of quality furniture.

THE furniture described in a recent issue of *The Chatelaine* is interesting, not only on account of the design, but because of the wood used in the construction. One might have expected that Canadian forests would have supplied the material for cabinet-making in this country, but for many years, style demanded the use of other than native woods. Mahogany, walnut and gumwood were among those which attained distinct popularity for almost every room but kitchens and bathrooms. They came to be considered by the purchaser as the only acceptable wood, and the other varieties were practically neglected.

Northern hardwoods, however, are particularly suitable for the newer designs which are winning favor because of their simplicity and adaptability to the modern home. If finished with the same skilled attention as is given to imported woods, the results are equally beautiful. Smartness, nowadays, depends upon grace of line and beauty of material; ornateness is taboo and non-essentials have been eliminated. Comfort and suitability to the present-day home characterize recent developments in furniture style and workmanship.

Maple is a happy choice for dining room, living room and bedroom suites, as well as for the occasional pieces that fit into other parts of the house. It is both attractive and durable, hard enough to withstand much wear without denting or marring. It is less expensive than imported woods, and has a close even grain which takes a number of fine finishes. If properly seasoned or cured, maple will not warp.

Birch has many of the characteristics of maple and has, too, great possibilities in architectural and furniture fields. It is equally durable, somewhat more generally available and costs practically the same. It lends itself to the development of modern color schemes, which makes it decidedly popular for present-day types of furniture.

Other Canadian hardwoods are used in furniture making. Beech, somewhat like maple and birch in texture, but cheaper and lower in grade, is suitable for certain pieces and is often used for the interiors of drawers in tables, desks and cupboards. It does not warp, but is somewhat more open-grained, which makes it less attractive. Ash, elm and basswood are used for kitchen equipment but are not important in the construction of the more decorative furniture, and they do not take a good finish or high polish.

Canadian manufacturers are alive to the growing vogue for Canadian woods, and have placed on the market interesting suites built of birch and maple. These pieces are available in various tones, from the lighter shades which have a glint of golden sunshine, to the warm ambers and

*The new appreciation of the possibilities for Canadian woods in furniture is one of the most interesting trends in interior decoration*

rich browns. Good finish emphasizes the beauty of the grain and clever shading gives interest to many pieces. Any number of color effects are achieved, depending on the stain used. There are today an almost limitless number of shades from which to choose: all are fast color and do not fade even after long wear.

The stain is usually covered with a preparation to bring out the color, and the final coat may be varnish or lacquer; both finishes are waterproof and give protection to the surface of the wood. Several coats of lacquer may be required, each coat being thoroughly dried and sanded before the next is added. The last coat is rubbed down to give a rich gloss, which is so attractive in fine furniture. Lacquer wears well and the soft mellow tone is decidedly pleasing.

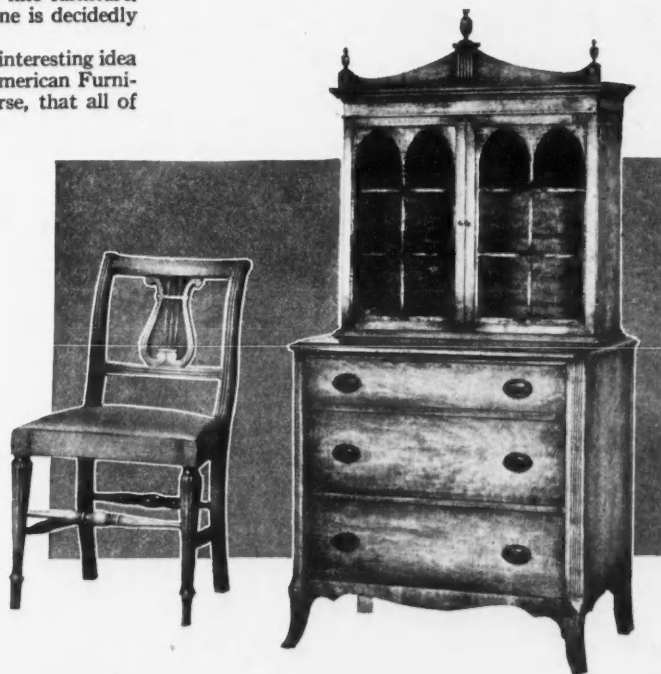
A bedroom suite of eighteen pieces is the interesting idea which has been developed by The North American Furniture Company. It is not expected, of course, that all of these will be purchased for one room. But from this collection of matching pieces, various combinations are possible, and almost any type of bedroom can be attractively furnished. One may choose from among the number, a bed, dresser, chiffonier and night table. If the room is spacious, other pieces, such as a small desk may be added. A dressing table may take the place of the dresser, if milady prefers to sit while she makes her toilet. Or, if she needs additional drawer space, she may purchase both, and sometimes there is even room for a small desk.

A young girl's room may have in addition to the necessary bed room furniture, a combined desk and bookcase, and there are smaller pieces in the suite for furnishing a child's room.

Maple, which is the wood used, is finished in a light honey color. Soft green, or almost any pastel shade in wall paper and rugs makes an attractive background and the effect is one of cool airiness so desirable in a well-appointed bedroom.

Birch is used by The Hespeler Furniture Company for a dining room suite in the popular French Provincial style. This suite includes a corner cupboard which provides room for dishes, while the open shelves may hold odd pieces of pottery, pewter or colorful glass. Birch and maple are also employed by this factory for occasional pieces—small tables for hall or living room, a coffee table to place in front of your chesterfield, or settee, a telephone set, odd chairs—plain or upholstered in quaint materials.

We are beginning to appreciate the possibilities of Canadian woods in the manufacture of sturdy comfortable furniture, and their use is one of the most interesting trends in interior decoration.



*These pieces are selected from a suite designed by the North American Furniture Company, in eighteen pieces, from which groupings to suit any room can be selected. The top drawer in the combination desk and bookcase can be dropped to form a writing desk.*

Now then—

## THE FAMILY BUDGET

A brief and simple outline of its management that may help you to find the most judicious way of planning and spending your money

by  
JEAN  
HORRELL

**T**HE time is coming when the family without a budget will be as hopelessly old-fashioned as the one without a radio or an automobile, and if the problem is approached in the right spirit, with the co-operation of the whole family, planning the income is as fascinating as a cross-word puzzle and much more satisfying in its results.

The first step in budget-building is to ascertain as accurately as possible the income for the coming year. This is quite simple if there are regular wages as a salary, but if not, use last year's income as a guide, with any variations of which you know. Add to this the income derived from any other sources, such as sales-commissions, dividends from stocks and bonds, and so on. This resulting total is the material from which the budget is to be made.

The second step is to look over the past year or years and see what your annual savings have been. Unless in very straitened circumstances, savings should amount to ten per cent of the income at least, increasing, of course, with the income. Under savings list the home and other securities. Decide what your savings should be, and then deduct the amount from your total income.

Then, the third step is to ascertain the amount of fixed charges against the income—such as taxes, personal property, interest and payments if the house is being purchased, insurance premiums, and others that must be met, such as installments on a car and so on. Subtract the total of the fixed charges from the income after deducting the savings, and you have the sum which is for food, rent, clothing allowances, operating expenses, equipment, and up-keep and all like expenses.

The distribution of the remaining income over such items will be largely a matter of past experience, for it is impossible to give percentages that should be allotted to such items, as every family differs in size, the amount of entertaining done, and local market prices. Whereas the food item in one case might necessarily be twenty per cent of the income, it might be only ten or twelve per cent in another. The same with clothing and other needs. The best plan is to use for your calculation the amounts you have been accustomed to spending for various items and if the total exceeds your income revise your figures.

The main items that you will want to give consideration are food, rent, clothing, operating expenses, personal allowances equipment and upkeep. Then, of course, there may be important items such as installment payments, and perhaps an automobile which deserves a place of its own in the budget for running, upkeep and replacement.

The food allowance varies from ten to twenty-five per cent of the total income, depending on the conditions mentioned, and it should be one of the most important items. It is largely "up to the housewife" and depends on her knowledge of marketing, food preparation and nutritive values.

The rent may be "rent," or it may mean, if you own your own home, repairs, and so on. In the former case, it should be about ten per cent of the cost of the house. It is well to



*If it is approached in the right way, planning the income is as fascinating as the cross-word puzzle, and much more satisfying in its result.*

look ahead and plan, perhaps, to have something done each year to keep the house in good condition.

With the clothing item there is much variation with different families but, generally speaking, it should range from ten to twenty per cent of the income.

Operating expenses include such things as gas and electricity, water, rent, coal, and so on, and need the watchfulness of the housewife who may keep the expense of them down greatly.

Personal allowances should be one of the strongest planks in the budget platform, and the habit of a "dollar for this and a dollar for that" will upset any well-planned budget.

Equipment and upkeep cover the expense of new furnishings and supplies, repairs of furniture, and so on.

The miscellaneous item has scope, and here we should remember such things as doctor, dentist, church contribution, so that they may have a definite place.

Having tabulated and worked out the various items with their allowances, add them together, including savings and fixed charges. You may be ready to give up when you see the total exceed the income. But analyze the figures and see where some cutting down may be done, and rearrange your allotments so that you will be living within your income, and yet giving due importance to the items most necessary to the health and general welfare of the family.

Now for the actual running of the budget. One of the easiest plans is the proportionate weekly or monthly allotment for the expenses that occur regularly—food, allowances, and so on; while the rest of the income may be distributed on the basis of fixed charges and the other expenses as they can be fitted in. Look ahead three or four months, gauge what your financial obligations will be, and arrange your income accordingly. In making future obligations, be careful to space them so as not to coincide with those you have. For example, if you have life insurance due in February, interest on a mortgage in May, and taxes in Sep-

tember, and you want to take out more insurance, time the payments so that they will occur when other expenses are not so heavy. Foresight helps greatly to make things come out even. For instance, there are certain seasons of the year when less clothing is bought than at others and at that time you may look after other things. And so throughout the whole year we can be fitting in the items like blocks in a puzzle.

For illustration, take a family of father, mother and two children, normal and healthy, living in a city; salary \$75 a week, or \$325 a month.

Let us budget them something like this:

Total income.....	\$ 3,900.00
Savings .....	480.00
Food.....	780.00
Rent (only).....	720.00
Clothing .....	700.00
Operating expenses.....	320.00
Personal allowances (including father's car fare and lunch.....)	480.00
Equipment and upkeep.....	100.00
Development.....	300.00

Suppose the savings item consists of two insurance premiums of \$75 each, due in February and August, of building and loan shares of \$10 monthly, and the balance \$210 in cash savings. Let us remember that there are furniture sales in February and August and, while clothing must be bought when needed, it might be postponed till June, December and January sales. Under "Development," it is well to remember that there may be a doctor's bill in late winter and a little vacation trip in midsummer.

Having made a general survey of the year's requirements, such an apportionment might be made: \$10 monthly for building and loan, \$65 for food, \$65 [Continued on page 31]

# Four wise ways to Loveliness that famous women use

Distinguished for their beauty . . . for the irresistible grace with which they carry on an aristocratic tradition . . . the world's social leaders follow the Pond's way to personal loveliness.

Wherever their brilliant pursuits may take them, they give to exquisite skins this

*Lady Violet Astor*  
*Mrs. Morgan Belmont*  
*Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt*  
*The Countess Howe*  
*Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.*  
*Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton*  
*Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont*

same special care . . . and face an admiring world with radiant loveliness.

Follow their example. Equip your dressing table with these Two famous Creams, these softer Tissues, this marvelous Skin Freshener. And then watch for the soft new beauty that *must* glow in your skin!



1—For immaculate cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously over your face and neck. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes, waiting to let the fine, light oils sink deep down into the pores and float the dirt up to the surface.

2—With Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away all the cream, and with it every vestige of dirt, make-up and powder. These fleecy-soft Tissues are 52% more absorbent than ordinary tissues, and they now come in lovely Parisian peach color as well as white.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener, which cannot dry your skin, briskly pat your skin until it is pleasantly aglow—to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, keep contours young, bring fresh, lovely, natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.

4—Now a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, to form a powder base, a protection from sun and wind—an exquisite finish. Use it on your neck, shoulders and arms—wherever you powder. It's marvelous, too, for your hands, to keep them smooth and white.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

MADE IN CANADA

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. S, 167 Brock Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

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TUNE IN on Pond's Afternoon Tea Tuesdays at 5 P.M., D.S.T. Reisman's Orchestra, Leading Society Women. W.E.A.F. and N.B.C. Network.

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# VARY YOUR STAPLES



The great majority of women in ordering staple groceries keep to the same varieties from one year's end to the other. This writer suggests from her household experience, that there are many variations in practically all types of groceries which every woman should know.

*Perhaps you are in the proverbial rut with your ordering of foodstuffs—read these valuable suggestions for bringing a new interest to old food friends*

**S**TAPLES such as rice, macaroni, flour and cornstarch form a part of the supply of every household. They are used week after week as the basis of many dishes. Often the housekeeper does not realize that the staples themselves, as well as the recipes in which they are used, may well be varied. Here is a brief list which shows how this may be done.

Usual Staple	Variant
Flour	Cornmeal, rice-flour, potato-flour, whole wheat flour, Graham or rye flour.
Macaroni	Spaghetti, vermicelli, barley, lentils.
Rice	Brown whole rice.
Cornstarch	Potato flour.
Sugar	Demerara sugar, brown sugar, colored sugars, powdered sugars.

by **CLAIRE McALLISTER**

Tapioca	Minute tapioca, sago.
Cocoanut	Desiccated cocoanut, broad strips.
Dried prunes and apricots	Black and white figs, raisins.
Rolled oats	Oatmeal, cornmeal, wheat.
Corn syrup	Molasses, honey, maple syrup, sugar syrup.
Dried beans	Kidney beans, yellow eye beans, lima beans.

Some of these variants "speak for themselves." With others it may be helpful to give some brief explanations of uses. Rice flour or potato flour (these often come packaged), used in place of pastry flour in one of your favorite light cake recipes will provide an agreeable change of flavor and texture even lighter than usual. Cornmeal used in puddings or pancakes is relished by most families. It has a further use when substituted for crumbs in breading chops or croquettes. It is convenient to use if your bread crumbs are not ready prepared, and the flavor is very agreeable. The dark flours used in place of white flour are, of course, delicious and wholesome in raised bread and buns. If we are not ambitious enough to attempt these, the dark flour may be used in recipes for rock cakes and cookies.

If you ordinarily use macaroni you may find it interesting to change to spaghetti or vermicelli. For soups, macaroni comes in many forms, the alphabet, small stars, shells, and others. These may be used from time to time and they will render meals more attractive, especially to the children. Barley and lentils are old-time soup ingredients which may be unfamiliar to many modern housewives. Should you use these in place of macaroni, it is well to remember that they take longer to boil. At least forty-five minutes should be allowed if they are to be really tender.

The unhulled whole grain of rice may now be bought in many Canadian cities. It is more wholesome than the polished variety, but has the disadvantage of requiring longer cooking.

Brown sugar and Demerara sugar used in cookies and puddings will add new flavor to old favorites. Red and green tinted sugars, which may be purchased from confectioners' shops if your grocer cannot supply you, have many uses. Sprinkled over sliced bananas or simple fruit salads, they are very attractive. They may also be used to decorate cookies or large cakes. Do not forget that sugar comes in different degrees of fineness—the ordinary coarse granulated, fruit sugar and powdered sugar. These each have their uses. If you cannot produce a cake of even texture try using a finer sugar.

**D**RIED apricots, peaches and prunes when well soaked and boiled are an excellent substitute for the more expensive tinned fruits. If these grow tiresome try cooking figs, sometimes called pulled figs, of which there are two varieties, the black and the white, each with a distinct flavor. Ordinary seedless raisins are very nice when boiled.

Those who are accustomed to using rolled oats for porridge or cookies will find the finer textured oatmeal (beloved of the Scot) a useful variant. Cornmeal is excellent as a porridge. Still another substitute for the main dish of the morning meal is whole grains of wheat thoroughly cooked.

If you use corn syrup as an ingredient in cooking, or as a sweet with pancakes or waffles, it is well to remember that it has several delicious substitutes of varying flavors, molasses, honey, maple syrup and the various brands of "golden syrup" which are manufactured from cane sugar.

If your family is fond of beans, either as a vegetable or "Boston Baked," they will probably relish kidney beans, yellow eye beans (familiar to Nova Scotians) or lima beans, as a change from the usual variety. Lima beans, having little flavor of their own, are best stewed in tomatoes or tomato sauce.

The housekeeper, of course, need not stock her shelves with all or even several varieties of the same staple at one time. As the supply of one form, say of macaroni, is used up, it can be replaced by another form. A few of the variants used from time to time will serve to render more attractive the "standby" dishes which grow monotonous if only one sort of staple is used as a base. Try them!

# Paris . . . knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing . . . the treatment advised by 23,723 beauty specialists the world over.



EMILE MASSE, of Paris beauty artist of renown, whose clients number aristocrats from all over Europe.



PEZZA, of Naples says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.



J. NELSON DAY, of Toronto who recommends 'foundation cleansing' with Palmolive Soap.



JACOBSON, of London warns against soaps not made of olive and palm oils — and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.

Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. "I advise all my clients," says Massé, "Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments."

*E. Massé*

16 RUE DAUNOU, PARIS



The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.

MASSE . . . the famous Massé . . . and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter . . . has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

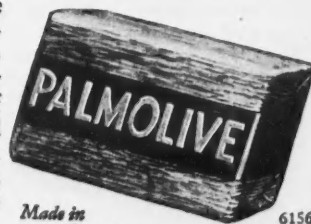
Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens.

Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does. Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. The popularity of this daily home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are — all told — 23,723 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.



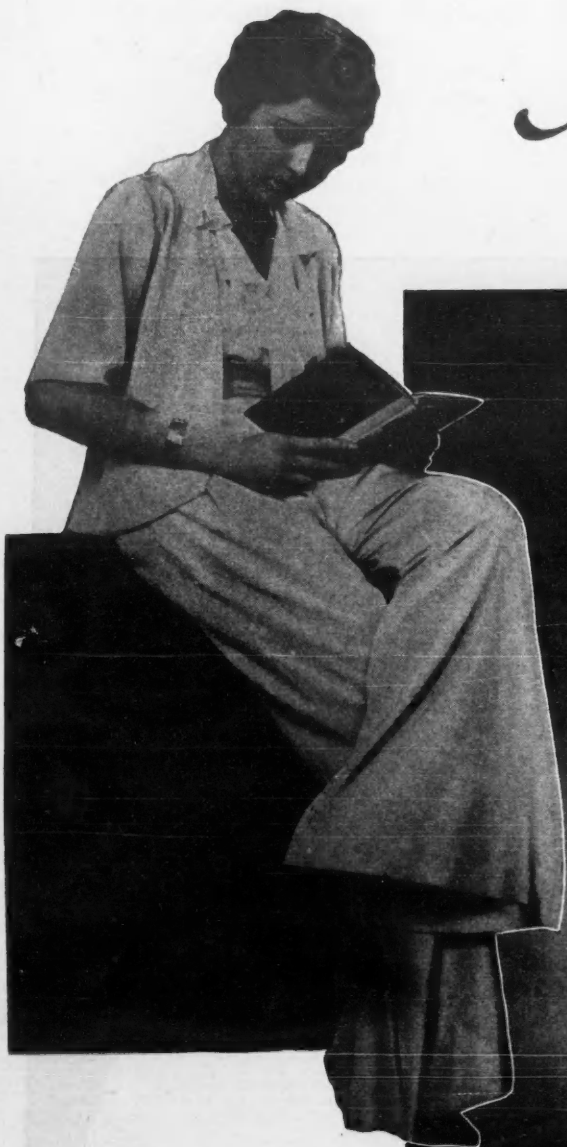
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## Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

# Paris Styles

Our own Paris staff writer selected these photographs from the famous designers in Paris. These first-hand photographs reflecting new style ideas are a regular feature of The Chatelaine.



*The Vogue for Pyjamas*

EVERYWHERE, these days, we hear of the fame of the swagger pyjama suits. This is how Paris wears them—for the modern hostess, for smart tea parties, for leisure hours, and of course, on summer beaches. Jean Patou designed this, in rose crêpe, with white georgette blouse.



*An Evening Ensemble*

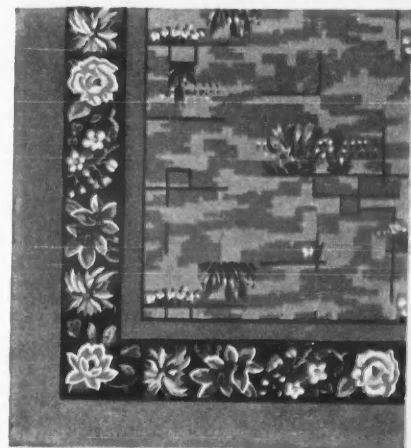
NEVER has the evening mode been so lavish and regal as this season. Another inspiration from Jean Patou is this beautiful ensemble in printed chiffon, with delicate yellows and greens on a beige ground. The extravagantly simple lines of the high-waisted gown, with the soft panels at the side, and the elaboration of the sleeves offer an interesting contrast.

*The Summer Suit*

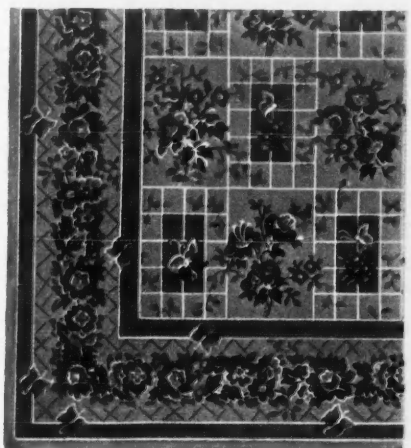
SCAIONI of Paris designed this stunning costume tailored from a navy blue light wool fabric. The jacket is lined with navy blue crêpe de Chine, and is embroidered in white. The collar is of white crêpe georgette, and silver fox fur is used on the short jacket. Notice the interesting tucks around the cuffs of the gloves.



*Your feet will tread on it  
with satisfaction . . . your  
eyes dwell on it with pride*



This is "AVALON" Congoleum  
Gold Seal Rug No. 628



This is "BUTTERFLY" Congoleum  
Gold Seal Rug No. 637



"SPARTA"—A new and unusual kitchen design—Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 624

And the first shall *not* be the last. The *first* Congoleum Rug makes the weary hours once spent keeping floors presentable a bad memory. It gets you into the habit of stealing a look at your kitchen as you pass — it *is* so pretty. And long wear shows you how little such convenience can cost. So naturally you want *more* Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs. Upstairs and down, from guest room to porch. Everywhere, these waterproof, flat-lying, magically cleaned rugs are so practical, so beautiful, so inexpensive.

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED  
MONTREAL, CANADA

**GOLD SEAL**  
**CONGOLEUM**  
**RUGS**



A final proof that you need genuine Congoleum is the number of its imitators. Many have names ending in "oleum" too. None but the one and only genuine Congoleum Gold Seal can have the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the rug. Let it save you from regret.

# What Do You Know About Laundry Soaps?

Continuing the series discussing the most successful methods for the home laundry.



The powdered form of soap is also popular.

Soap beads dissolve readily and are convenient.

Soap flakes are effective in cleansing action.

THE back yard soap kettle has gone the way of the old dash churn and the spinning wheel. They have been replaced by the speedier and more efficient equipment, which modern times demand, and regardless of occasional regrets for "the good old days," we are bound to acknowledge that the age in which we live offers many compensations. Not the least of these are the many labor-saving devices and improved products which make housekeeping duties lighter and more interesting. Laundry, for instance, is no longer an arduous task; the weekly washing is accomplished with comparative ease and in much better time than formerly. It is a far cry from the old-time wash tub and scrubbing board to the modern electric machine and from the home-made soap of our grandmothers' day to the efficient cleansers, manufactured with the utmost scientific precision in the huge kettles of up-to-date soap factories.

There is a soap for every fabric—filmy or delicate silk, celanese and rayon mixtures, white or colored cottons and linens and soft fleecy woollen materials. Several brands are on the market, and the housekeeper may make her choice from many varieties, all available at reasonable cost. The laundry cupboard may be stocked with different kinds in various forms—bar soap, either white or yellow, in a number of sizes and shapes, packages containing flakes, chips, beads or powdered soaps.

Soap is a mixture of alkali and fat, either vegetable or animal. When these two ingredients are put together in correct proportions, they "saponify" or unite to form a compound which is called soap. When the fat and alkali are properly blended, the result is a neutral soap, mild in action

and without harshness or severity on the fabric. In the manufacture of commercial soaps, the fats or oils are carefully graded and combined with the alkali which is usually lye or caustic soda. This is heated and at the proper stage poured from the kettle and allowed to harden. While the mixture is still hot and in liquid form, other ingredients are sometimes added, according to a definite formula worked out by soap chemists. Rosin, washing soda, borax, silicate of soda and naphtha, are among the materials used for this purpose. In their addition, scientific knowledge and accuracy are necessary to obtain a uniform and satisfactory product. If the proportions are not good, or if too much alkali is used, the excess set free upon solution of the soap in water is weakening to many fabrics. These "built" soaps are not so suitable for silks and woollens, but may be used with safety in washing linens and cotton goods. Some of them have a certain value in softening water, those containing rosin have good "sudsy" properties, and in others the cleansing power may be increased by the additional ingredients mentioned above.

The housekeeper's choice will depend not only on the kind of soap, but the form. For some purposes, bar soap—yellow or white cakes, may be preferred; they are handy for rubbing soiled spots and are economical. Other forms, chips, flakes, beads and powdered soaps are increasingly popular; they are convenient, dissolve readily and are effective in cleansing action. These packaged forms may be made from either a pure or a "built" soap, and their suit-

ability for washing the various fabrics depends upon their composition. Select a mild neutral variety for silks, rayons, woollens and delicately colored materials; the other compounds may be used for the firmer fabrics. There are on the market, too, washing powders which are mixtures, usually containing a good deal more washing soda or similar product. They are intended not to take the place of soap but to aid in softening the water, and thus lessen the amount of soap required.

Yellow bar soaps contain rosin which gives them a free lathering quality. The white bar contains silicate of soda, which possesses some cleansing and water softening properties. Too much of this alkali or of others such as washing soda, is hard on finer fabrics. Borax is milder but increases to some extent the detergent value of the soap. Naphtha may be present in very small amounts in either yellow or white soaps.

HARD water presents difficulties which must be overcome, before satisfactory results in laundering can be expected. The use of a water softener such as washing soda or borax is advisable, for if soap alone is depended upon, the softening will be incomplete unless a great deal is used. Minerals in hard water react on soap forming a scum or curd which is difficult to rinse off the clothes and which imparts an undesirable greyish color to them. It is not until water has been thoroughly softened, that good suds can be obtained.

There are, of course, degrees of hardness varying with the locality. For this reason, it is impossible to state the amount of water softening agent required. A little experimenting may be necessary to ascertain how much to use; too little is

wasteful to the soap, too much is harmful to the clothes. Washing soda is commonly used for the purpose; it should first be made into a solution using about one pound of soda to one quart of water. The necessary amount of this liquid should be added to the water before the soap or clothes are put in. For the water used at The Chatelaine Institute we have found one and one- [Continued on page 62]



## Now then-The Family Budget

Continued from page 22

for rent, \$30 for operating expenses, \$40 for personal allowances, and \$20 for development, with a balance of \$95 for other items. Remembering that the cash savings can be worked in as convenient, the monthly balance of \$95 might be thus planned:

January	
Clothing.....	\$70
Savings.....	25

February	
Insurance.....	\$75
Equipment.....	20

March	
Clothing.....	\$65
Development.....	30

April	
Clothing.....	\$85
Savings.....	10

May	
Clothing.....	\$50
Savings.....	35
Equipment.....	10

June	
Clothing.....	\$45
Savings.....	50

July	
Development.....	\$95

August	
Insurance.....	\$75
Equipment.....	20

September	
Clothing.....	\$85
Savings.....	10

October	
Clothing.....	\$80
Savings.....	15

November	
Clothing.....	\$80
Equipment.....	15

December	
Clothing.....	\$70
Development.....	25

For illustration:

Total income.....	\$2,080
Savings.....	205
Food.....	540
Rent.....	420
Clothing.....	400
Operating expenses and equipment and upkeep.....	200
Personal allowances.....	215
Development.....	100

Similarly, allowing \$8 monthly for building and loan shares, \$45 for food, \$35 for rent, \$17 for operating expenses, \$18 for personal allowances, we have \$50 as a balance for other items.

January	
Clothing.....	\$40
Savings.....	10

February	
Insurance.....	\$50

March	
Clothing.....	\$25
Development.....	15

April	
Clothing.....	\$25
Equipment.....	15
Savings.....	10

May	
Clothing.....	\$40
Savings.....	10

June	
Clothing.....	\$35
Savings.....	15

July	
Development.....	\$45
Savings.....	5

August	
Insurance.....	\$50

September	
Clothing.....	\$45
Savings.....	5

October	
Clothing.....	\$35
Savings.....	15

November	
Clothing.....	\$40
Equipment.....	10

December	
Clothing.....	\$25
Development.....	25

ANOTHER picture might be suggested, and perhaps a helpful one to those who must maintain health of mind and body on a smaller income, a circumstance which very often occurs in a family whose standards of living are similar to those of larger incomes, who, too, wish to live "nicely" and to build a sound foundation for the future. Greater credit is due such families, and what a sense of satisfaction for them if they accomplish these ends on a more moderate income! Again, let us take a family of father, mother and two children, normal and healthy, living in a city, but with salary of \$40 a week, or \$173 a month. To some readers, the following allotments may seem strange, referring to the comparatively large allowance for food. But let us remember that only with a well-nourished body and a well-nourished mind can we give our best to our work and our problems. The food item, intelligently planned, is a veritable insurance policy for the whole family.

THE keeping of accounts is largely a matter of personal choice as to the exact manner. Very few of us have time to itemize such things as stamps, carfare and so on. But accounts in a general way are necessary. They may be simple and yet adequate, without being cumbersome. Salary and dividend cheques may be deposited in the bank and each deposit recorded in the personal cheque book. Then, it is well to have a simple account book with five ruled columns—the first two for the month and date, the large middle one for the items and the last two for the dollars and cents. There may be an index something like this—food, pages 1-6; operating expenses, pages 7-18; equipment and upkeep,

**COLGATE'S** toothpaste has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

**COLGATE'S** has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

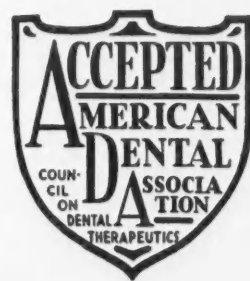
**COLGATE'S** now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

**COLGATE'S** sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

25¢



MADE IN CANADA



This shield is the seal of acceptance.

# Why You Can Drive the New Ford So Many Thousands of Miles



"THE CANADIAN CAR"

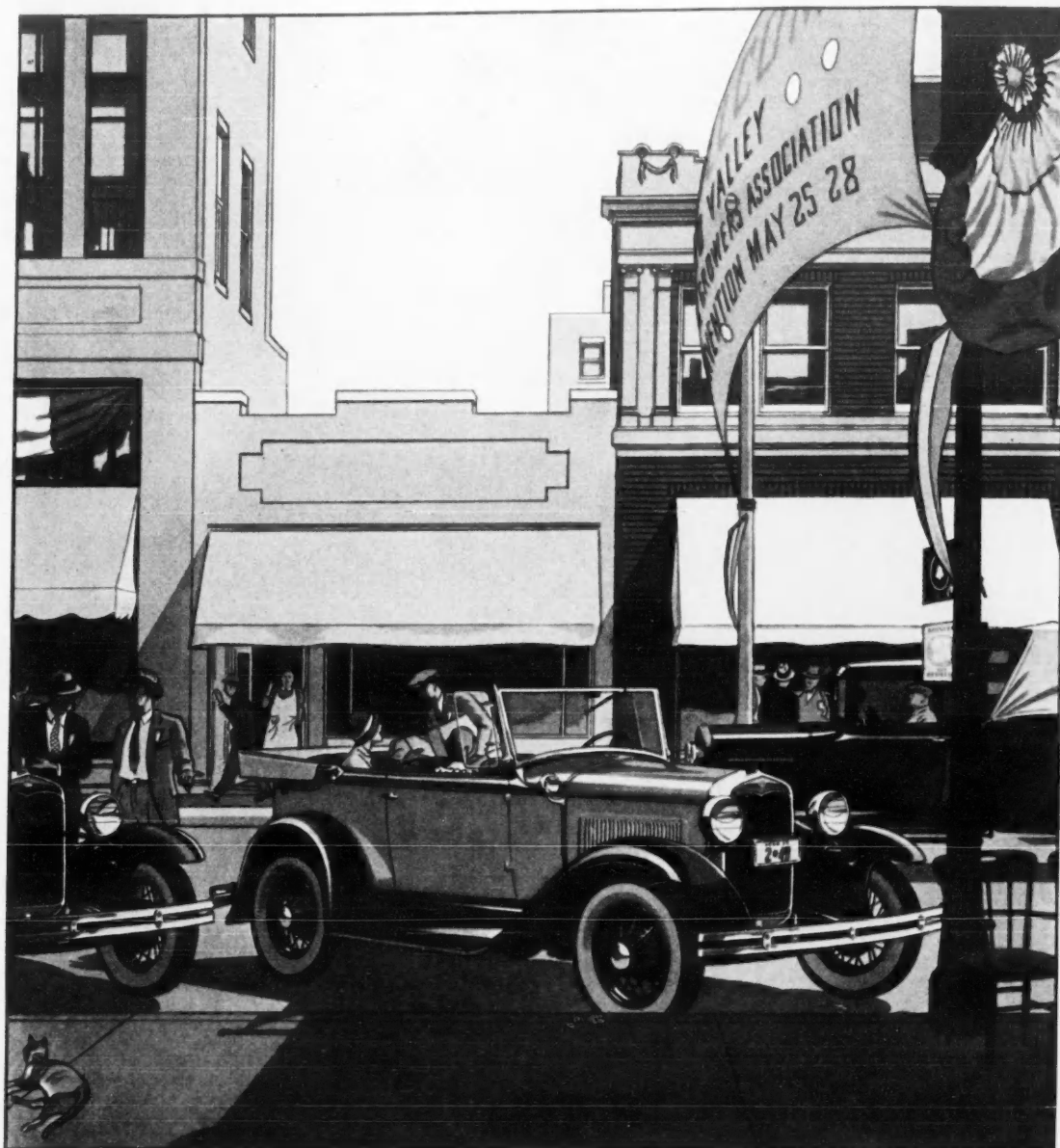
THE NEW FORD has made an unusual record for reliability and long life. In police service it has been driven 100,000 and 120,000 miles under the severest driving conditions. Leading industrial companies operating large fleets of Fords report "satisfactory economical service" after many months and years of constant use. The value of good materials, simplicity of design and accuracy in manufacturing is especially apparent after the first 25,000 miles.

Throughout the chassis, you find many reasons for the good performance of the Ford. None is more important than the crankshaft.

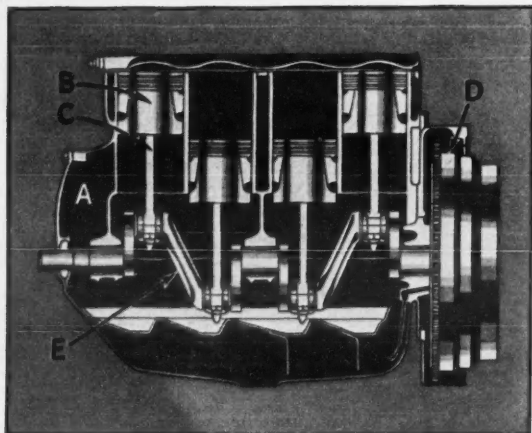
The crankshaft is frequently called the heart of the automobile because of the part it plays in transmitting the power developed in the cylinders to the flywheel and driveshaft. It must be properly balanced to insure smooth operation. It must be accurate in size to insure proper clearance in the bearings. It must be true in alignment and weight to reduce friction and give long continuous service without adjustment.

The crankshaft of the Ford has great strength because it is made of carbon manganese steel, specially developed for this use by Ford metallurgists. It will resist a twisting stress of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons at a leverage of twelve inches from its axis.

In the many steps in its manufacture, the Ford crankshaft is machined to measure-



THE NEW FORD DE LUXE PHAETON



This illustration shows the Ford cylinder block (A), piston (B), connecting-rod (C), flywheel (D), and crankshaft (E). The care with which these parts are made is an important factor in the smoothness, reliability, economy and long life of the new Ford.

ments as fine as one-half of a thousandth part of an inch. In all, Ford crankshafts receive one hundred and seventy-four checks for accuracy.

The greatest care is taken to make sure that the Ford crankshaft will be in perfect balance in all positions and at all speeds. The machines for the dynamic balance tests are set upon foundations of gum rubber and are very delicately adjusted.

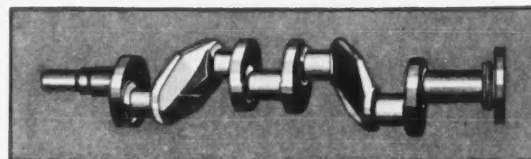
Though weighing many pounds, the Ford crankshaft is so carefully balanced that it will remain motionless when placed upon two perfectly leveled parallel bars, yet will turn if so small a weight as a ten-cent piece is placed on any connecting-rod bearing.

This same care is followed as standard practice in the manufacture of the Ford flywheel,

pistons, connecting-rods, valves, camshaft and other mechanical parts.

You can see, therefore, why the Ford delivers reliable, economical service for so many thousands of miles. It gives good performance on the road because good performance has been built into it at the factory.

You can purchase a Ford on convenient, economical terms, through your dealer



The Ford crankshaft is made of special carbon manganese steel and balanced statically and dynamically. Ford crankshafts receive one hundred and seventy-four checks for accuracy.



## "Ten minutes faster to the office this morning *and I didn't speed*"

"FIFTY minutes from home? That's going some!"

"Yes—but you can always depend on Pontiac to come through on schedule. It isn't only speed—it is easy control and snappy acceleration."



And that's the truth about the new Pontiac Six. Driving and riding are restful—and you clip minutes from journeys with safety and economy.

You may never look under the hood but it's a joy to experience the quiet smooth power-flow of Pontiac's 60-horsepower engine. Steering and gear-shifting are effortless. And if you care for that sort of thing, you can "stop on a dime"—with Pontiac's big brakes.

Then consider Pontiac's modern beauty, the luxury and completeness of its appointments. Bodies by Fisher are finished with careful attention to detail. Such unusual items as 5 wire wheels, Lovejoy shock absorbers, fender indicator lamps, radiator screen and new-style bumpers, demonstrate beyond doubt the high standard of its General Motors value.

We invite you to see the Pontiac Six and to test it. You will be agreeably surprised at what you can buy at such low prices. Likewise you will be satisfied with the low, time-purchase terms of GMAC and the generous provisions of the General Motors Owner Service Policy.

# PONTIAC

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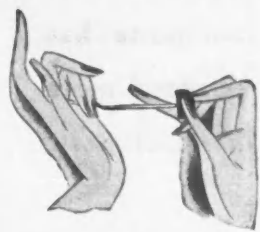
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# GLAZO creates the smart vogues in fingertips!



**H**AVE you some charming memories of fingertips of a special loveliness that are seen about nowadays? Memories, perhaps, of fingers delicately tipped with flower-like loveliness rising up in greeting . . . of rose-petal ovals hurrying with fastenings of dusky furs . . . of brilliant fingers dancing a ballet of impatience on the table-top.

Obviously, neither nature nor ordinary polishes can account for nails of such attractiveness. The uninitiated ask *what* and *how* this special charm; and the answer is—Glazo does it!

Glazopolishes, so prized and sought for their exquisite shades, have won wide and

distinguished approval. They brush on easily and smoothly, without piling up, chipping, or turning white at the edges.

And Glazo's new Cuticle Remover Crème introduces a superior method of caring for the cuticle—far in advance of all others. You must try this soft, gentle, white cream, and find for yourself how even and smooth it leaves the cuticle edges. Other Glazo preparations assist in the perfection of the Glazo manicure—Glazo Nicotine Remover, Glazo Nail White, Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream.

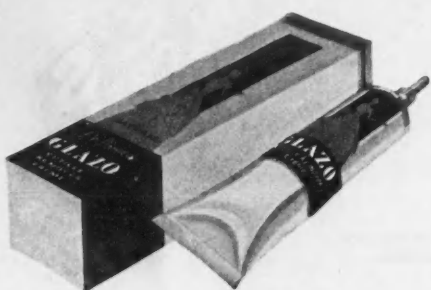
You'll find the lovely new Glazo packages and the new Glazo products at your favorite toilet goods counter.



(Above)—Perfumed Glazo Liquid Polish comes in Natural, Flame, Geanum or Crimson—large bottle, 30c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.

(Right)—The famous Glazo twin package contains both Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, 30c. Choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.

(Below)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of removing excess cuticle. In a convenient tube, 30c.



## GLAZO

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I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of  
Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the  
new Cuticle Remover Crème.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Prov. ....

pages 19-28; husband's account, pages 29-40; wife's account, pages 41-52; and so on through the other items. When a cheque is deposited in the bank and entered in the cheque book, it is also entered in the account book, and it may be split up into the allotments made to the various items as planned for in the budget. In the same way, we would record for the withdrawal of money. It is well at the beginning of the month to take out the month's planned allowance for food and other expenditures for the time or the near future taking care to jot down the deductions in the account book, along with the cheque number. In

this way, a general record of expenditures is kept and it is known how much stands to credit for each item of the budget. Your banker can help you in your budgeting. Some of the banks have prepared a special budgeting book for household expenses that is very practical and useful.

Domestic finance, or family budget, is an individual problem and no rule can be definitely laid down. But, perhaps, this brief and simple outline may help some family to find the more judicious way of planning and spending their money for the greater enjoyment of life in every way.

## Why I Spoil My Husband

Continued from page 17

been brought home for solution and sooner or later I hear about it. Together we discuss pros and cons. If I cannot offer any brilliant suggestion, at least he has the benefit of a fresh mind on the question.

For that hour before dinner I try to create an atmosphere of absolute comfort and freedom from strain. It means so much and costs so little. I may miss an occasional matinee or a game of afternoon bridge, but those things weigh so little in the balance! In exchange I have a husband whose temper is excellent because his digestion is good. We spend evenings together that are brimming with good humor or enlivened with a good brisk fight. Sometimes we go out or have people in, but my good man roars amiably if it happens too often. "Dash it all," he grumbles, "we have hardly had an evening in peace this week. I swear I'd rather fight with you than talk to the Queen of Sheba." Surely that is something; and it is certainly cheap at the price of a game of bridge.

In "Imperial Palace," the late Arnold Bennett made a very sage remark, namely, "A quarrel means that someone has been clumsy." Life, in the last analysis, consists of human social relations. We are happy or unhappy in so far as our relations with our fellow-men are harmonious or otherwise. Humanly speaking, the hermit is a failure, because he has fallen out of the race. The relation that matters most is with our closest neighbor—the man whose home we share. For our own sakes, we should make a real effort to produce a harmonious atmosphere. Feelings, emotions, psychological actions and reactions are fragile things. Like delicate machinery they are easily thrown out of kilter. They need deft handling and expert knowledge.

Of course, a good forthright battle is a good thing occasionally. The more people love each other, the more they need an occasional explosion to clear the emotional air, and the force of the explosion is in direct ratio to the strength of their loving. It is the nagging disagreements, the perpetual friction of two maladjusted personalities that are the signs of failure. Someone has been clumsy, and that someone is usually the woman. In so far as she has failed to make her man happy, she has failed as a wife. In so far as she has failed to get her own way without friction, she has failed as a woman.

**T**HE woman who tells me most often how foolish I am to spoil my husband once had a perfectly good one of her own. According to her lights, she made him a perfectly good wife, but her technique was all wrong. He was a dreamy soul, with a mild mania for architecture, but she got him a job as sales manager. Every night he was treated to floods of good advice and high-pressure inspiration. She lined up new prospects for him, rated him for failure to close sales and entertained people at the house who might be useful. Relentlessly she drove him along the road to success, and everyone said what a wonderful wife she was. She was inclined to think so herself, and it was quite a shock when John ran away with his secretary, who thought him the cleverest man alive. Her admiration built up the courage and initiative that his

wife's domineering energy had crushed. Now he is a success, and his wife is living on her alimony—but she still gives me good advice.

Another woman, whom we may call Joan, looks with modest pride at her own husband as a standing tribute to her handling. He is, indeed, perfectly trained, house-broken, incomparable. Every afternoon on leaving the office he picks her up either at the house where she is playing bridge or at the theatre where she is attending the matinee, and drives her home. He runs upstairs to fetch things she has forgotten, gives up his weekly game of squash at the club without a murmur because she has carelessly made an engagement for that night, and annually sacrifices his vacation to a motoring trip when he would rather play golf. He is always courteous, considerate and charming, but—he is in love with another woman.

His wife suspects it and is very unhappy, but she cannot understand it at all. It is really quite simple. Joan is pretty, graceful, always well-dressed and *bien soignée*, but that is all. She will not play golf because it makes her feel hot and untidy. She will not let her husband talk business in the house because paper mills bore her. She will not let him spend any evenings at the club because she hates being alone. In other words, she takes with both hands, but refuses to pay for what she takes in the coin of unselfishness and consideration. As a housekeeper she is faultless, as a wife she is almost a failure, and unless she studies the situation and takes steps to correct it before it is too late, another marriage will have smashed on the rocks. But still she gives me good advice!

Each of these women had happiness in her grasp and threw it away, either because she lacked foresight, or because her own swollen ego blocked her view. Happiness in marriage is not a free gift from heaven. Like everything else worth while it must be worked for, fought for, bought at a price. Few perfect husbands come ready-made. They are like semi-ready suits that must be tailored to fit, and the wife who hopes for happiness must do her own tailoring. She must do plenty of alteration on herself, too. It is all a nice little problem of adjustment, and there is a heavy penalty for clumsiness or lack of care.

Above all, there must be generosity, and the woman must give generously in return for what she gets.

The house is his, I am his wife, and, rightly or wrongly, his interests must be paramount. After all, I might or might not have been the author of a best seller. Whether it would have brought me happiness, I do not know. But I can look back, proud and contented, on ten years of happiness with the man I love. Now, with my tenth anniversary very close, I can hug to my heart the knowledge that he loves me, and me only. We are friends, partners and lovers, with years of laughter to look back on, and years of contented chuckles ahead. One of us may die tomorrow, but at least we can say now "Life has been very good." I may never write that best-seller, but I can at least have engraved on my tombstone, "Here lies a perfectly happy woman, who found happiness by spoiling her husband."

*My dear—*

*You can't imagine what a wonderful help and time-saver my new Coffield Washer has been to me. I have actually never seen clothes cleaned so beautifully—and so quickly, too!*

*The week's wash is no worry to me now. Really, Grace, my Coffield has already paid for itself.....*



You so frequently

hear this said about the

# Coffield

## Electric Washer

Gyrator

Electric Motor or Gasoline Engine as required

COFFIELD GYRATOR ELECTRIC WASHERS have accomplished wonders in bringing washday happiness to many thousands of Canadian women. Coffield Gyrator Washers are designed for every housewife who wants a machine which is really complete in every important detail — a washer providing everything the owner could need or desire: — durability, speed, utility, convenience, economy, safety, great value, guarantee, etc.

You must see the new Coffield models. Only in the Coffield Gyrator will you find the tub with the bowl-shaped bottom and the gyrator with the off-set wings.

Arrange today for your dealer to give you a demonstration. You will be well repaid by years and years of satisfaction. Convenient payments on an equitable basis can be arranged.

Write us for the Name and Address of our nearest Dealer to you.

THE COFFIELD WASHER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Factory and Head Office: HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Branches and Warehouses: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver.



Showing the two patented features which wash clothes CLEAN.  
(1) The gyrator with the off-set wings and (2) the bowl-shaped bottom of the tub.



## When you specify Kotex you are sure of soft sanitary protection

Because Kotex absorbs correctly,  
it gives comfort and a feeling  
of perfect safety for hours

**H**OURS spent at a bridge table; other hours at the theatre, in school, at an office desk! The problem of sanitary protection becomes more and more complicated as the modern woman extends her varied interests. For she refuses to recognize physical handicaps which at one time limited her activities. Kotex has made such handicaps a thing of the past.

### Lateral absorption—a Kotex feature

In order that a sanitary pad shall fulfil its purpose satisfactorily, it must absorb not only in one concentrated spot but the full length of the surface. Kotex does this... the long delicate fibres of which it is made serve to carry moisture swiftly away from the centre and away from the surface. This makes for delicate, lasting comfort. Kotex is soft—and it stays soft. Its gauze is specially treated for greater softness.

Wear it on either side with equal protection. No precaution need be taken to wear Kotex a special way.

### IN HOSPITALS...

1. Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in Canada's leading hospitals.
2. Kotex can be worn on either side with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
3. Disposable, instantly, completely.
4. Inconspicuous, even when you wear your closest fitting gown.

There is never any likelihood of embarrassment from wrong adjustment. Kotex is never conspicuous.

As your needs change you adjust it easily because of its scientifically correct construction. And all through these filmy layers it is treated to deodorize, which keeps you feeling secure and dainty.

The softness, the security, the hygienic qualities of Kotex already are familiar to millions of women. Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

MADE IN CANADA

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad treated to deodorize



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Send coupon to:—Moyra Monk, R.N., Dept. 6-5-1  
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You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book,  
"Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Prov.....

## THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

**I** WONDER if you could help me with my problem of redecorating and refurnishing our living room. It is a small room with a single window on each wall. The furniture at present consists of rosewood, upright piano, parlor suite, couch, table, etc. The Axminster rug has a tan background with a prominent medallion in the centre in blue and red, matching the border. I have set a limit of \$200 to cover everything, since we should do the decorating ourselves, and we could get the furniture wholesale. I don't know whether we could have the rug reweoven into a two-tone rug, or again, whether we could use some figured velours we have to upholster two of the suite chairs. Would you please suggest a color scheme, what articles of furniture to buy, and what articles to discard?

**T**HE amount of money you have to spend is more than ample for "fixing up" your room. In fact, I don't see how you can spend it all, so take heart. You can have your rug reweoven in Canada. I have sent you the name of a company which handles this sort of work. Now about the furniture, I think I agree with you that it is pretty depressing. Can you find it in your heart to scrap it and get a few good overstuffed pieces? Buying these pieces singly and uncovered, you can slip-cover them most effectively in chintz, and cheaply too. Say you get one big chair, one a little smaller, and a chesterfield. Then take some color out of the chintz and use that for your curtain scheme. Do away with lace undercurtains if you have them, and get an ivory voile or net. A few pretty little occasional chairs will complete everything, with perhaps an attractive low table or two.

You can get your occasional pieces unpainted if you like, and stain them and finish them yourselves. If you live in a furniture town this ought to be easy. Don't think I am talking wildly when I say this can be done on \$200 or less; it can, and if you find that your budget is getting beyond you, write me again, and I'll guarantee to tell you the actual pieces of furniture and their price which will keep you within bounds. If the staining worries you, surely with so many furniture finishers in town, you could even arrange to have this done privately and cheaply.

### A Window Problem

**M**Y LIVING ROOM has a north and east exposure. My rugs are of Persian design with shades of tan, brown and deep rose. The chesterfield suite is of plain design with mulberry. My windows are a problem. The lower part of one is casement and the other is rather an awkward window to curtain. I should so much appreciate suggestions for curtains and also for hangings.

**I** THINK that undercurtains of gold net (metallic) and overdrapes of the soft green of the paper would be a pleasant contrast in your room with the color scheme as it is now. If I were you I should curtain that upper part of the windows with rods top and bottom and a small heading (about half an inch) for each hem, allowing enough for slight fullness. The lower part can be curtained loose at the bottom if the windows open in, or rodged top and bottom if they open out. The sash window could be treated the same way, loose or rodged at top and bottom.

### A Living-Dining Room

**I** AM enclosing a drawing of my living room which is also dining room. As you will see, all the openings are so exactly in the same positions that there are two wall spaces of the same shape and size to contend with, to say nothing of its having an overpowering effect of dark woodwork. The floor is light and in fairly good condition considering that it is only varnished fir. What can I do with it?

Is there any way that I can paint the walls and woodwork so that they will not contrast?

The only piece of furniture in the room that I want to keep is a small oak tea-wagon. But I hate oak furniture, so that can go if it seems out of place. What kind of a dining table and chairs or combination table would you recommend that would not take up too much room? There will also have to be a buffet or cupboard of some sort. Then there are easy chairs, etc. My husband wants a chesterfield, but I am afraid of the overcrowded effect it might have on the room. And to finish off, what of the windows? What can I do with the small ones in the way of curtains? What about drapes for the large ones as well as glass curtains?

**W**HAT I should do if I were you, would be to paper it if possible, with a reasonable oatmeal paper in any shade which you yourself like. I even had a living room papered "for" me in a light blue in the oatmeal finish and texture, and although I thought I had been dealt a wicked blow by providence and my landlady, it turned out to be one of the most attractive rooms I ever had. I used a shot rose and blue artificial silk for curtains, and had my chesterfield upholstered in a big flower chintz linen. So as you do not tell me your exposure, I should advise you to select any light shade of oatmeal paper, and paint the woodwork an ivory in a glossy finish. This type of paper does not soil easily, and smudges come off without damage with a soap eraser. I wouldn't paint the walls, and certainly would not have a water finish. It is most perishable.

For the furniture, if I were you, with a combination room of this kind, I should get a drop-leaf table and chairs with rush bottom to match. This type of chair is the ideal one for the combination living-dining room. Then instead of a sideboard, get a Welsh dresser. All this furniture can be purchased in unpainted wood very reasonably. You can stain it deep walnut with varnish stain, rub it down with rottenstone and oil and then wax it, and you will have a beautiful finish. You can treat your tea wagon the same way, removing its present stain and finishing it to match.

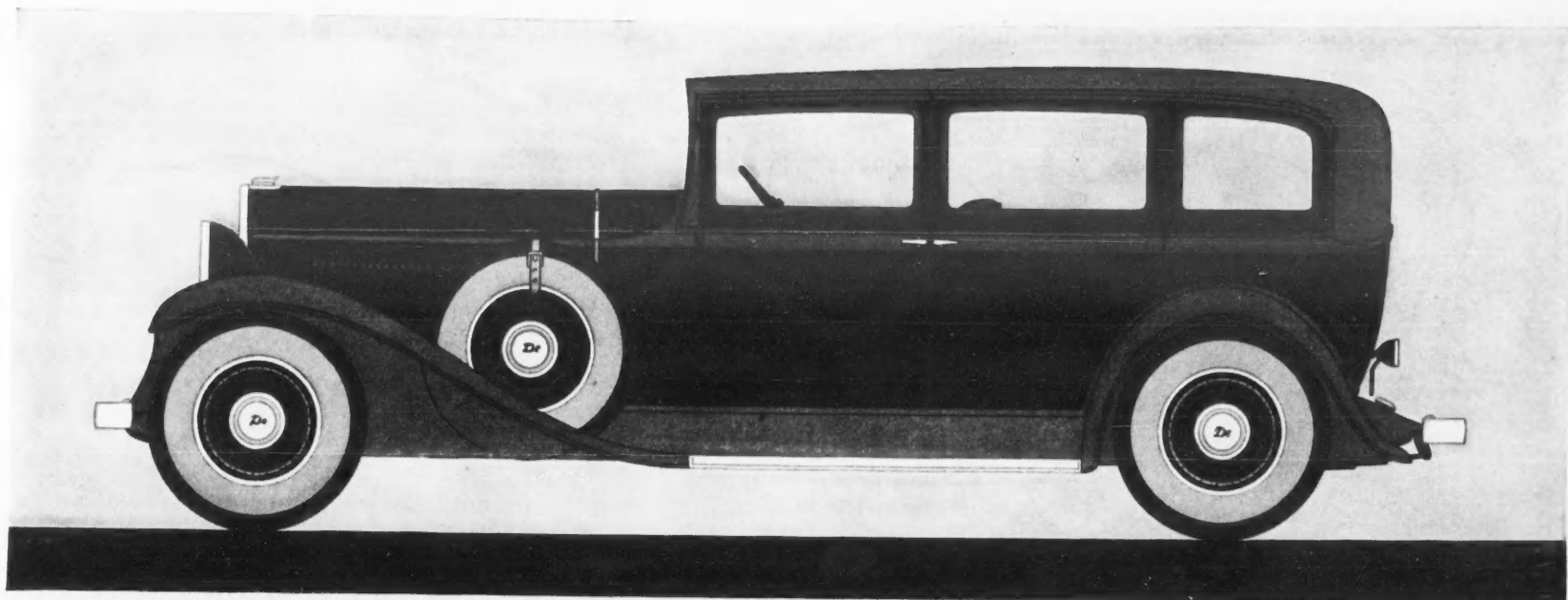
About the chesterfield, you can get small types that ought to go well in your room, especially at right angles to the fireplace, or in front of it. Cover it with a bright chintz.

### An Attic Bedroom

**W**E ARE endeavoring to make a bedroom out of a room in the attic, but unfortunately there is a chimney stack running right through the centre of the room. We thought perhaps we could paper this to give the effect of a large palm, and then paper the walls with a paper that would carry out the scheme. What would you suggest? Our bedroom suite is cream, but we intend painting it. Our color scheme is pink and mauve. Would you advise against painting the furniture cream, trimming it with mauve, or would it be more up-to-date painted mauve with a stencilled pattern?

**I** AM a little at sea as to the exact nature of the chimney stack which you say runs right through the centre of the room. Do you mean it is in the middle of the room, or merely in the centre of one wall? In either case, disguising it as a palm, would, I'm afraid, be something like Gilbert and Sullivan's character who was disguised as a second trombone. It would be a strained impersonation to say the least. What you can do, whether it is in the wall or in the room, is to have a trellis made, of slender proportions, and train ivy over it.

Mauve furniture stencilled would be very smart, and I think you'd like it better than white trimmed with mauve, which has rather a nursery look, I think.



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"CANADIAN-BUILT  
FOR CANADIANS"

## FEWER DOLLARS NOW PURCHASE GREATER VALUE

● The purchasing power of your dollars is raised to new heights when you invest them in the New De Soto Six. Obviously, the value of a dollar is measured by its ability to buy what you desire. And whatever your motoring wants, they will be satisfied amply by a car that includes many improvements and refinements, yet is by many dollars the lowest-priced six ever offered by De Soto. Here are some of the major reasons why the De Soto Six is a value at this new and lower price: It has a smooth, flexible engine

of such ample horsepower that fine performance is assured throughout a great variety of speed ranges. It has a new double-drop frame, which permits it to be built close to the road without changing its ample interior dimensions. The center of gravity is thus materially lowered, promoting safety. It has a longer hood, a narrow-profile radiator and a single-bar bumper, which contribute to its swagger, youthful appearance. It has an improved Steelweld body—silent, safe and enduring.

**\$965**

AND UP, F. O. B. WINDSOR, ONTARIO  
including standard factory equipment  
(freight and taxes extra). Six wire wheels  
at slight extra cost.

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[ AND SUPPORT CANADIAN LABOR ]

THE NEW DE SOTO EIGHT, companion to the Six, is the kind of an eight-cylinder car that many motorists always have wanted but that few could afford until De Soto brought it into the moderate-priced field. \$1230 and up, f. o. b. Windsor.

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### how do you go about SELECTING ONE?

THERE are dozens of different dentifrices on the market and a theory for every dentifrice—so many, in fact, that no doubt you sometimes wonder if you really are using the best dentifrice to care for your teeth and gums.

Yet, selecting the proper type of dentifrice becomes simple if you take the expert opinion of dentists. A prominent research institution made an investigation among 50,000 practicing dentists. Read the summary of the answers received:

- 95%** of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;
- 95%** agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;
- 85%** stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb Dental Cream is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia. Isn't that excellent evidence that it will protect your teeth and gums?

You'll like the way Squibb's cleans—teeth quickly become lustrous and gleaming. And it's such a safe dentifrice—contains no grit, no astringent—nothing which might injure.

It keeps the mouth clean-feeling and refreshed—smokers especially appreciate this point. Get a tube from your druggist and begin using it regularly.

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## CONTRACT BIDDING

by XAVIER BAILET

CONTRACT is essentially a partnership game and the best declaration for the two hands is generally the one that is arrived at after a full exchange of information. This is particularly obvious when the original bidder starts with a four-card suit such as A Q x x and another high-card trick or two on the side, or with a weak five-card suit such as K x x x x and two or more high-card tricks.

The fact that some players still refuse to open the bidding with A Q x x when their hand is worth two-and-a-half high-card tricks does not prove that the Approach-Forcing System is wrong. It simply shows that they do not realize that they have a partner who is not going to support them in their suit unless he has at least four little trumps or three to an honor as good as the Queen in addition to some outside strength.

The first consideration, when the hand is to be played at a trump, is the solidity of the trump suit. As long as your trump suit is only of four or five cards, it will not be satisfactory unless you find normal trump support or more in the Dummy. Hence, the obligation to start with a low bid in order to give your partner a chance to raise or to deny.

Even in the case of an original bid of two in a suit, normal trump support plays an important rôle from the point of view of the responding hand, although the question of high-card tricks should come first. And this raises a point which might not be quite clear to everybody.

### Original Two-bid in a Suit

When the original bidder starts with a bid of two in a suit, he shows a hand good enough for game with very little assistance from his partner, and slam possibilities. Such a hand must be flexible and the number of high-card tricks may vary from four or four-and-a-half to six. The original bidder must always be prepared for a minimum response and he must have another bid in reserve. For instance, here are three types of hands which are original two-bids:

- (a) ♠ A K x x x x ♥ A Q x x x x ♦ A ♣ -
- (b) ♠ A K Q x x x x ♥ A x ♦ A K x x x
- (c) ♠ A K x ♥ K J x ♦ A Q x x ♣ K Q x

In (a), you have only four-and-a-half high-card tricks, but there is surely a game in Spades or Hearts. In (b), you are going to re-bid the Spades whatever happens. In (c), you are prepared to let your partner play the hand at three no trumps.

By contrast, here is a type of hand which is not a two-bid, although it contains five high-card tricks:

♠ A K x x ♥ A K x x ♦ K J x ♣ x x

In order to go game with such a hand, you must find at least one-and-a-half high-card tricks in the hand of your partner and normal trump support for either Spades or Hearts. Consequently, a two-bid is unnecessary.

### Bids of Three in a Suit

In my system of bidding, there is no such bid and here is why. In order to bid three Spades for instance, you must have a strong suit of at least six cards and you must feel confident of making at least six or seven tricks in your own hand. If your suit is solid, your partner is likely to have less than normal trump support and you are asking him to raise you to four Spades on outside strength. But again, if he has any outside strength, say at least one-and-a-half high card tricks, he is going to deny anyhow and his denial will show you what is the best bid for the combined hands. So, why not bid one Spade to start with? Of course, if you need only three Spades to go game, bid the full value of your hand and expect to find about two tricks in your Dummy, but other-

wise, do not embarrass your partner by a bid of three which is not likely to shut-out your opponents.

Personally, I have found that a three-bid generally goes wrong. If the partner is not a very good player, he either puts you up when he should not or passes when he should go on. If he thinks he is pretty good, he takes you out in another suit or no trumps and, as you naturally come back to your Spades, the hand ends disastrously.

However, Mr. Ely Culbertson, author of the Culbertson Forcing System, recommends a three-bid with hands containing a long solid suit and about three-and-a-half high-card tricks. In other words, hands which do not require normal trump support and are not good enough for a two-bid.

But I still think that the best way is to start with one if you are vulnerable and to give your partner a chance to deny. If he can say anything at all, you can probably make game. This applies to major suits. With a minor, one is also the best bid, and if your suit is solid the best chance for game is generally no trumps.

### Bids of Four in a Suit

When your hand contains a long solid suit and is not likely to be good at anything except your own declaration, forget that you have a partner. Forget also that here are such things as high-card tricks. As a matter of fact, the weaker you are in high-card tricks, the stronger your partner is likely to be. Consequently, as you need no trump support from your partner, you may expect to find some high cards in his hand. Take the two following hands:

♠ A Q J 10 9 8 7 ♥ A x ♦ x x ♣ x x  
♠ A Q J 10 9 8 7 6 3 ♥ x ♦ x x ♣ x x

The first one has six losing tricks and the second five. Consequently they are respectively within three and two tricks of game. The first one may be a good four Spade bid for strategical, psychological or pathological reasons but it is also a good bid of one. The second is a four Spade bid or a pass.

When the long suit is a minor, the situation is slightly different. With:

♠ x ♥ A x ♦ A Q J 10 9 8 7 ♣ x x x  
♠ x ♥ x x ♦ A Q J 10 9 8 7 6 3 ♣ x x

I would bid one Diamond in the first case and pass in the second. I know it requires a lot of self-control to pass with nine Diamonds to the A Q J, but the pass would be only temporary as there is surely going to be an occasion to say something later. However, if the impulse were too strong, I would bid the limit, five Diamonds, as the hand is too weak to bid one.

### Partner's Response to Pre-emptive Bids

When your partner starts with an original bid of four in a major or five in a minor, the best thing to do is to pass. He is not asking for any help and you may be sure that he is expecting to find at least two tricks in your hand. So, do not raise him unless you have, not only more than two or three high-card tricks, but the aces of the other three suits. Then and only then, you may bid up to a slam. Remember that his hand is a freak and probably very weak in high-card tricks. A pre-emptive bid is an attempt to shut out adverse bidding and in this respect it is also a Defensive Bid. Compare

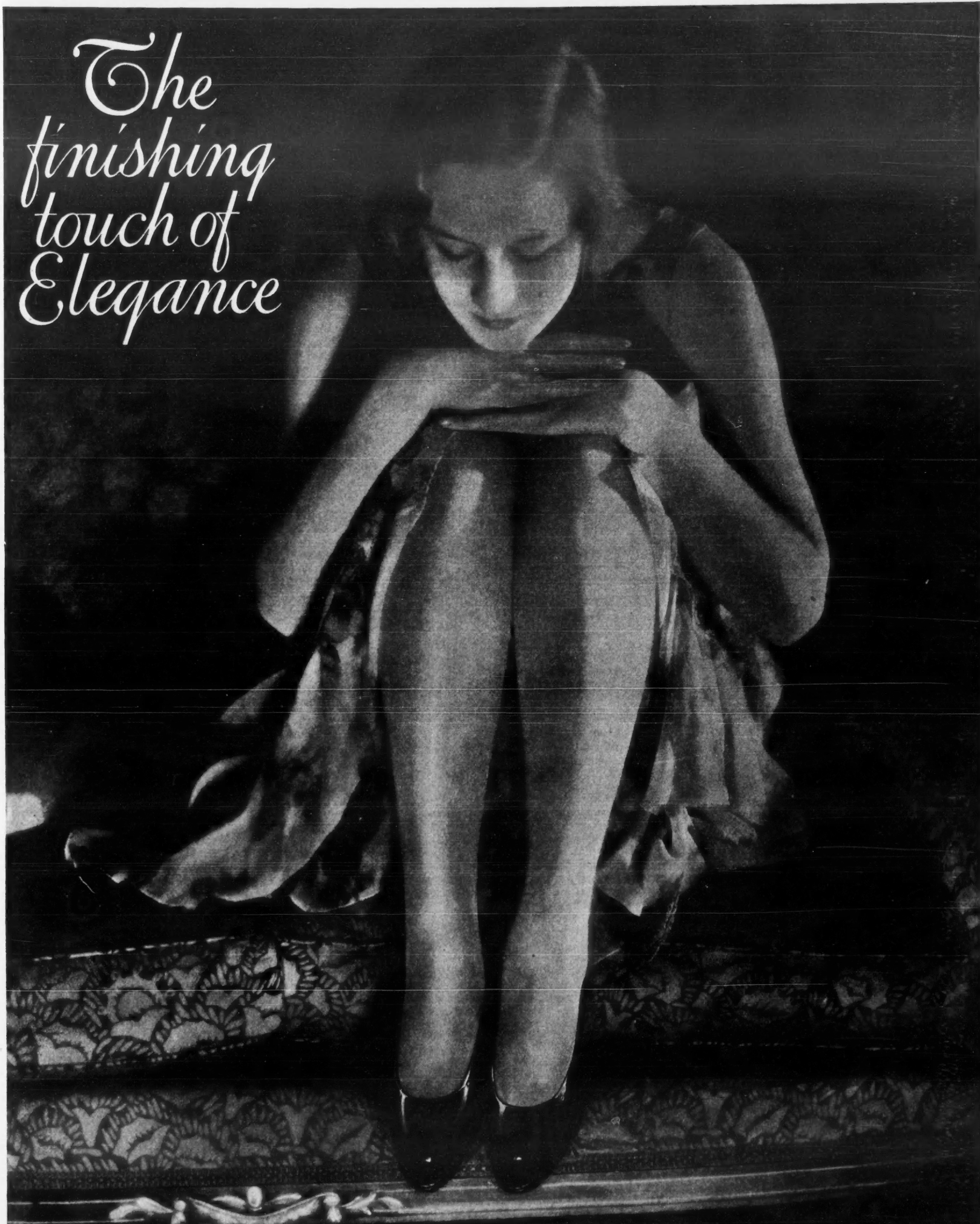
♠ A Q J 10 9 8 7 6 3 ♥ x ♦ x x ♣ x x

with (b) above

♠ A K Q 10 9 8 7 ♥ A x ♦ A K x ♣ x x

The first one is a four-bid with very small chances of a slam. The second has only four losing tricks, perhaps five, but what a difference!

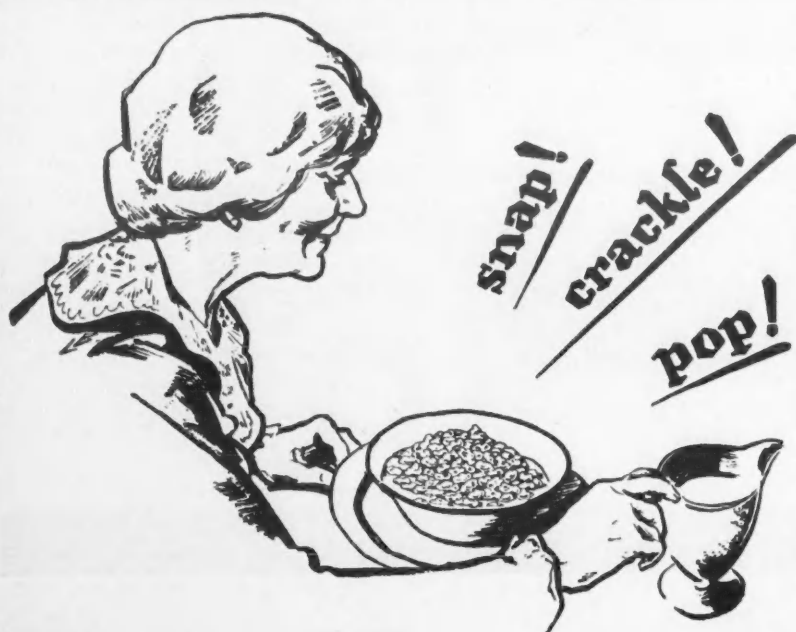
*The  
finishing  
touch of  
Elegance*



**NUGGET SHOE POLISH**

## School Days for the Blind

Continued from page 14



**"Listen to them crackle!"**

**YOUNG and old—everybody likes the delicious crispness of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. These toasted rice bubbles actually crackle out loud in milk or cream.**

**And what a flavor! What tempting goodness in every spoonful. Fine for you! Nourishing rice in easy-to-digest form.**

**Serve Rice Krispies for breakfast, for lunch. Extra delicious with fruits or honey added. Ideal for nursery suppers. Children love milk with Rice Krispies.**

**Use Rice Krispies in candies in place of nutmeats. Make macaroons. Sprinkle into soups. There never was a handier cereal.**

**Order from your grocer. Oven-fresh in the red-and-green package with the inner-seal waxtite wrapper. Served by hotels, restaurants.**

**Made by KELLOGG in LONDON, ONTARIO.**

**Kellogg's**  
**RICE**  
**KRISPIES**



a wooden handle. With this he marks out his letters of raised dots on heavy paper, only he writes backwards, from right to left, making his letters in reverse position. The paper is then turned over and the raised dots are read with the finger from left to right. He is now ready for other subjects. He can learn spelling and reading and writing and grammar, and with the aid of a specially constructed metal slate he can master the intricacies of arithmetic. He takes up the study of geography. He cannot see the maps, as we do. But he has something better than our printed maps. He has sectional wooden maps which remind you of the jig-saw puzzles which were so fascinating to us in our childhood. Ontario is one section of the puzzle, Manitoba is another, and these sections can be taken out, their outlines studied, and their locations noted. The mountains are raised, the lakes and rivers are indentations. The capital cities are raised metal stars, the larger cities feel like those big brass heads of furniture tacks, the smaller cities like smaller tack heads. With the aid of such maps, geography is an absorbing study.

In geometry, his points are marked with a stylus, he draws his straight lines with a tracing wheel, and his circles with a compass to which a tracing wheel is attached. The geometrical figure is "seen" by feeling the raised outline on the side opposite to that on which it is drawn.

Besides Braille writing which would be intelligible only to blind people and those few seeing people who have made a special study of it, the child is taught square-hand writing. It is written on paper over a grooved card, and these lines are felt through the paper. It is crude writing, of course, but by this means he can communicate with his seeing friends. The older children are given a chance to learn typewriting. This is taught just as it is to seeing children, by the touch system. The words must be dictated to them, however, where those who can see read them from their copy.

Any child who shows any special aptitude for music is given a chance to study it. This department is under the supervision of a musical director and a staff of capable teachers, and includes the study of violin, piano, pipe organ and vocal music. Music is taught to them by note, and not by ear, as is commonly supposed. The exercises are written in musical Braille, an adaptation of literary Braille. The exercise for the right hand is read by feeling the raised dots with the left, and the exercise for the left hand, by feeling the dots with the right. The two parts are then memorized and combined.

I have often heard it said that blind people are specially gifted in music. I have also heard it said that their sense of touch, sense of smell, sense of hearing are more keen than those of seeing people. This is not the case. The loss of one sense can in no way contribute to or accentuate the other. A blind person, of course, makes more use of his other senses because he must depend upon them, but any seeing person can develop these senses with concentration and training. But he doesn't need to do so.

And of course there is absolutely nothing in the loss of sight to develop musical perception. It is true, however, that blindness, shutting out distracting influences, makes for greater power of concentration. Music is a study peculiarly adapted to the blind, provided the student has any musical talent. Even a small talent is worth developing since it offers a door of escape from the limited world of blindness into a larger world. The really talented musician appears only once in a while among the blind, as among seeing people. When such a student is discovered among our pupils, every assistance in the way of encouragement and special instruction is given. To any blind student in the Province of Ontario showing exceptional musical ability, the I. O. D. E. has generously offered a year's tuition at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and

many of our pupils have benefitted by this. This is the sort of practical help needed, instead of the sentimental pity given so freely.

Blind people are too apt to be classified as one group, as though blindness razes them to one level. There are blind people who are a real menace to society, weaklings, born with such a poor inheritance that no amount of sympathy, help or training can aid them. The blind beggar who comes in for a large share of our pity is not always a beggar from force of circumstances. He is too often just that because he has not the moral stamina nor the mental capacity for anything greater.

Then there are blind people of fine minds and high character, meeting life with a courage beyond our comprehension. It is such as these who deserve all the consideration we can offer.

ONE of the amazing things to any visitor at the school is the work done in the manual training department. To see fine pieces of reed furniture, tables, chairs, lamps, ferneries, desks, made by blind children is almost unbelievable, and when they are told that the instructor is stone blind, they can scarcely credit it.

The girls in our school learn to cook, to darn and to sew and knit. I was invited to a dinner given by the senior cooking class, and a very jolly affair it was. All the work was done by the girls. They cooked a fine meal, and laid the table beautifully, with correct placing of china and silver.

Many of our ways of amusement are open to the blind. They can play cards. Regular playing cards are marked on the backs in Braille characters and these are felt as you see them. They have dominoes with raised dots instead of painted ones. The boys and girls each have their own club room, nicely fitted up with tables and easy chairs. Here they congregate to talk, play cards, read books of Braille from the school library, or just to relax. With the older girls and boys, dancing is popular. Every other week, either the boys or the girls are allowed the use of the gymnasium for dancing, and once or twice a year they are allowed to hold a special dance. The boys and girls of the school do not attend each other's dances. They invite boys or girls of the city, and each dance is held under the supervision of the teachers.

They attend shows, or concerts, or even the "talkies." A concert is thoroughly intelligible to them, more so than to the average boy or girl, because the greater number of these children have had some musical training. If they attend a musical comedy, part of the beauty is lost, of course, but the songs and dialogues are thoroughly appreciated. At one musical show we attended, I was interested in the reactions of the two girls on either side of me. One of them, blind from birth, with no picture in her mind of what was happening, sat quietly throughout the performance, enjoying merely the songs and spoken words. The other girl had been blinded by accident at ten years of age, and had a clear remembrance of things seen. She showed a lively curiosity about everything. She asked for descriptions of the stage settings, and as each new voice was heard, she would ask, "Is she dark or fair?"—"tall or short?"—"pretty?"—"what is her costume like?"—I think she must have recreated the picture of the scene before me, perfectly.

There is a fine radio in the school. When any important sports event is on, the boys haunt the hall where the radio is installed. During spring and fall, daily physical training is held out-of-doors, and in winter in a well-equipped gymnasium. Outside, there is a running track, marked by wires on each side, stretched about two feet from the ground. Rings, to which the boy holds, slide over these wires, so that the races can be run in safety. Once a year, a Field Day

[Continued on page 40]

# When the Salad course Is Acclaimed...



THE wise hostess knows that it is not the choice of vegetables or fruits—nor yet the excellence of the cold chicken, veal or fish—it is simply the *flavour*—

And this distinctive something called *flavour* in salads is most easy to attain—

Send for the new Recipe Booklet issued by the makers of Keen's

Mustard—it will tell you how to reach that enviable stage of perfection when every vegetable, fruit or combination salad is a real triumph for your culinary skill—show you how Keen's Mustard brings out and blends the

flavours and adds the final piquant touch of its own to salads, dressings and other savoury delights.

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**SEND** for this helpful book  
of nearly 100 recipes for  
tasty, attractive Jellies, Pud-  
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and Salads, Candies, etc. A  
whole section of recipes for use  
with mechanical refrigerators.

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the checkerboard  
package, the leader  
since 1843.

231

**Cox's**  
Instant Powdered  
**GELATINE**  
Made in Scotland



**Ask this mother  
what she thinks of  
Eagle Brand!**

**AND** like hundreds of thou-  
sands of others she will tell  
you she owes her baby's life to it.  
If you are unable to nurse your  
own baby, or if he is not thriving  
on his present food, we suggest  
that you try Eagle Brand.  
Send us your name and address  
and we will mail you copies of our  
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Gentlemen: Please send  
me a copy of your Child  
Welfare Book and Baby  
Record Book.

Name.....

Address.....



**Eagle Brand**  
CONDENSED Milk

is held. There are races of various kinds,  
even the smallest children competing.

To care for the children in sickness, there  
is a hospital with a trained nurse in charge.  
The school physician calls every day. There  
is a boys' nurse, and a girls' nurse to look  
after the children's clothing, and report  
any illnesses to the trained nurse in charge.

Sunday school classes are conducted by  
the teachers in the building, after which the  
children attend church of their own denom-  
ination, each group in charge of one of the  
teachers

**I**N THE dormitories, there are three  
children in each room, and each has his  
own bed. The rising bell is at 6:30. After  
a morning walk, a hot breakfast is served  
at 7:30, and at 8:30 the children are called  
to the assembly hall, where the superin-  
tendent presides. He makes any announce-  
ments, and gives a résumé of the items of  
interest in the daily newspaper. One or  
two records are played on the victrola, and  
the Catholic pupils then retire to a separate  
room for their religious instruction, in  
charge of one of the Catholic teachers. The  
devotional exercises for the rest of the  
children are conducted by the superin-  
tendent. The day's work then commences.  
There is a short recess in the morning, and  
one in the afternoon. The smaller children  
are through for the day at 3:10 and the  
older ones, except for special classes, at  
3:40. Supper is at 5:30, and the youngest  
ones retire at 7:30. From seven to eight,  
there is an hour for study, or one of the  
teachers reads an interesting book of fiction.  
The intermediates retire at 8:30, and the  
seniors at 9:30.

It will be seen that there are not many  
unoccupied hours. Idleness breeds dis-  
content. Busy children are never bored,  
and have less time to get into mischief.

Because there is no special world for the  
blind, blind people must of necessity adapt

themselves to the ways of the seeing, learn-  
ing to minimize the differences between  
themselves and seeing people. Every Sat-  
urday and Sunday, all children over fifteen  
years of age are permitted to go to town  
or to visit their friends, unaccompanied by  
a teacher. If he has no sight, of course he  
must take along some companion with a  
little vision.

The blind child should begin his edu-  
cation at as early an age as possible. Too  
much emphasis cannot be placed upon this  
point. An eighteen-year-old girl who must  
attend classes with nine or ten year olds is  
at a distinct disadvantage. Her social life is  
limited. As companions, a child will seek  
those of her own age or mental level. So  
this unfortunate eighteen-year-old will be  
lonely. She will not want to play with the  
smaller children in her class, nor will they  
seek her society, and she will have few  
points of contact with girls of her own age,  
on account of her lesser mental develop-  
ment. Let me tell you about the two Marys.

The first Mary is about sixteen years of  
age now. She came to the school when she  
was six years old, an adorable baby. Her  
mother, tender-hearted and fiercely pro-  
tective, was heartbroken at the thought of  
entrusting her baby to the care of strangers.  
Her father was unhappy about it too, but  
he had a man's pride in Mary. Sending her  
away to school was the first hard thing he  
had to do for Mary, but he did it, believing  
it was best for her, and then, too, he banked  
a lot on his child. All through the ten years  
that followed, he kept his pride in his young  
daughter, he gave her responsibility, and  
it has paid. Mary, at sixteen, has completed  
her second year of high school. Her bent is  
toward literature. She writes with con-  
siderable skill for one of her years, and has  
won several money prizes on essays in  
competition with seeing children. She has  
a fine mind. To have deprived this child of  
her full number of years of education would

have been a great pity. Just now, Mary  
has hopes of continuing her work along  
literary lines in the University.

**T**HE second Mary was not so fortunate.  
She is a French-Canadian, and she  
entered school last year to begin her educa-  
tion in the primary grade at eighteen years  
of age. She spoke broken English. She  
had evidently been left pretty much to her  
own devices; she had not been given the  
love and understanding and tender care  
that had been the lot of our first Mary.  
She was untrained, and when she first  
entered school, she was almost unmanage-  
able. But she was thrilled with this new  
adventure of learning. She discovered that  
she could spell words. It was a wonderful  
accomplishment. She too had an unusual  
gift, in music, but I fear she has started to  
learn too late. She will be able to go just so  
far. Her talent, so long neglected, will never  
reach its full maturity.

There was one little fellow who was hope-  
less in literary work. He stayed five years  
in the kindergarten class. But he had a  
genius for music. He was a wonder child.  
He could hear a difficult selection played  
once, sit down at the piano and tell you the  
whole story, note for note.

One of the finest laws of the Dominion  
is the law that gives all children the first  
sixteen years of life for self-development.  
Until this age, all children must attend  
school, must have the protection and care  
of some responsible adult. Where the  
parents shirk this responsibility, or where  
they are unable to shoulder it, outside  
organizations must take charge. Our chil-  
dren are all of our future. In their hands is  
the destiny of our country and its future  
glory depends upon what we pass on to  
them. We must save what is worth saving.  
We cannot afford to neglect any child, for  
how can we tell in what young mind is  
lodged the germ of greatness?

## HOME DISCOVERIES

### For a Bazaar

**F**OR a best seller at your church bazaar,  
or as a gift that will please any small  
child, make pussy-cats out of cast-off  
silk or woollen stockings. Any color will do  
but black is most effective. Cut off foot and  
top leaving nine or ten inches of leg, sew  
across at one end and turn right side out.  
Stuff well with cotton batting, pushing bat-  
ting well into corners to form ears. Now  
cut other part of stocking into strip two or  
three inches wide—according to weight of  
stocking—and same length as cat; roll and  
over cast to form tail. Insert into place in  
cat, gathering the end of cat in around tail  
and fasten securely. Now embroider eyes  
and whiskers in white if cat is black (or  
black if cat is another color), mouth and  
nose in red, in form of a cross. Tie narrow  
scarlet ribbon around neck, ending with a  
rosette at side. These are very easy to make  
and cost next to nothing.—Mrs. J. White-  
house, Montreal, Que.

### For Dishes on Ice

When you wish to set a dish directly on  
ice, put a rubber jar ring between dish and  
ice and both will adhere, thus preventing a  
spill.—Mrs. E. F. Pineo, Waterville, N.S.

### A Simple Transfer

When you wish to stamp the pattern of a  
bunny or kitty on baby's rompers and find  
you are without carbon paper, place the  
pattern on the material and take these to  
your sewing machine. Unthread the needle  
(and discontinue bobbin). Then proceed  
as you would when sewing. The pattern will  
be traced perfectly and is very easy worked  
especially with the outline stitch, (or cross  
stitch used on baby's things).—Mrs. G.  
Walsh, Belmont, Ontario.

### Cupboard Space

If your kitchen has inadequate cupboard  
space, have your ironing board removed  
from its niche in the wall, and in its place  
put six tiny shelves. This will be sufficient  
room to keep all your baking supplies, such  
as tins of baking powder, baking soda, ginger  
and all necessary spices, etc. Everything  
will be in place, and no time wasted on  
baking day searching through your larger  
cupboard, and it will also give considerably  
more space for dishes and groceries in your  
main shelves intended for this purpose.—  
Mrs. Victor Campbell, Hamilton, Ont.

### When Painting

This fall I wanted to repaint the living  
room woodwork. It had previously been  
enamelled in white. The new paint simply  
would not stick. I tried removing some  
with a blow torch and found six different  
colors underneath. I tried sandpapering.  
All to no avail. Then I painted all the wood  
work with clear turpentine, letting it dry  
on. The next day I was able to go ahead and  
apply my new paint successfully.—G. E. L.,  
Hillier W. I., Hillier, Ont.

### For Newspapers

A farmer so often does not have time to  
read certain articles in the daily paper the  
day it comes. He hunts everywhere for it  
several days later only to find the paper has  
been destroyed. I solved the problem of  
keeping them and keeping them neat, by  
making a holder for them. I took two pieces  
of tan art linen, each eight inches deep, one  
thirty-six inches long and the other forty-  
eight. I hemmed these on the sewing  
machine, worked a row of fancy stitching  
on the hem of the longer one, and stitched

it to the shorter one to form a row of six  
pockets with a box pleat at the bottom of  
each pocket. On these I embroidered the  
initial for the day of the week, and tacked it  
securely to the wall with brass-headed tacks.  
—M. E. B., Hawarden, Saskatchewan

### For Quick Ironing

When it is necessary to iron a rough-dry  
garment at once, try this method. Damp it,  
roll tight, wrap it in a cloth and then in  
paper, and put into the oven while the iron  
is heating. Evaporation will cause it to be  
thoroughly dampened in a very few minutes,  
but care must be taken that the oven is not  
hot enough to scorch the things.—Mrs. F.  
Buck, Montreal, Quebec.

### Stretching Curtains

To stretch curtains without curtain  
stretchers, wash the curtains in the ordinary  
way, and hang on line until dry, sprinkle and  
roll them tight as you would for ironing.  
When thoroughly damp run the curtain rod  
through the curtain and hang at window.  
Pull into shape and run an extra rod in the  
lower hem. Let hang until dry and then  
press with iron. The edges will be straight.  
Miss I. A. Forbes, Old Barns, N.S.

### To Preserve Parsley

The color and flavor of the parsley are  
best kept by preserving in this way. First  
boil some water containing a little salt,  
well skim it and into the boiling water put  
freshly gathered parsley which has been  
well washed, when it has boiled two minutes  
drain and place on a sieve and place in front  
of a fire that it may dry quickly. Store in  
bottles and keep in a dry place. When re-  
quired steep a little in warm water for a few  
minutes to freshen it.—Miss J. S. B. Porter,  
Winnipeg, Man.

and the warmth from the soaked absorbent cotton allows it to penetrate more easily. Dip two pads of absorbent cotton into clean, boiled water as hot as the back of your hand will stand. Squeeze out and place one pad on each eye. When they have cooled, apply more oil or cream, dip the pads into the hot water again, and place once again on the eyes. Continue this treatment for ten to thirty minutes. The water should be kept hot all the time. Finally, bathe the eyes and temples with cold water, wash the eyes with boracic acid solution—and your eyes will be as starry as the night. It is really extraordinary how rejuvenated they will feel.

The gentle art of make-up is apt to be overdone when applied to the eyes. But a judicious use of the eyebrow pencil, and eyelash darkener often improve an otherwise neutral tinted woman so that she glows with a new vitality. Only remember that Nature didn't intend the reddish-haired woman to have hard black eyebrows, nor did she the porcelain-skinned, flaxen-haired woman. Discretion must be the watchword for both these types. One needs only to accentuate slightly the original coloring.

NOW as to plucking. Please oh please, do not fall victim to the fascinations of this so-called beauty treatment. There is

nothing that so throws a face "out of joint." Thin, scrawny little lines of eyebrow on full faces—odd, grotesque shapes on otherwise nice-looking features! Eyebrows are as much a part of your facial characteristics as your nose or your mouth. Of course, straggly brows may be tweezed carefully, removing one hair at a time, but never shave them. Vaseline is excellent for growing eyelashes. Place it at night just under the upper eyelashes along the rim of the eye and just inside the lower lashes along the rim of the eye. It is a splendid hair grower, so be careful not to get it on the face.

### Your Beauty Problem

If you have any problem which is troubling you, just send it along with a stamped return envelope, to Annabelle Lee. She will be glad to advise you on anything connected with your personal appearance.

## The Family Medicine Chest

TOO often, when somebody cuts a finger, the bandages are in the kitchen, the scissors in the sewing room, and the antiseptic in the bathroom. Or else, none are to be found anywhere. It is a great saving of time and worry to have a permanent collection of medicaments and bandages for any emergency.

The bathroom is the logical place for the collection, which ought to be kept in a small cupboard or cabinet reserved for the purpose. Small, covered, glass sealers are excellent containers for bandages, sterile pads, absorbent cotton, adhesive tape, etc. Each should be labelled, which may be done very simply by tearing small strips of adhesive tape, sticking them on to the jars, and writing on them the contents. These glass containers can be washed often, and show the supply readily, so that there is no excuse for running out of any commodity.

There should be a pair of tweezers for taking out splinters, etc., and for applying dressings or for cleansing a wound. These should be sterilized after each time of using. A special pair of scissors should be kept in the cabinet as part of the equipment, with an understanding that no member of the family is to remove them for any purpose other than that for which they were intended. A small roll of oiled silk is handy in case moist dressings are needed, or to protect clothing from stains. Finger cots

should be kept in a handy glass container. Also wooden applicators and wooden tongue depressors which can be burnt after they are used. These are particularly handy when there is a sore throat to be swabbed and a difficult tongue to hold in place.

THERE should be a good unguent for burns and cuts; those simple medicines such as laxatives and cathartics which every family requires occasionally, and an antiseptic gargle. This latter may be either dry or in solution. A very good combination is a mixture of equal parts of salt and bicarbonate of soda, which may be mixed and kept ready for use. The strength which is usually required is—half a teaspoonful of each to a cupful of warm water. If the water is very hard, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of borax. The dry ingredients may be well shaken up and kept in a bottle ready for the addition of water, or, better still, dissolved in water to make a double strength solution, so that the addition of an equal part of hot water will easily give a warm solution.

The hot water bottle and an ice pack are very necessary for emergencies, and should be kept handy in the cabinet, or hanging near by. And, just as the pantry is kept stocked, so the medicine chest should be replenished whenever necessary in order to be in readiness for an emergency.

### The Chatelaine's Exercise a Month

The eleventh in a series of particularly good exercises to be mastered one by one each month.

Posed for The Chatelaine by the Margaret Eaton School.

#### Hamstring Stretching and Back Movement

Sit in a crook sitting position, i.e. with the feet flat on the floor knees bent. Grasp the feet while back is held flat, extend legs and return to first position. Repeat rhythmically.



## His supper club bill was . . \$38

## Her gown, spoiled by carelessness . . \$79



At the blue-and-silver supper club where *he* was entertaining *her*, they chatted and danced with verve. At least they began that way—but what a horrid ending! And it cost *her* \$79.

The club got closer and warmer as the evening wore on. *She* perspired under the arms, and presently her little jade satin gown grew damp. She knew

that the dress was ruined—that the perspiration stains were sure to fade its color. And she was in terror of underarm odor—so fatal to charm. So *she* turned gloomy and silent.

There went the evening, utterly spoiled. *He* thought *her* very difficult indeed. How Odorono would save *her* both men and money!

## THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF ODO·RO·NO

**ODORONO REGULAR (ruby colored)**  
—provides the most lasting protection of all preparations for use in preventing underarm odor and perspiration—3 to 7 days. It is for application at night, before retiring.

**ODORONO COLORLESS**  
—instantly effective and quick-drying, is for those who like to use Odorono quickly. Apply it any time you like . . . after the bath, or as you begin to dress . . . day or night. Odorono Colorless gives you complete protection against perspiration from 1 to 3 days.



RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., Inc.  
Dept. 521, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal.

I enclose 10c. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular, Odorono Colorless, and Odorono Cream Depilatory.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....Prov.....



"How thrilling . . . to find the fountain of youth in a perfume bottle!"

says HELEN TWELVETREES

"Goodness knows I'm no explorer! . . . yet I've found it . . . the fountain of youth . . . right here at my own dressing table! It came disguised as a perfume, in a precious flacon . . . and every droplet smiled and twinkled . . . well, just like an April sunbeam. I lifted the stopper, and knew at once . . . that Seventeen was no ordinary perfume. For at once, almost, it caught me up—and held and held me—in its own thrilling mood . . . of Seventeen!"

To impart the skin-tone of Seventeen . . .

Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a new and different powder which brings youth to your complexion, as Seventeen Perfume brings youth to your mood! Seventeen is a two-tone powder . . . in which tones are blended, just as Nature blends them in the youthful skin. In four fascinating shades. Other Seventeen toiletries . . . Dusting Powder, Talcum Powder, Compacts, a solid and liquid Brillantine, Sachet, Toilet Water . . . and the blithe perfume, Seventeen.



Seventeen

1675

Press gently with the cushions of the middle fingers from the eyebrows up, in a lifting movement.



It is important that your eyes should be youthful. Dark circles, puffiness or crepiness have no place in a healthy, well cared for skin.

## Do You Take Your Eyes for Granted?

Only a little care will keep them from getting "faded"

by ANNABELLE LEE

IF IT is true that eyes are "the windows of the soul," we take them very much for granted. If they see clearly for us, we think that is all we need bother about. And when, through lack of care and ill treatment they begin to fail us, we take them to a specialist who puts them behind little glass windows for most of the rest of their life. And yet our eyes should be our most attractive feature. "Yes, she's quite plain," you often hear, "but have you noticed her eyes?" In every case you will find that a remark of this kind is applied to a woman whose eyes reflect a vitality or a serenity which is not merely surface beauty.

Eyes must be clear to be beautiful. They must be free from lines and wrinkles. They must not be puffy, crêpy or encircled by dark shadows. They must, in fact, be healthy. And when you have healthy eyes, you have eyes free from strain, free from tiredness, and in many cases free from the approaching shadow of glasses. This is an ideal time to begin caring for your eyes. The early spring days have done their worst with us, and we are becoming fit to enjoy the full, long months of sunshine ahead of us. There is nothing quite so splendid for the woman who spends her time upon close work, to get out into the wide open spaces and simply gaze upon the distances around her. Simple, and pleasant, isn't it—and yet so effective.

Crowsfeet and dark circles under the eyes are often the direct result of insufficient sleep, or of feet-ache. After a day spent rushing hither and thither, around the house, shopping, or at daily work, and your feet have that drawn sensation which comes from tight shoes or over-fatigue, try soaking them in hot, hot water and put in a handful of plain Epsom salts. It is a wonderful

relief—and your eyes will benefit as well as your feet and the rest of your body.

Many people daily take an eye-bath. With an eye-cup and a solution of boracic acid, they wash their eyes as regularly each morning as they wash their teeth. It is a splendid habit—a good, old-fashioned habit that is just as effective now as it ever was.

Lines around the eyes are not always dependent upon age, although they are accentuated as we grow older. Thin, dry skins are prone to develop crowsfeet, and this type of skin should always be treated gently, patting a good nourishing cream around the eyes to keep the skin supple. When the lines are deeper a muscle astringent oil is more effective since it braces the skin and keeps it firm.

YOU can massage your eyes—or rather, the skin around your eyes—just as easily as you can massage every other part of your face. Place the thumbs firmly, but not harshly just in front of the ears. Let the cushions of the middle finger of each hand work in a lifting movement, starting from the centre of the forehead immediately above the eyebrows. Gradually work back from the centre to the temple, pressing lightly when lifting. After each lifting movement, the fingers should be raised completely off the forehead. This movement will lift the brows and take the crêpe out of your eyelids. It is wonderfully restful.

Hot compresses are very effective in cases of dark circles, puffiness, or wrinkled skin beneath the eyes. Before applying them to the eyes, apply either muscle astringent oil or nourishing cream on the eyelids and under the eyes, according to the extremity of the case. The cream or oil protects the delicate skin and nerves around the eyes,



## SMALL CAKES

*These delicious morsels can be made in sufficient quantities to last for some time*

by M. FRANCES HUCKS

of The Chatelaine Institute Staff

A FULL cookie jar is a source of satisfaction to a mother and a delight to children, but two full cookie jars spell preparedness to the busy housekeeper. One contains the plain wholesome varieties which appease the appetites of the hungry children when they rush home after school for their milk and cookies. The other holds a collection of daintier, richer confections, so convenient when friends drop in for a cup of tea and so desirable to serve with the light desserts that appear on the early summer menus. It is the contents of this second cookie jar that we are concerned with here. These delicious morsels have many points in their favor, besides their suitability for so many occasions. They are not difficult to make, there is little risk of failure and since many of them will keep in excellent condition, they can be made in sufficient numbers to last over a period of time.

Drop cookies are the most easily made and offer splendid opportunities for variation. Sometimes the mixture is spread in a shallow pan and cut in shapes immediately after baking or the very fussy ones are shaped with a pastry tube.

Rolled cookies are more easily handled if they are chilled before rolling. Often the dough is shaped into a roll and cut in thin slices after chilling. In this way, you bake only as many as you need at the time and keep the roll in the ice-box, for use as the occasion arises. A cookie press will give you uniform and attractively shaped cookies and is easily used.

By the addition of spice, nuts, chocolate, various flavorings, dried and candied fruits, prepared cereals or colorings, you can produce an assortment of sweets, from the same basic recipe, with very little effort. Following are a few recipes which, with your own ideas, will help you to fill your cookie jar.

### Chocolate Macaroons

- 2 Egg whites
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 3/4 Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Square of chocolate
- 1 Cupful of cocoanut
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped nuts

Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the salt and vanilla and beat in the sugar a little at a time. Add the melted chocolate and fold in the cocoanut and the chopped nuts. Drop by small teaspoonfuls on a baking sheet, which has been greased with a cooking oil or unsalted fat. Bake in a slow oven (275 degrees) for about one-half hour. Let stand a minute, and remove from the pan with a flat knife. Keep them in a covered metal box.

### Drop Peanut Cookies

- 1/4 Cupful of butter
- 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- Salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Cupful of finely chopped peanuts

Cream the butter and sugar together. Add the beaten eggs and the flour, baking powder and salt which have been mixed and sifted. Add the lemon juice and peanuts. Drop by small teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet. Place one-half of a peanut on the top of each and bake in a slow oven for about fifteen minutes. (If the mixture is too stiff a little milk may be added.)

### Rocks

- 1/4 Cupful of butter
- 1 Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of cloves
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of ginger
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- 2 to 3 Tablespoonfuls of milk
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped raisins
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped dates
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped nuts

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly. Add the well beaten egg. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and spices, dredge the fruit with a little and add the rest to the first mixture, alternately with the milk. Lastly add the dredged fruit and nuts. Mix well and drop by small teaspoonfuls onto a

Continued on page 62

## The Chateau Suite

The custom made bedroom furniture by Jacques

*This toiletry table — The femineau comprises sunken drawer for toiletry, mirror, jewellery drawer and drawers for all lingerie, stockings and gloves.*



The Femineau from the Chateau Suite

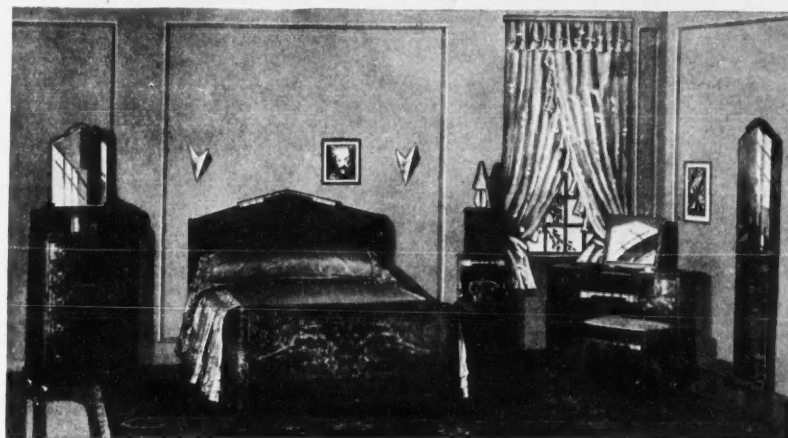


The Maneau

## Everyone likes it

Here is a suite of bedroom furniture which gives you every convenience, takes less floor space, is beautifully designed, made in the finest butt walnut and gives you increased storage space.

This suite has had a greater appeal to Canadian homes than we had expected. Ask your dealer to show you the Chateau Suite or give you full details. And a booklet awaits your letter to us.



The Couch O'Comfort

Write for our fully illustrated booklet, "Fulfilling Your Needs."

It is yours for the asking.

The Jacques Furniture Co. Ltd.

Makers of Bedroom Furniture Only

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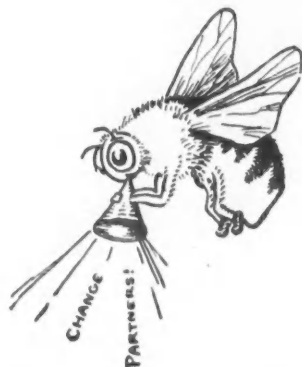


# THE BUTTERFLIES' BALL

One of The Chatelaine's series of  
nonsense verses for the children

by MARGARET NICKERSON

Illustrated by Ruth Salter



1  
The Butterflies invited all the insects to a ball  
Which they intended having in Honeysuckle Hall.  
The Locusts and the Ladybirds and Crickets were invited,  
And all the little insects were exceedingly excited.  
The Bee was the announcer. With tiny megaphone  
He called the different numbers out with his familiar drone.

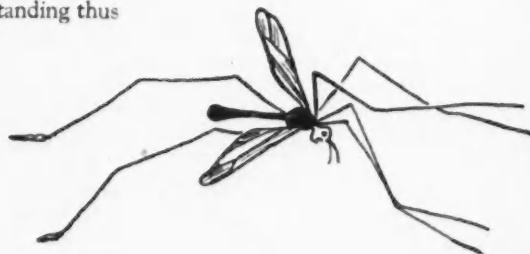
2  
The leader of the orchestra who played upon a cornet,  
Was known throughout the insect world as haughty Mr. Hornet.  
A Cricket played the fiddle, Mosquito slide-trombone,  
And several Gnats and Midgets danced upon a xylophone.  
A Wasp in velvet breeches and funny beaver hat on,  
Kept time for all the others with a pistil for a baton.



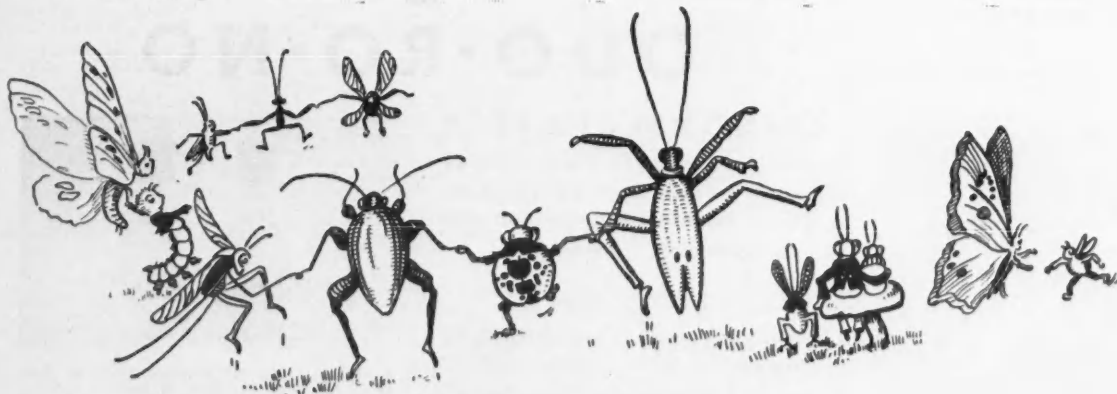
3  
Now ever since the Hopper had got his feet so damp,  
He had been greatly troubled with a very painful cramp,  
It seemed that it affected him in almost every limb—  
So when he asked the Katydid if she would dance with him  
She begged him to excuse her, this cunning little Miss,  
She knew she'd never dance with him, because he danced like this



4  
The Daddy-long-legs asked her if he could have the pleasure  
Of dancing a new step with her, 'twas six feet to the measure;  
But he was very clumsy; he trod upon her toes,  
And got her feet all tangled up and soiled her silken hose.  
'Twas really most annoying, he stirred up such a fuss,  
So Katydid just walked away, and left him standing thus



5  
When Bumble Bee was dancing with Mrs. Butterfly,  
She said, "If I mistake not, a stranger I espy,  
"He's sitting in the corner, I'm sure he wasn't asked,  
"I also know the guests were not requested to come masked."  
The Bee said, "Just a moment: Please sit here while you wait,  
I'll call Policeman Chinch Bug and we'll investigate."



6  
Then all the little insects came running up beside her,  
They knew at once that it must be their enemy the Spider.  
The Bumble Bee assured them they need not be alarmed  
For all of them had come prepared and they were fully armed.  
Now when that wicked Spider heard the angry hum and hiss  
Of these indignant insects he crawled away like this





# THE FUTURE BECKONS

---

**F**IFTY years have welded the Canadian Pacific into one harmonious organization effective alike on land and sea. It is the significant transportation system of a nation that is becoming a world power, with an export trade which is being extended to every country on the globe.

The red and white chequer'd flag on Canadian Pacific Steamships carries around the world the story of Canada's growth.

THE 42,500 ton Empress of Britain, due to arrive at Quebec on June 1st on her maiden voyage, embodies a superlative achievement which crowns the efforts of fifty years, and in her also Canada is typified, in her length and breadth and height, with ample room for her population.

On the Empress you might be living on a swift-moving island, where now and again you stroll by the sea. Your private apartments are roomily luxurious with all the pleasures of a country club a deck or so away. On no ship in the world has the individual passenger more living and play space, nor a greater number of diversions gathered closer for his enjoyment. Five days at sea are all too short, but next December the Empress of Britain will set sail to encircle the world on a cruise lasting over four months. What better way to spend a winter of leisure?

---

## CANADIAN PACIFIC TODAY

*The Empress of Britain is Canada's Challenger on the Atlantic. For the first time in Atlantic history a ship has been built with every first-class bedroom an outside one with natural light and air. To Canada belongs this innovation. . . . The Canadian Pacific Railway runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Its liners sail from Vancouver and Victoria to Japan and China, and from Montreal, Quebec and Saint John to Great Britain and the Continent. It operates winter*

*cruises to the Mediterranean, the West Indies and Round the World; summer cruises to Norway and a winter service to Bermuda. Its chateaux and hotels represent the latest word in comfort and luxury. Its telegraph service employs 225,000 miles of wire. Its express travellers' cheques are current all over the world. Canadian Pacific offices and agents are to be found everywhere.*

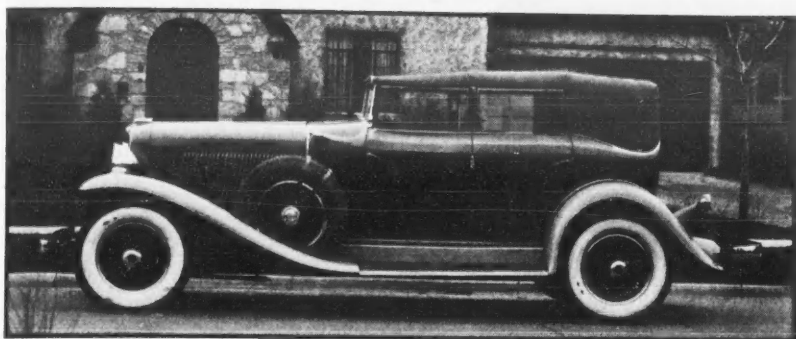


# CANADIAN PACIFIC

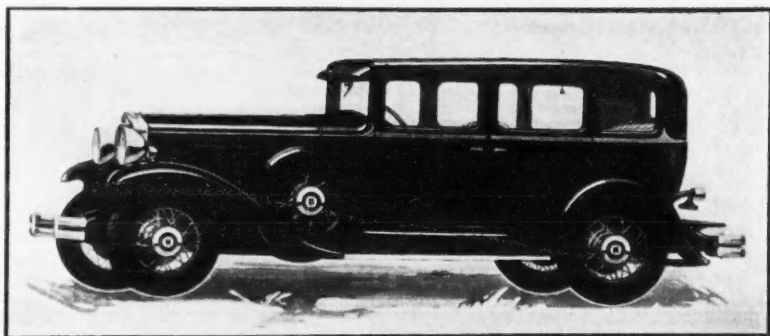
16CM



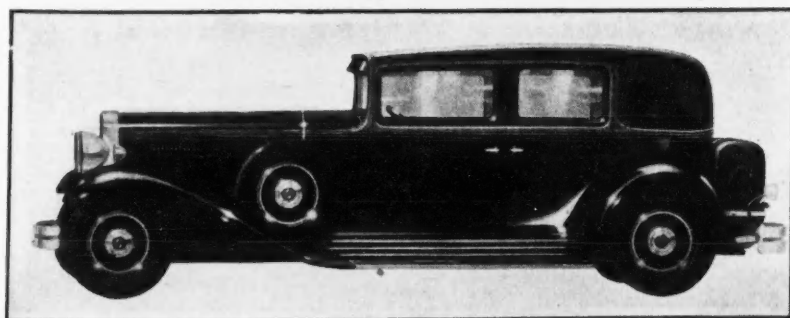
## THEY POINT THE WAY to Summer Trails



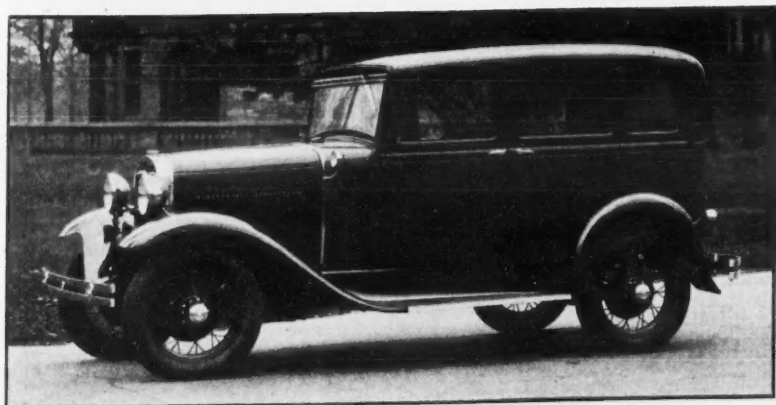
Auburn 8-98 Phaeton Sedan



Hupmobile Century Eight Five-Passenger Sedan

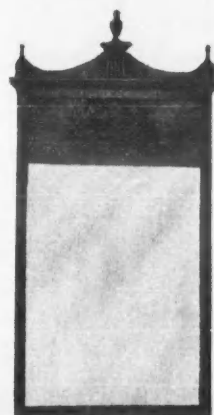


Nash Model 897 Five-passenger Sedan



Ford Town Sedan

The North American Furniture Co. Limited, presents this new way of furnishing your bedrooms in an exclusive way at very moderate cost. A group of twenty-six pieces of Colonial design in curly maple from which you may choose precisely the pieces to suit your fancy and your room size.



## CHOOSE *just* the Suite You Want



The vogue is for maple . . . and in natural finish . . . Design, today is stressing Canadian colonial . . .

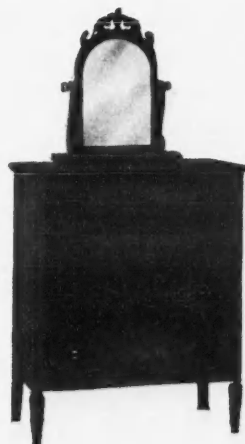
Now you have the delightful opportunity of selection . . . to combine your choice

of twenty-six pieces to furnish your bedrooms . . . No longer are you confined and hampered in your expression of the fitness of things . . . Beds, single, twin or double . . . in two styles . . . highboy . . . dresser . . . secretary dresser . . . vanity . . . chests and wall mirrors . . . chest and standing mirror . . . bench and chairs to match . . . Combine these to furnish as you will . . .

### North American Early Canadian Bedroom Group

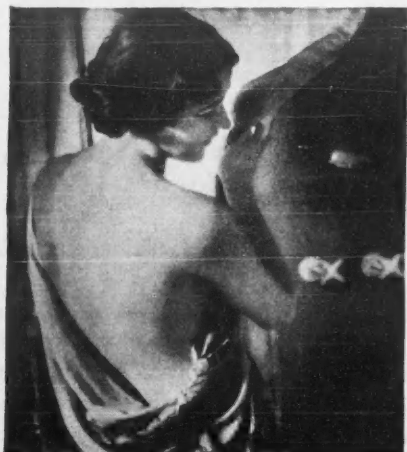
Write us for further details and the name of your nearest dealer.

The North American Furniture Company, Limited  
Owen Sound, Ont.



# MORNING MOUTH

*Everybody has it*



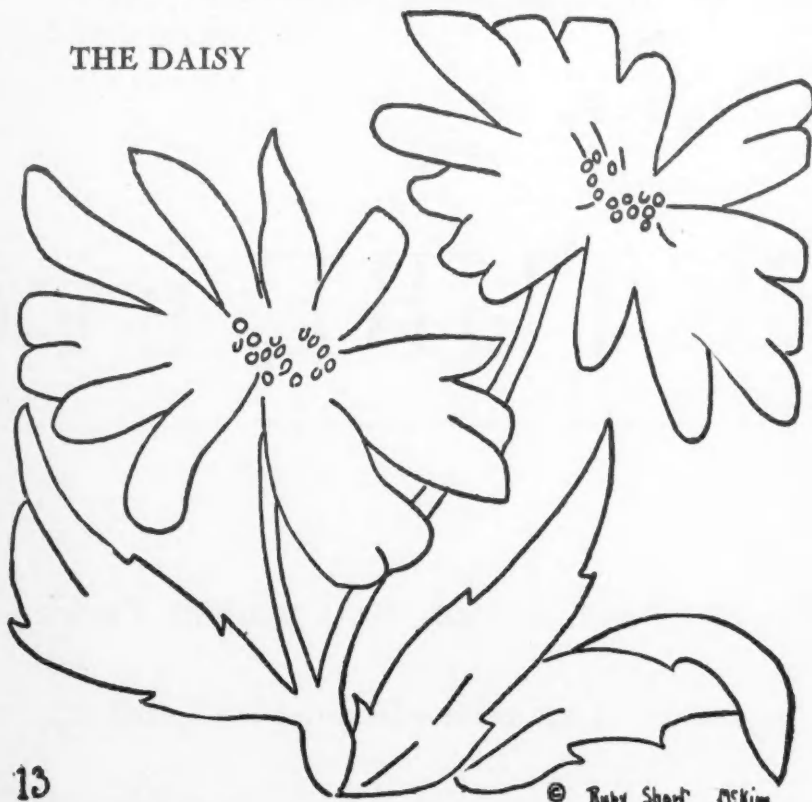
## ASTRING-O-SOL corrects it

**A**STRING-O-SOL is the concentrated antiseptic-germicidal mouth wash. It penetrates deep into tissues and crevices. Exerts powerful germicidal action. Kills the germs embedded there. Is absolutely safe. Produces an astringent action inhibiting bacteria's growth and activity. Leaves a lasting antiseptic after-effect at the source, purifying the breath—for hours. Exhaustive tests of leading mouth washes by foremost laboratories show that Astring-o-sol alone combines the characteristics scientists say oral antiseptics must possess to be completely effective. Astring-o-sol refreshes, protects, leaves a sparkling after-taste. Get a bottle today.



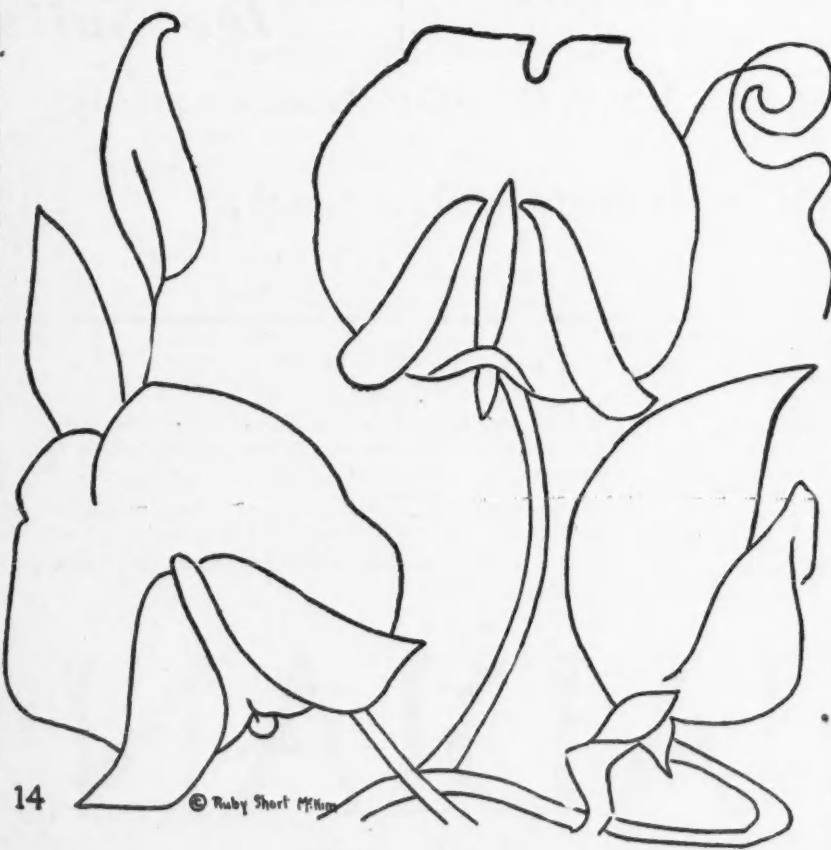
## THE FLOWER-GARDEN QUILT

### THE DAISY



White daisies with deep yellow and orange French knot centres may be used on a tint background, or if you are embroidering your quilt blocks on white, use very light blue for white, or yellow daisies with brown centres. There are twenty-five blocks, a quilting pattern and a section of old-fashioned picket fence in this series, and you will want every one of them. They are exact size to transfer

through carbon paper to seven inch squares of material and then embroider in the naturalistic colors of the flowers, using the simple well-known stitches such as outline, lazy-daisy, buttonhole and French knot. The twelve blocks already shown will be available for those who have missed them, when the complete twenty-five blocks have been published.



### THE SWEET PEA

Colors for the dainty sweet pea block may be any of the pink to purple hues, but we suggest two tones of pink on one bloom or two of violet on the other, using the darker for the top petals. Outline stitch may be used throughout or a long and short or buttonhole stitch around the larger back petal with the centre solid. Green starts with the three tiny leaves at the base of the flowers, a light tender green, using three

strands of fast color six-strand floss. This design alone would be dainty on a silk handkerchief case, perfumed with sweet pea sachet.

An ivory material, slightly darker than unbleached muslin is even more effective than white for the background as some of the flowers are to be embroidered in white. Percale or broadcloth are excellent materials to use.

## Dragging Days and Restless Nights

Lack of pep is frequently caused by clogged-up systems. Feen-a-mint is thorough, dependable yet gentle in action. Effective in smaller doses because you chew it. Modern, scientific, safe, non-habit-forming.



## GIRLS!

*Do You Need A Gown . . . Party Frock or Coat?*

**N**O DOUBT there are lots of new clothes you would like to buy, but, no doubt, you, like many other girls, have not the extra money to spare. However, we have a plan whereby we can help you get the things you desire! Hundreds of girls throughout Canada are today earning their own weekly income by pleasant and dignified spare time work. You can, too!

**The Chatelaine Club for Girls Can Help You Do This**

This is a friendly organization of girls from all parts of Canada who have joined together in one large friendly organization working for the betterment of womanhood and Canada. Members of the Girls' Club are introducing The Chatelaine, the magazine for Canadian women, and thus bringing entertainment, interesting articles, splendid fiction, vital topics written by women for women to the women of Canada.

*Write at once to*

**THE CHATELAINE CLUB FOR GIRLS**

Room 317  
THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED  
153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

## JUST ONE BABY ?

Many criticisms of the young mother who wrote an article in *The Chatelaine* recently, give some practical personal experiences that are unusually interesting

Editor, *The Chatelaine*.

"The young couple in your article 'Just One Baby' were married three years when their first baby was born. Our first baby was born the following year after our marriage. We were worried about business a bit, but the joy of that wee person shut the worries out for awhile. Even the mother of one baby admits that miserable though at times she must have been, the winter before the baby was born was their happiest winter. Had she ever had the fair amount of brains she boasts of, that happiness would have grown instead of diminished, if she had spent less time worrying over the cost and more enjoying the smiles of her baby as she developed and gradually getting her husband to do the same.

"I only nursed my baby four months and the doctor told me when consulted that I had nursed her far too long without extra food, and the poor baby was nearly starved to death. It took till she was eight months old to get her anything like a normal baby. By this time I was fixing up her baby outfit for a little brother or sister. I hoped a sister for a companion for her. Was I sorry? Not a bit! I could only see how nice it would be for the baby to have a playmate and, as she grew older, a companion. When the baby was eleven months old her wee sister arrived. Do not think I did not realize the cost. I did!

"If the mother of one baby would entertain, not extensively, but just a friend now and then who could talk of things besides money; if she and her husband would occasionally get some young girl in to tend their baby and then go to a picture show or some amusement, forgetting for one night the cost, perhaps she would not get so run down that she had to take three tonics at a time amounting to four dollars a week which did not do her as much good because of the worry of the cost.

"Eleven months after our second daughter was born our first son arrived, making three children in less than two years. How pleased the two older children were with the new one. Do not think we were free from sickness. That winter we had diphtheria and I tell you we worried a lot; but we pulled through all right. Two years after our first little son, our second boy arrived. Perhaps the mother of One Baby will say, 'Oh, well, she did not suffer as I did.' True I did not at the time of the birth, but for months before I did, and was frequently warned that if I were not careful I would not live to raise my family. With one child my diet was bread and milk and salts.

"The author of your article mentioned baby reaching her second birthday and having to have numerous pantie dresses. Had she had more children the out-grown dresses could be handed down and she would find three dresses and a sun-suit ample amount instead of numerous dresses. She did not consider it worth her while wasting her strength sewing when such satisfactory garments could be purchased at a reasonable price. Mother of One Baby, you might say 'I like my baby dressed nicely.' Tell me, is that love of child or love of yourself?

"You say you had no summer holiday, but all needed it badly. Will you tell me what good there is in spending \$26 for sun baths in the winter and denying her the benefits of God's sun in the summer, as well as yourself and husband? Did it never occur to you that there are other ways of taking a holiday besides boarding houses and hotels? Do you not know that a tent can be bought very reasonably and can be kept from year to year? Forty dollars of the sixty you mentioned for board, would buy you a very satisfactory camping outfit and would last with care for years. Of course you can go much higher but it is not necessary. I know, for I have bought one. That leaves you \$20 for

food which is far more than necessary, as any kind of a picked up lunch tastes better than the best of meals while camping.

"You mention \$15 for railway fare; well I think you will find satisfactory camping places for less railway fare than that near most of the larger cities. It costs very little in some places, and nothing in others, to pitch a tent or if you prefer tourist camps which have every convenience for cooking and everything, you will find splendid ones for fifty cents for twenty-four hours which would bring your tenting space to seven dollars for the two weeks. I know these camps are mostly for people with cars, still it does not prevent those without making use of them. Of course there would be a little expense for transportation for your camping outfit, but not much I think.

"You speak of the next blow following as if you had had several. Let me tell you, mother, you do not know what a blow is and I sincerely hope you never will. Later on I will tell you what a real blow is to my mind and it has nothing to do with money only in regard to how useless it is at times.

"When our second little boy was fourteen months old, our third wee son arrived in July. A hot month but early enough in the summer to get him used to the change of weather before winter. When the baby was five months old my husband took the 'flu and I'll tell you it is not easy to look after an active man when sick. As if that were not enough the baby took it and then I took it and my husband had to get out of bed before he was able to care for me. My oldest little girl had started to school and I was just barely able to get around when she came down with measles. No ordinary attack, but measles which nearly took her from us, and I tell you we realized then there was nothing to compare with having your children. To sit by that child night after night and listen to her hacking cough and bathe her failing body to try and bring down the raging fever, and think that by morning there might be nothing there but a cold body—I tell you then you realize that there is nothing matters but that dread thing should not happen. My little one did not die but it was ten days before the fear of it was over then she was in bed for eleven more days and needed great care.

"That summer we took our old car and went for a long trip. The baby picked up and just after it was a year old, sat up and began to be like a real baby again, when horror of horrors, all five took whooping-cough. They were all pretty sick and the baby was dangerously so, but with care he commenced to gain again and by the time his little brother was born when he was eighteen months old he was hitching around and able to run around in his 'walkers.' Great joy was expressed by all the family when the sixth wee baby arrived. It is a time of great rejoicing in our family when God sends another little one. The children announce it to all they know and all are so good for the privilege of holding the baby. The older ones do numerous little things to help the little ones such as helping them to dress and getting them drinks of water and other ways too numerous to mention.

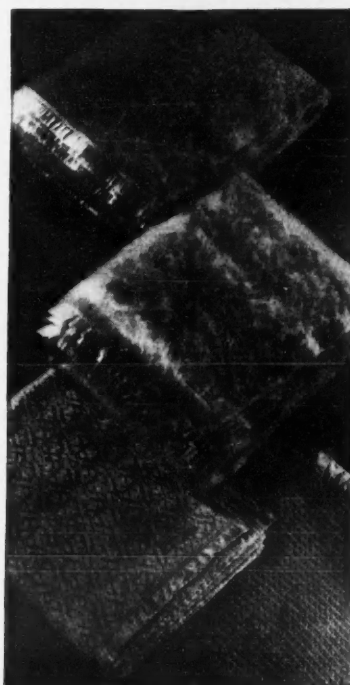
"What is education? You say you feel that by constant saving and working and self-sacrifice (excuse me, but you do not know what you are talking about) you may be able to give your one child a fair education and make her a good citizen. Is education the only thing necessary for a good citizen? Is the child brought up with money its ideal, or the one brought up with love for brothers and sisters apt to make the best citizen? I think the education learned at schools and colleges is by far the smaller part of education. Experience is the great teacher. Look at the lives of great men and

Continued on page 56



O. V. BLANKETS

## FOR DECORATIVE Bedrooms



O. V. Blankets were among the first to be made in pastel tints. A truly marvellous collection of blankets is now offered under the famous O. V. trade mark . . . blankets of luxurious distinction, made from the finest fleece, soft, fluffy and utterly to be desired.

Under this famous name you will find every description of pure wool blanket and travelling rug. There are patterns and colours galore, from the varied homespun effects, the conventional checks and four-colour combinations and reversibles, to the delightful but so-called "plain" bed covers, which match to perfection the newest in bedroom furnishings.

If you want Mauve or Peach, Rose or Pale Yellow . . . all those shades so hard to find in the ordinary blankets . . . ask to be shown the O. V. line. Here you will find just what you seek, satin-bound, dainty, soft as a kitten's fur, and made from the purest wool the world affords. "Made in Canada".

O. V. PURE WOOL  
BLANKETS

Manufactured by

BATES & INNES Limited - Carleton Place, Ont.





## HESPELER PRESENTS PERIOD FURNITURE in FRENCH PROVINCIAL STYLE



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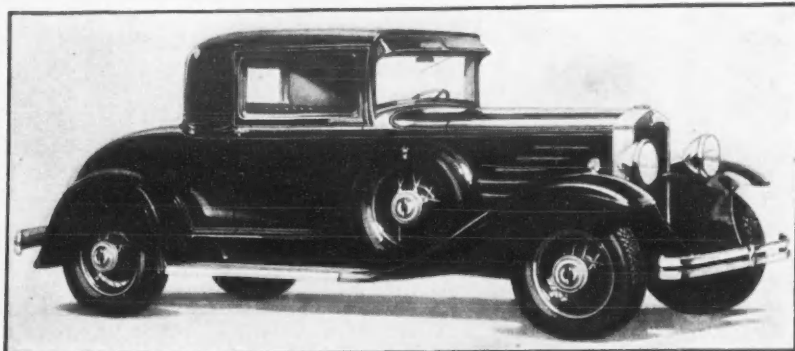
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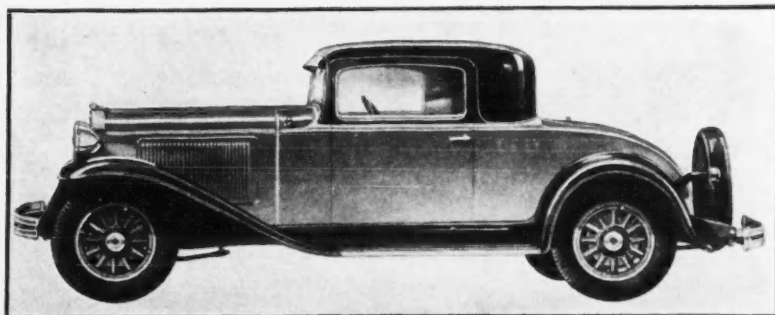
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## THE NEW 1931 CARS

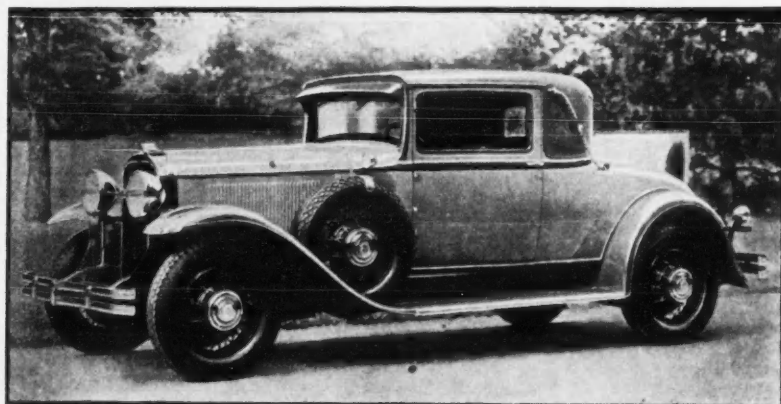
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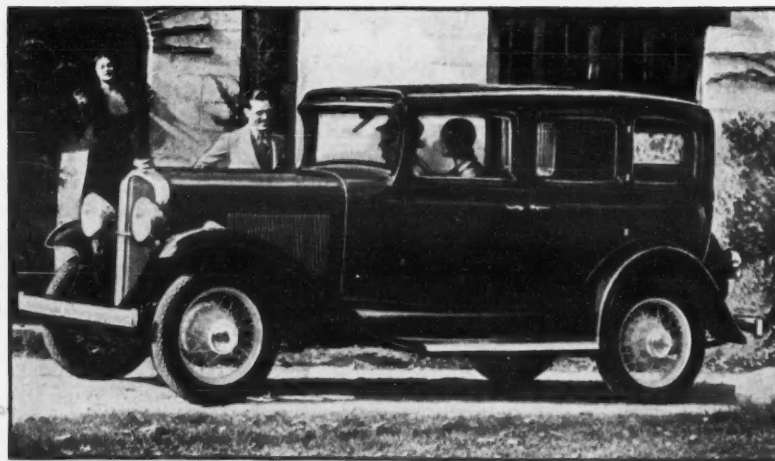
*The New Durant Coupé*



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gripped by he knew not what of amazement and incredulity. There it was, a basket such as one customarily sees on wash day. And sitting up in it, surrounded by three wondering adults, was another little girl.

There was no being angry, even for Uncle Pendleton, with the now suddenly silent child before him, so absurdly like the first one.

"They are like as two shoe-buttons," averred Giles Acker, lifting the little girl into Olivia's waiting arms. "What price they're twins?"

"So be by tomorrow they are not triplets," said Pendleton grimly.

Dusty Villa slid down the stairs with hospitable intent. "It if Penny, it if Penny," she squealed.

Uncle Pendleton took a somewhat dazed look at his assembled and unbidden guests. "Any time my room is required, pray let me know," he remarked politely. "I can always go to a hotel."

"I say, young 'uns," Thus Mr. Acker, "Are there any more at home like you? More brothers and sisters?"

Penny explained, "Dusty Villa and me. In ve hole earl, on'y Dusty and me."

"A very conservative estimate," approved Giles. "Well, Nurse Carr, what about a bit of breakfast?"

"If there are no more children on the stoop," said Uncle Pendleton, "I'll go up and dress. Pity we managed to collect so few. You don't know of any more lying around loose, Miss Carr? Hasn't Sarah got any extra children—or Mr. Thripp?"

Heman Thripp snapped up his head to give a look at the older man standing now a step or so above him. "If I had any children," he said in a peculiar voice, "the one thing they wouldn't be is extras."

Apparently, the conservative estimate, as affecting the Pendleton household, was correct, for no more juvenile contributions were lavished upon its doorstep. And great as had been the changes of twenty-four hours after the fashion of human affairs, in a fortnight, they became established more or less as normality. But Olivia and Giles could not be said to have settled down, undergoing as they were that febrile experience called falling in love.

It was Olivia who precipitated the end of this desperate torture, and that for a quaintly friendly reason. Nothing could be more unnecessary to those two prancing children than an expensive trained nurse, now that Sarah had become a fixture, and Olivia suffered under a conviction that Giles Acker could not afford her.

Mr. Acker was in his workshop, mooning over a problem that, in his right mind, he would have solved in five minutes, when Olivia descended upon him. In her snowy uniform, she was not more spotless than the meticulously burnished room in which he pretended to labor. The pretense evaporated when she came in. He was up and welcoming her before she had more than opened the door.

"Why, it's as clean as an operating theatre," she exclaimed.

"I'm a regular old maid," admitted Giles. "Want to look around?"

She followed him from one gleaming model to another, listening but little to the explanations he so boyishly poured forth and understanding none of them. It was before the partly dismantled lathe that she interrupted him to say abruptly, "Mr. Acker, those children don't need me any more than a cat needs two tails."

"That's nonsense," smiled the obtuse Mr. Acker. "It doesn't need one. In the Isle of Man—"

"Please be serious. A nurse can't stay on where she isn't needed."

"Isn't needed?" gasped the man.

"So that," she went on relentlessly, "supposing that I am to go on nursing, I ought to be on call."

Regardless of manners, Giles dropped into his chair. "You mean you are leaving?" She hesitated and he caught up with the rest of her sentence. "What do you mean by 'supposing you go on?'"

One of her annoying blushes seethed up into her face, color that held his eye even

while his ear caught horrible sounds in the masonry of his castle in Spain. "You are going to get married," he said hollowly.

"No, I'm not," Miss Carr spoke quite calmly though her blush still held. "But Mr.—but—well, I happen to have had a good offer from the States to try the movies. I know it sounds odd, but it seems they think my sort of face would register."

"It does," Mr. Acker fairly groaned.

"And if I am a flop, I can always go back to my profession." She really marvelled at the business-like way she could discuss leaving him.

Giles Acker, subconsciously reminded of his manners, had risen again and was looking down at his table. In common with a fair share of the public, he overestimated the motion picture world. It was to him as if this girl had been tendered a life in Fairyland plus the possession of a gold mine, and all that he could offer her, though it included his life, his love and his not inconsiderable wealth, seemed a drab lot.

"I wish you wouldn't look like that," Olivia burst out.

Mr. Acker lifted his head and swallowed hard. "I'm registering despair," he said with a ghastly travesty of lightness. "Maybe I'd better go into the movies, too."

Miss Carr wished heartily she was out of this. He looked so like a sorrowful little boy that it was difficult to keep from offering him her comforting hands. A curious panic fell upon her.

"I'd better be going up," she said nervously and moved toward the door. If she had been an expert vamp, she could not have done anything more effective. Giles Acker tossed all sensible considerations to the winds.

"No," he said. In two strides he was beside her. "Don't go. I don't want you to go. I can't let you go." He not only stated this as fact but demonstrated it by catching her almost roughly in his arms. "Damn all cinemas and hospitals. Can't you love me enough to stay?"

Possibly Miss Carr's ancestors came from the Emerald Isle. Certainly, she said neither yes nor no, but in true Irish fashion responded to this appeal, "I could."

Giles Acker tightened his hold upon her. "Will you?" he insisted.

"I might."

He found these subjunctives not enough. "Will you?"

"Oh," said Olivia going limp, "yes then, I will."

A BIT later when Mr. Acker decided that no cellar could hold him, they went up the stairs hand in hand—a feat to be accomplished by only the most determined people. Giles was bent upon revelations to the head of the house, and only she, of the two of them, knew how vast these revelations were to be.

"I think I'd better find Mr. Thripp," she said softly, as they made their way through the house.

"Why, who wants Thripp?"

"I do. I want to speak to him. Wait—there he is."

She halted the bewildered man just within the open doorway. They could not see Uncle Pendleton on the porch but heard his casual greeting to the man coming toward him. It was Miss Carr's perception that there was nothing in the least off-hand about Mr. Thripp that had caused her to assume the equivocal post of eavesdropper.

"But you are giving me the creeps," said Giles Acker with his lips against her soft hair. "What's it all about?"

"Listen," she whispered.

"Well, Mr. Pendleton," said Heman Thripp, "I'm through here." He sat down on the top step and tossed off his hat. "Done all I can."

"Going away? We'll miss you."

"Thanks."

"For my part," said Pendleton, "I wouldn't spend another cent on the place. Looks like something out of a book now. But that's his business."

"Nothing better than roses to spend your money on, if you've got it."

Uncle Pendleton gave a chuckle and let



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However, she had visions of the time, later on, when she would at last be free of the petty annoyances of business life; could entertain in a cosy home of her own; indulge in a few favorite luxuries which she had always wanted, and have plenty of time for the many little enjoyments which were then denied her.

It required a great deal of will power to "put by" any money from her salary, but she knew that if she was to accomplish her goal she would have to start some time. So she adopted a plan which would compel her to save—by which she would be reminded regularly of her resolve to become independent.

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Other girls who had an equal start with her are still working—just hanging on until they will be forced to make way for younger girls. No wonder they envy her. It's too late now for them to hope for independence.

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## The Girl Next Door

Continued from page 11

"Sit down and drink it," repeated Miss Carr, unwinking before his glare. There was the authority of the entire medical academy at the back of her at the moment. The room might as well have been full of implacable doctors.

Uncle Pendleton made a terrific effort to resist this overwhelming influence, but a slow enfeeblement crept over him. As he vaguely collapsed in his chair, Olivia's charge tottered forward to lean confidently against his bony leg.

"Ago," she greeted him musically.

"Seems a nice little thing," said Pendleton nervously. "What's your name, eh?"

"Dusty Villa," said the little girl cheerfully. Then pointing to the orange juice, "Dinky," she bade her host.

There was a ghastly pause. Uncle Pendleton went under for the third time. When he set the glass down it was empty.

Through a rather interesting day, Giles Acker made frequent visits to the kitchen where Miss Carr was busy making spinach purée and junket. It appeared to him that she greatly overestimated the appetite of one small child, but he was utterly overcome when he found, at luncheon time, that the whole family was to partake of this juvenile diet supplemented by broiled bacon. The sight of Uncle Pendleton eating junket got in among his ribs.

There should have been a lull after luncheon while the youngster napped. But Dusty Villa refused with vigor to be taken upstairs. Staggering into that sanctum where Uncle Pendleton held miserable dudgeon, she made an Alpine ascent of his seated figure. "Sleep on vis one," she cordially explained.

As the object of her maiden choice put an arm about her, bashful as a boy with his first sweetheart, Messrs. Acker and Thripp made a hasty retreat of it into the garden.

THIS was all very well, but Giles had a great deal more than conquering babies on his mind. He wanted to talk to Olivia, and finally managed to get her slowly walking with him along the road. He had been able to invent no better reason for this than "business," and was obliged to make good.

"It's quite outrageous to break into your vacation like this, you know. You'll have to let us—let me—"

"You want to engage me at my regular rates," she said charitably.

"Exactly." She was really the most understanding girl in the world.

"But I don't mind doing this job just for the fun of it." Laughter brimmed up behind those incredible lashes.

"I can see you must get fun out of Uncle going through the paper hoop," he agreed. "But you can't leave us to cope with Dusty Villa during the watches of the night. We'd be petrified, left alone with her. There are two connecting rooms where you and she would be comfortable. But you can't possibly call it a vacation, now, can you?"

Miss Carr gave him a kindly glance, which became rather a long look at his thoughtful face. He was a nice fellow—a very nice fellow, she told herself. If there was rather more warmth in her appreciation of him than this phrase would suggest, she was not at present aware of it. This momentary silence of hers brought his eyes around to catch her look. She was conscious of wishing that she did not blush so easily.

"But your uncle said something about sending her away." She put the remark up like a little screen between them.

"He hasn't done it yet," pointed out Mr. Acker.

"Do you think he will? You know him better than I do."

"I would have said I knew him inside and out," said Mr. Acker. "Having seen him eating junket, however, I shouldn't be surprised at anything. He may adopt her and leave her his fortune."

"Has he a fortune?" asked Miss Carr, surprised.

"He inherited plenty, and never spends anything."

"But then he wouldn't want to pay me."

It was Acker's turn to redden. "I—I meant to do that," he said. It made him feel quite a fool to be talking about paying her a weekly wage when all he wanted was to give her everything he had in the world.

"But—that's different, isn't it?" she suggested very gently.

"I can afford it, if that's what you mean." The statement seemed to stick in his throat like Macbeth's *amen*.

"Don't let's talk about it any more," said Olivia quite suddenly.

"But does that mean you will stay or you won't?"

"Oh, I will," she answered. There was nothing in that to call up that tiresome blush of hers. "What a pretty road this is."

"It leads to Rome," said Giles Acker, become a blithering idiot under a quickening surge of happiness.

During the blonde hour that evening after dinner, Mr. Thripp took Giles into the garden, ostensibly to see what headway had been made. "Of course it is little more than a prepared canvas," said he. "If you'd tell me just how far you are willing to go—"

"All the way," said Giles. "Begins to look better, doesn't it?"

And it did, for the sheer clipped walls of the high hedge, the sharply cut edges of the paths, the trimmed shrubbery and the shaven grass made a very satisfactory effect. "Where did you learn all this?"

"I've had a sort of garden myself," said Mr. Thripp modestly. "In California." He looked sideways at his companion but saw no sign of stirring association. "Has your uncle said anything more about the little girl?"

"Not a word."

"You think he still intends to send her to the Foundling?"

Acker shook his head. "No, I don't. Why?"

"I've taken a shine to her myself. I wouldn't like to think—"

"Well, I don't believe he'd put her out. Looks to me as if her small feet could walk all over him. I never saw anything like it."

"It would take a brave man to rebuff that confidence," said Mr. Thripp. "Better that a mill stone were hanged about his neck."

"I've often thought that fierceness of his was just protective coloring," remarked Giles. "He's naturally gifted that way, of course, but I believe he puts on a good deal of it to keep going. He's been badly hurt in his time."

"How?"

"Well, one thing and another. Don't know much about it myself. His daughter ran away from him with an actor chap—fellow he despised. Borrowdale, his name was, and probably Uncle Pendleton didn't like the sound of it. When she'd been gone about a year, he wrote to me. He made out he'd take me in to keep me from starving to death—funny how keen people are on new inventions and yet think all inventors are fools! But I fancy the truth is he was lonely."

"That relentless father stuff sounds like hokum to me. Why didn't he make up with her?"

"Give him credit for trying. Janet had one powerful temper of her own, I'm told. Pig-headed, my mother used to call her. I never saw her."

Mr. Thripp drew meditatively on his cigar. "World's an odd place," he decided finally. "Now about those rose plantings—"

UNCLE PENDLETON, waking next morning to an unaccustomed sense of well-being, was disturbed by somewhat distant distressful sounds. Mindful of the presence of a lady in the house, he wrapped himself in his dressing gown before stealing downstairs. Every step brought him nearer the source of the uproar.

"My Godfrey!" said Uncle Pendleton,

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## Are Women Drivers More Dependable Than Men?

*Here's an oft-discussed question—what do you believe is the answer to it?*

by FLORENCE M. JURY

THE consensus of opinion seems to be that women drive equally as well as men and that there are as many poor drivers among men as among women. Personally, I take "a good driver" to mean a safe driver. After all, it is of very little importance whether one drives too slowly, or stalls occasionally, or does not understand the mechanism of a car—the main thing surely is whether one is competent to handle a car with safety.

There is no separate record kept of the number of licenses issued to men and to women, but there are a great many records kept that, to me, are extremely significant, and certainly put weight behind my opinion that women are safer drivers than men. At the Parliament Buildings in one of the largest Canadian cities I was given the following statistics which, to me, seem pretty conclusive:—

From September 1st to December 31st, 1930 there were 4,229 people concerned in the reportable type of accident. Of these, 4,016 were men and 213 were women. (95 per cent men—five per cent women).

227 of this number were concerned in fatal accidents.

Of these, 214 were men and 13 were women.

2,361 of this number were concerned in personal injury accidents.

Of these 2,237 were men and 124 were women.

1,641 of this number were concerned in property damage only, exceeding \$50.

Of these 1,565 were men and 76 were women.

At the Police Court I compiled the following figures:—

From the 4th to the 10th of the month, inclusive, there were 2,619 summonses issued. (The greater proportion of these were for minor offenses,

such as parking in banned areas, parking too long, driving with one light etc.) 2,498 of this number were men and 121 were women.

364 of this number were for speeding. 345 were men and 19 were women.

25 of this number were for reckless driving.

24 were men and 1 was a woman.

AT THE police court I enquired if they had ever heard of, or found, a "hit and run" woman motorist. No, they had not.

Did the police of city or highway ever report that they found women drivers obstructing traffic through driving too slowly, or from running out of gas? No, they did not.

Did they find women drivers lost their heads in an emergency? No, they did not.

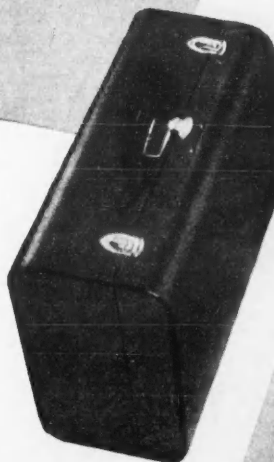
But could I get one—just one—man to say women were better drivers than men? Not a chance! "Dinna commit yourself!" seems to be their slogan when a woman tries to get a straight yes or no in answer. However, not one of the men I interviewed—and they were all men of high standing and authority—said a really disparaging word of the woman driver.

Of course accidents will happen, but they told me in the police court that the majority are caused through drivers "cutting in," and speeding. Motorists constantly risk their lives and, worse, the lives of others through these most foolish practices. And what is gained? The motorist saves a few moments and gets ahead of the "other fellow," but if there is a congestion of traffic a little way ahead you will probably find him in the line-up. I think if you will notice in future, it is men who do most of the reckless cutting in, not the women, nor is it the woman who starts to race the car that dares to pass her.

The lawyer for a branch of the Motor League said he had one comment to make regarding accidents and summonses—that a great many would be avoided if motorists

*Continued on page 61*

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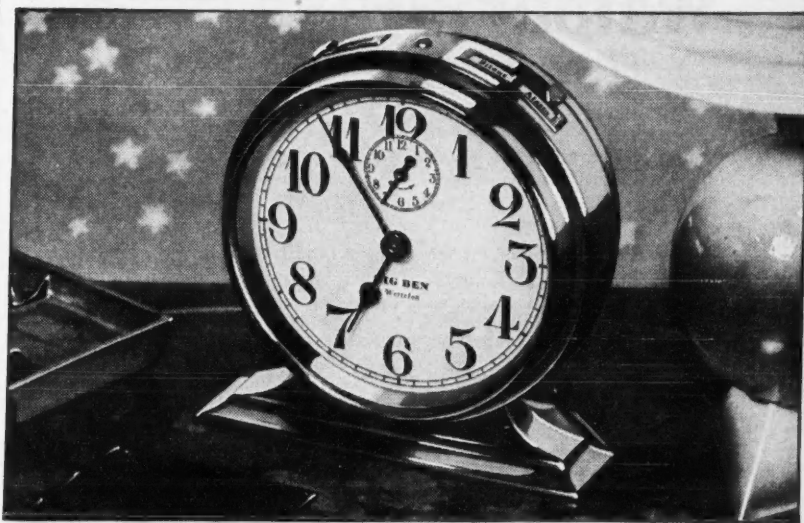
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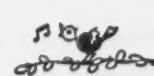
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his elderly chest swell. "Giles?" he said. "Why, that boy's made more'n a half million dollars already. I'm mighty proud of Giles, I am."

This announcement had far more effect upon the hidden pair of listeners than on Mr. Thrupp. Olivia gave a little jump, but she was no more amazed at finding Giles was rich than he was to hear that Uncle Pendleton was proud of him.

"Fine," said Mr. Thrupp idly. "Well, I came over to talk to you about those children. Decided anything?"

"Why?" said Uncle Pendleton.

"Because I could take them on myself, if you don't want to."

"Yeh?" A reminiscent tinge of the good old Pendleton roar came out unexpectedly on this inelegant syllable. "Well, let me tell you I'm taking 'em on myself." His voice altered as he added, "They're a doggone nuisance, but I've got kind of—used to having 'em around."

"Then it has come time for me to 'fess up," said Mr. Thrupp. "I know something about those kids. Likely you'll be mad at me for putting up a job on you. But I brought them here myself."

A loud bang, to which the house responded, announced that Uncle Pendleton's feet had slipped off the verandah rail.

"What you mean?" The old man's voice had a queer sound.

"It's a long story," said Mr. Thrupp. "You folks never heard of me, I know, but I'm pretty well known down south as the A Plus Motion Pictures. They don't come bigger or better. Now, Mrs. Thrupp, she's like a regular old hen with my people. If there aren't five or six girls or men resting up at our house, she gets melancholy. That's how we came to know about these kiddies."

"Well?"

"You see, these kids were what I call divorce orphans," went on Mr. Thrupp after this verbal nudge. "Their father was one bum actor, I'll say. And the mother had married again. They tell me the children were better off with him, which is saying a good deal. Mrs. Thrupp teased the children out of him. We've got a bigish place," he said modestly, forbearing to say it was one of the handsomest in a district overrun with palaces of the most determined kind. "We got fond of them, and when their pa suddenly realized that they might be earning his living in pictures, we bought him off. Bought the children, you might say."

Here Mr. Thrupp, who was accustomed to but one kind of continuity, paused again.

"More of it?" said the queer voice of Uncle Pendleton.

"I got powerful sick along about then," said the other. "And mother—I should say Mrs. Thrupp—apparently did a lot of think-

ing while I was not around to stop her. She cooked up a scenario where we both faded out and left the twins in the snow. I thought at first she meant for us to adopt them, but she'd figured out that a chance to do it ought to be given their own flesh and blood."

"Ah," said Uncle Pendleton quietly.

"It's out," said Mr. Thrupp. "They're your own grandchildren and I only wish I was as lucky. You're going to ask me why did I bring them here so secretly? Well, I wanted to look you over, for one thing. And I wanted you to see them without knowing who they were. If I had just come in and told you I had two young Borrowdales for adoption, I guess you'd have felt different about them than you do now."

"Maybe," said Pendleton after a silence. His throat had gone dry.

"Those twins have to be seen to be appreciated," said Mr. Thrupp. "I had business up here and I brought them on, with my own trained nurse. At least, she was my nurse—I'm going to make an A Plus star of her instead. But that's not your story. I had one burglar's time getting out and into this house when my agent motored them over from New York. Once I saw Dusty Villa taking her nap on you, I eased Penny over. Then I left it to them. All I've got to add is that if you see your way clear to letting me take them back, you'll make my wife the happiest woman in the world. She got up to a high pitch of duty, awhile back, but I'll credit her with regretting it ever since."

Uncle Pendleton got up suddenly and wrung his hand. "They're staying here," he said.

"Well, I'm satisfied," said Mr. Thrupp. "But I can't help wishing it hadn't turned out the way I hoped it would."

"Grandchildren," said Uncle Pendleton and his chest swelled again. He ambled into view of the two watchers in the hallway, and took a couple of steps down the porch stairs. "What's this outlandish name of Dusty Villa?" he paused to ask.

"She's named for you," Thrupp answered getting to his feet, "Augusta Wilhelmina."

"I think," said Mr. Pendleton, after a moment's conscious pause, "I'll just go see where they are."

The other watched him as he made off around the angle of the house, a progress that quickened with every stride. In contradiction to a certain dejection in Mr. Thrupp's attitude, there was a twitch of amusement at the corners of his mouth. It was still there when he turned to enter the house, and found its threshold occupied—occupied moreover by a couple waiting comfortably arm in arm.

Mr. Thrupp took a long look at his intended star, and put out both his hands. "My mistake," he said briefly, and the twitch became a full-grown smile.

## Want to Give a Bride's Shower?



Next month The CHATELAINE in an article describing ten original ideas for brides' showers will give you new thoughts in entertaining your guests, in preparing the gifts and in presenting them.

In THE CHATELAINE  
for JUNE

# THE DOMESTIC WORKSHOP

## FLOOR WAX



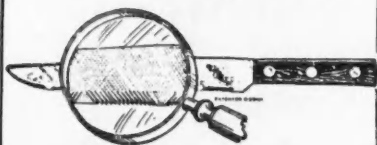
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## A Department Which Seeks Out and Investigates What is New and Good in Housekeeping Helps

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

**W**ARM weather washing is quite a different matter from winter laundering—as any woman knows who has been forced these past months either to hang her clothes in the basement, there to droop lankly until it pleases them to dry, or take her chances with a freezing clothes line



A practical gadget for the medicine cupboard and dressing table—coiled absorbent cotton sealed tight within a cardboard carton.

the same process is followed. The dryer closes up like an umbrella, and is set aside, until the next wash day, while a metal cap closes the ground casing.

**I**T IS always difficult to keep absorbent cotton in the roll it is bought in. It will persist in straggling out and making acquaintance with stray germs and dust.

Bauer & Black have developed a splendid idea in their "Cotton Picker." Here is the coiled absorbent cotton, sealed tight within a cardboard carton, and its only way out is through the small opening at the top, from which it may be pulled in whatever quantities are needed. A cap fits over the top of the container when it is not in use. It is a much more economical method than the old, wasteful way.

**S**PRING cleanings have a habit of showing up your household gadgets for what they are worth. So it may be that you are thinking of investing in a new vacuum cleaner. If you are, you would do well to consider the new Eureka De Luxe which has recently been placed on the market, for it combines the newest improvements in



The new Eureka De Luxe combines the newest improvements in vacuum cleaners.

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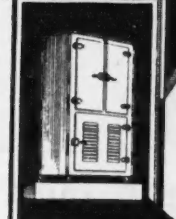


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## Just One Baby?

Continued from page 51

women and find out who are the greatest; the ones who have made their own way in the world, or the ones who have had it made for them.

"When each of my children become sixteen years of age I have them insured in a way that they will get \$200. This I plan will start their education. High school cost only for the books as we pay in taxes for the rest whether we have children or not. If we are able to save more, they shall have it and what help we can give them; if not, I will expect them to help themselves.

"You are banking too much on your child. Perhaps she will not take kindly to education and will waste away her time and your money as many are doing. We are looking to the future of our children but we refuse to ruin the present for that future that we cannot see into. In the meantime, although my oldest two are just starting out in their school life, I am trying already to impress on their minds that they themselves must try hard for a good education starting right now in the primary.

"Just one more little incident, then I am through. One time last week the youngest little chap was having his sleep and the next little boy was all alone, his brother being at kindergarten and the girls in school. The little fellow sat around looking as if he did not know what to do with himself. There were toys around but he did not touch them. I began to fear he was sick when the oldest boy came in from school. The look that passed over that lonely child's face brought tears to my eyes. He was down off the chair like a shot, hopping and skipping across the floor, his tongue going so fast that the words were fairly tripping over each other. It was then I decided to write this letter. Oh mother, take pity on your only child. Do not make the mistake of denying it the best thing in life—companionship and love—for a less important thing which it could have, too."—J. V. B.

Editor, The Chatelaine.

The article "Just One Baby" has me all "riled up." I lived in Montreal for nine years, and had five children while there. At no time did my husband's salary exceed \$27.50 a week, yet we managed to get along without feeling sorry for ourselves. If people are willing to look facts squarely in the face, and choose between that which "sounds big," and may make a good impression on their friends, and that which they know they can afford, they don't need to be afraid to welcome all the babies that God may see fit to send.

For one thing there is the very capable and warm-hearted Victorian Order of Nurses, which give free prenatal visits and care, and excellent care at childbirth, so that one need not be put to the expense of the hospital. I have nothing but praise for them and the friendly interest they took in my case before and after each baby came. Not as the Scotsman had "nothing but praise," for the new minister, but the V. O. N. gave me the same unstinted care once when I was not able to pay anything, as when I paid the nominal charge of one dollar and a quarter a visit.

There were excellent clinics, where two of my children were saved from rickets, and each one was regularly weighed and examined by a specialist, entirely free of charge. Why be too proud to accept this God-given help? It is meant for people like ourselves, and I met many splendid mothers and nurses there.

Another thing I'm wondering about—did this lady never hear of the modern laundries, where she can get twenty-five pounds or more of clothes washed beautifully clean for one dollar? All she has to do is hang them up to dry, and so many of them can be folded right off the line and put away. They are so lovely with the fresh air and sunshine folded right in. In winter time keep a clothes rack behind the heater, shake and

fold the clothes and hang them on it until they are needed.

Our friend "did not consider it worth while" to waste her strength sewing when baby needed pantie dresses and rompers, but I think she would find it profitable to change her attitude. One can create such dear little garments out of almost nothing at all, often picking up a remnant for ten or fifteen cents which works up beautifully. I learned to sew on my first baby's garments, and believe me, I know! One only needs to get a good pattern and follow directions, and if the first attempts are a little crude looking, the next ones will be better. Wonderful coats can be made out of daddy's old suits, or cunning suits for little boys.

Another thing which our friend overlooked is this, that there are trained dietitians and "budgeteers" willing and glad to help her with her problem. I wrote to one once, and received a great deal of help in getting things straight and in getting more out of each grocery dollar. There are tricks in every trade, you know.

The greatest mistake she is making in my eyes is in letting her friends all drift away, although she says in another paragraph that they are all in the same fix. If they are all in the same fix that's fine—get together and laugh about it. Don't try to put on a grand feast—meet once a week turn about at each other's homes and either limit the menu to simple lines or get in the habit of each one bringing one thing to help out. That way no one feels it, but everyone enjoys it.

We have seven children now, the oldest eleven. We have no grand furniture, no fancy clothes, but we do have some wonderful times. Our oldest is a girl, then came five boys, and a baby girl. We help one another, and play together. Our daddy makes about \$40 a week now, and just before Christmas and just afterward he lost a month's work at a time. It cheered my heart to see the older children pitch in and help, peddling magazines, running errands, helping neighbors, collecting things to sell and each time running home with, "Here, mother, will this help?" Even the six-year-old!

No, don't be afraid to plan for another. If the Lord sends another, He will provide what it needs. We only need to live one day at a time. Don't cross your bridges till you come to them. Half the things we worry about never happen anyway. But the woman who could have a family and doesn't, is missing the greatest experience and happiness that life affords.

I must add that our first baby came in a hospital and cost us over \$300, but when the next one came, only thirteen months later, I had learned how to avoid so great an expense. No offense to the hospital, I believe every mother should go there for her first child.—G. M. S., Seattle, Wash.

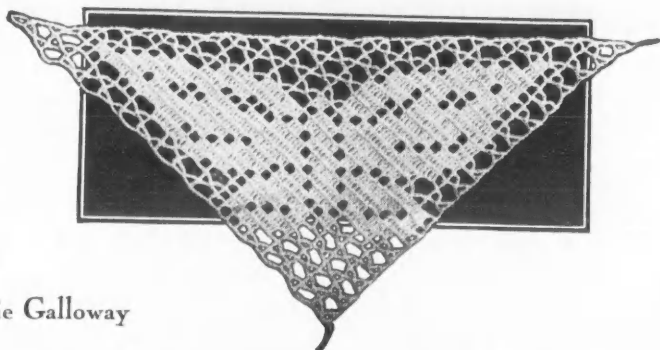
Editor, The Chatelaine.

I am not a bride, although I was one some twenty-five years ago, nor do I know much about conditions in Ottawa, but the article "Just One Baby" in *The Chatelaine* interested me and out of my years of experience, I venture to give my opinion.

It seems to me this young couple are paying too much rent and trying to live on a scale nearer an income twice what theirs is. There must be suburbs in the city and ends of car lines as in every other city and if I had her health, a three-year-old baby and a worrying husband, I would try hard to talk things over with said husband and find a little place on the outskirts of the city with a big garden and buy it, and let my husband use his spare time and vacation in planting a garden instead of worrying over finances.

There is nothing that makes a man, or woman either, so content with life as owning and cultivating a little patch of ground. Build a little chicken house and buy a few pure bred hens that will really

Continued on page 58



by  
Elsie Galloway

### A Pretty Butterfly Corner in Filet Crochet

**T**HIS beautiful corner may be used in various ways, using a thread suitable for the purpose for which it is intended. A No. 60 hard-twist mercerized crochet thread may be used for the corners of a tea-cloth, and a No. 80 or 100 in écu thread for lingerie as this color harmonizes well with almost any shade of material, using as fine a hook as will carry the thread.

**1st row**—Make a chain of 110 sts and work tr in 8th st from hook, \*ch 3, skip 2 sts, d c in 3rd st of ch, ch 3, skip 2 sts, tr in 3rd st, (this makes a lacet). Ch 5, skip 5 sts, tr in next st, (this makes a bar). Repeat from \* 4 times and there will be 5 lacets and 5 bars. Then (ch 2, skip 2 sts, tr in 3rd st) 4 times making 4 sps, (1 lacet, 1 bar) twice, 1 lacet.

**2nd row**—Ch 8, skip lacet, tr in tr for 1st bar, (lacet over bar of 1st row, bar over next lacet of 1st row) twice, 10 tr, 1 sp over 4 sps, lacet over bar, bar over lacet, 2 sps over next bar, (bar over lacet, lacet over bar) 3 times, ch 2, d tr in next tr of 1st row to decrease on edge at end of row.

**3rd row**—Ch 4, tr in tr to decrease at beginning of row, (bar over lacet, 2 sps over bar) twice, bar over lacet, 16 tr, 1 sp over bar, 2 sps and bar of last row, bar over lacet, 1 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp over sp, trebles and bar, (bar over lacet, lacet over bar) twice. It will not be necessary to specify further as usually a lacet comes over a bar, but sometimes it may be over trebles or sps, and trebles may be over a bar. Whenever trebles would come over a lacet (lct) sps are made instead of the lacet.

**4th row**—Ch 8 for bar, 1 lct, bar, lct, 7 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 2 sps, 10 tr, 2 sps, 28 tr, 2 sps, d tr in last tr of row.

**5th row**—Ch 4, tr in 2nd tr of last row, lct, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 19 tr, 1 sp, (10 tr, 1 sp) twice, 4 tr, (1 bar, 1 lct) twice.

**6th row**—1 bar, lct, 1 bar, 2 sps, 13 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr, 1 sp, 13 tr, 2 sps, 10 tr, 1 lct, ch 2, d tr in last tr of row.

**7th row**—Ch 4, tr in tr, 1 bar, 1 sp, 10 tr, 2 sps, 13 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr, 2 sps, 4 tr, 1 lct, 1 bar, 1 lct.

**8th row**—1 bar, 2 sps, 1 bar, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 37 tr, 1 bar, 1 sp, 1 d tr in last tr of row.

**9th row**—Ch 4, tr in 2nd tr, 1 lct, 1 bar, 7 tr, 3 sps, 19 tr, 1 sp, (10 tr, 1 sp) twice, 1 lct.

**10th row**—1 bar, (7 tr, 1 sp) twice, 10 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr, 3 sps, 10 tr, 1 sp, 1 lct, ch 2 d tr in last tr of row.

**11th row**—Ch 4, tr in tr, 1 bar, 1 lct, 16 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr, 1 sp, 13 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp.

**12th row**—1 sp, 4 tr, 13 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr, 1 sp, 13 tr, 1 lct, 1 bar, 1 sp, d tr in last tr of row.

**13th row**—Ch 4, tr in 2nd tr, (1 lct, 1 bar) twice, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr, 2 sps, 13 tr, 1 sp.

**14th row**—1 bar, 1 lct, 1 sp, 19 tr, 2 sps, 4 tr, 1 lct, 1 bar, 1 lct, ch 2, d tr in last tr of row.

**15th row**—Ch 4, tr in tr, (1 bar, 1 lct) twice, 4 tr, 1 sp, 19 tr, 1 bar, 1 lct.

**16th row**—1 bar, 1 sp, 10 tr, (1 sp, 7 tr) twice, 1 bar, 1 lct, 1 bar, 1 sp, d tr in last tr of row.

**17th row**—Ch 4, tr in 2nd tr, 1 lct, 1 bar, 1 lct, 7 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 1 lct.

**18th row**—1 bar, 7 tr, 1 sp, 10 tr, 2 sps, 7 tr, 1 bar, 1 lct, ch 2, d tr in last tr of row.

**19th row**—Ch 4, tr in tr, 1 bar, 1 lct, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 13 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr, 1 lct.

**20th row**—1 bar, 4 tr, 1 sp, 13 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 1 bar, 1 sp, d tr in last tr of row.

**21st row**—Ch 4, tr in 2nd tr, 1 lct, 1 bar, 10 tr, 1 sp, 13 tr, 1 lct.

**22nd row**—1 bar, 10 tr, 2 sps, 7 tr, 1 sp, 1 lct, ch 2, d tr in last tr of row.

**23rd row**—Ch 4, tr in tr, 1 bar, 1 lct, (7 tr, 1 sp) twice, 1 lct.

**24th row**—1 bar, 1 sp, 16 tr, 1 bar, 1 sp, d tr in last tr of row.

**25th row**—Ch 4, tr in 2nd tr, 1 lct, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 1 lct.

**26th row**—1 bar, 1 sp, 10 tr, 1 lct, ch 2, d tr in last tr of row.

**27th row**—Ch 4, tr in tr, 1 bar, 1 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 1 lct.

**28th row**—1 bar, 1 sp, 4 tr, 1 bar, 1 sp, d tr in last tr of row.

**29th row**—Ch 4, tr in 2nd tr, 1 lct, 4 tr, 1 sp, 1 lct.

**30th row**—1 bar, 1 lct, ch 2, d tr in last tr of row.

**31st row**—Ch 4, tr in tr, 1 bar, 1 lct.

**32nd row**—1 bar, 1 sp, d tr in last tr of row.

**33rd row**—Ch 4, tr in 2nd tr, 1 lct.

**34th row**—Ch 5, d tr in last tr of row.

**35th row**—Ch 4, tr in 3rd st of 5 ch.



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## The Domestic Workshop

*Continued from page 57*

vacuum cleaners with sound basic principles of design and cleaning effectiveness.


Foremost among the new features is a "full-floating" brush. By spring pressure the brush "rides" on the surface of the floor covering and provides positive brush action, which is so necessary for the quick removal of lint, hair, threads and all other forms of surface litter. It is especially designed for long life and continuous action.

The second important feature is the new leatherette bag which presents a smooth, shiny surface in rich maroon. The front only is of durable leatherette—easily cleaned with a damp cloth. The back is of specially treated, finely woven cloth, which effectively screens and filters the air, and prevents the escape of dust. A free passage of air through the fabric of a vacuum bag is absolutely necessary to the efficient operation of a

cleaner. A spring steel opener, which spreads the mouth of the bag very wide, makes it easy to empty without scattering dirt or raising a cloud of dust.

The De Luxe possesses an exceptionally strong suction, a comfortable, hand-fitting handle, a twenty-foot cord covered with durable rubber, attached at a convenient distance from the top of the handle, and an adjustment to three positions—upright, at a forty-five degree angle for stair cleaning, or parallel to the floor, for cleaning under beds and other furniture. It can easily be converted into an auto cleaner, simply by detaching the handle and the nozzle. There is an improved device for adjusting the nozzle to the nap of floor coverings; four wheels instead of three, with a tilting device permitting the De Luxe to be easily rolled from one rug to another.

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lay, and raise a small flock of chickens each year, enough to furnish the table with eggs and chickens, and buy a gentle Jersey cow that has been tested and proved free of disease.

Dress oneself and baby in simple crêpe dresses that can be easily washed and save the big laundry bill each week.

The bride in your article doesn't need a big house with walnut furniture to care for. What good is it to her anyway, as her health and finances will not permit entertaining nor even enjoying it herself?

Food is the very last thing she should economize on. Imagine a nervous hard-working man, delicate woman and three-year-old baby having meat loaf most of the time. She should have a variety of the most nourishing, tempting food and cut expenses some other way.

I can imagine her saying, "Bring my child up among foreigners and other poor people who might be my neighbors in a poor district?" But let me say I would far rather bring a child up in a home free from financial worries, with a happy father and mother in the slums, than in the millionaire district with bitter, bickering parents—and that is what financial worries lead to.

From her article, they have evidently always managed to save a little, so with the check for \$250 given by the company they probably have several hundred dollars. There are building and loan associations everywhere that will help finance the purchase of a home. Any couple that pays out \$40 a month for a place to live should certainly be able to pay that much each month toward acquiring a home of their own.

So many young people are not satisfied to start where their parents started, but want to start where their parents are after thirty or forty years of work.

I certainly hope and pray that she may get a different viewpoint and realize before it is too late just what are the really worthwhile things in life and a really happy home with healthy people in it comes first.

Health should be every person's first consideration, for what is anything worth without health to use and enjoy it? Wealth, education, pleasant surroundings all are worth less than nothing to us when we are sick.

So, dear sister of mine, if you must sell your rugs and walnut furniture, buy a little place almost in the country where you can have room to live. Trade your piano, unless you are really musical and love it, for an electric washing machine. Put linoleum on your floors that can be washed and waxed and kept reasonably clean with a minimum of work. Do without all the extra rooms and furniture. You can live nicely in a four-roomed house. There are hundreds of us that are doing it. Make your husband and baby so happy that they will never forget the bright-eyed, smiling mother in the home. You can do it. Plant a garden and dig and weed and water every day. Pull off the baby's expensive shoes and let her go barefoot in the summer. It won't hurt her. Give her what education you can afford and forget about the music lessons unless she has a great love for it. It is only money wasted usually and raise her to be healthy and happy.—A Used-to-be Bride, Macleod, Alta.

To the Editor:

My "John," hard as it is to believe, has had his salary of \$21.00 a week cut to \$18.00. That happened last September just as the coal bills started to come in. Our baby was then six months old and luckily a breast-fed baby up to nine months when I weaned her on account of my own health. She has never been really sick—two upsets over teeth the only exception—yet I can truthfully say she costs money! Oranges, cod liver oil, milk sugar, besides her own quart of milk, milk alone costing \$4.00 per month and about \$3.00 for the other items. Seven dollars perhaps isn't a large sum, but when subtracted from \$72.00 or thereabouts leaves quite a hole.

No need to say, we don't entertain at

least by invitation. We have a few intimate friends who drop in occasionally and take "pot luck"—yet, I would hesitate to say "no more babies."

Although I am only five feet, around 100 pounds, I was fortunate in having a natural birth—baby weighing seven and a half pounds. Altogether it cost us \$145.00. We had a small savings account from our batching days when I still had my job, that all went to the hospital bill, and then we started to save for the time the doctor rendered his account some months after the case was over. As far as the layette expense is concerned—how much would the second baby cost there? We have our bassinet, carriage and quite a few items of wearing apparel, then as No. 1 grows bigger her food does not really get any more expensive. I think I'm a conservative housekeeper (I need to be, wouldn't I?) yet there is seldom a meal where there is not some little waste or left-over from two people. This can easily be the baby's share. (I, of course, mean as far as vegetables and puddings are concerned.) Granted, they cost money but how much more precious than money are they to us?

My main argument I have saved for the last. Can anyone picture a more pitiful sight than a lonesome little girl or boy growing up with no one to share his boyhood with? No matter how hard the parents try, they cannot fill the place of a brother or sister. I think that any child, had he the chance, would choose a normal happy home life, with a companion even though in later years he has to work after school to provide for his future education. No one is any more against large families one can't afford than I am, and no young mothers ever said, or rather thought, the day her baby arrived, that this is the last, more sincerely than I; yet when I see my daughter leave me to play with her young cousins, I wonder what right I have to say I can't afford to have another baby. The way it looks to me—I can't afford not to!

Jessie D. Smith.

To the Editor:

The article "Just One Baby," in your March number is extremely interesting, and since you ask in your editorial for other women's opinions and experiences in managing on a small income, may I offer you some details from my own account book?

I have kept accounts from the time I married and know exactly what we have spent. We took partly furnished rooms at \$30.00 a month as we had no furniture and did not wish to buy on the installment plan. I bought a coal oil stove, sufficient china, glass and kitchen utensils, and with our wedding presents we had sufficient of other things. I had an allowance of \$100.00 a month and I paid everything out of that except my husband's insurance. We were able to get a piece of ground for a garden and grew and canned enough vegetables for the whole year. I bought most of my sealers second hand and saved money every month.

After a year we found a small house and rented it for \$25.00. Our fuel bill there was \$127.00 for a year. The house was in poor repair and we bought paint ourselves and did our own kalsomining. I found the basement cool and bought no ice. I did my own washing all the time. Our garden there and since has supplied an average of vegetables for the winter—

For the first two years, clothing was not a great expense, but I furnished our five-roomed house gradually out of my allowance.

When we had been married three years our baby was born. His expenses, including—hospital, \$72.00; doctor, \$50.00; carriage, \$30.00 and help in the house for six weeks after I came home, totalled \$215.00. Most of his clothes were given to me but I had to buy a low chair, a bath and other sundries.

I consider that we can afford another baby and as we feel that it is a very great advantage to the child to have a brother or a sister, I hope we shall be lucky enough to give him that advantage.

J. Duncan.

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51

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## CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Readers will find a complete list of stores handling the CHATELAINE PATTERNS ON PAGE 60 OF THIS ISSUE

A Bathroom Necessity  
Cleans Toilet Bowls,  
Removes Stains.

At Your Grocers



# FLUSHO

fully absorbent. They protect dainty dresses just as well as the rubber panties do.

As to knitted booties, you will be wise to decide not to get very many of these, for it is certain that baby's first gifts will include a number of small pairs. Let's hope that they will be long in the leg to come over the knee, for then they will replace those rather troublesome stockings which are a bit difficult to pull on. The stockings, on the other hand, are often utilized by practical-minded mothers, for mitts when baby goes a-riding. Not very elegant, perhaps, but ideal from a warmth and security point of view. For the first two or three weeks, of course, baby won't be interested in booties or stockings. His petticoat should be made long enough to turn up and fasten over his feet to keep them warm. Always allow plenty of room for baby to kick. It is the only exercise he has at first. It is very seldom that the old-fashioned barrowcoats are worn now. They simply are not required now that babies' things are shorter. Knee-length booties or stockings take the place of the voluminous draperies baby used to trail around. Instead of the barrowcoats, Gertrude petticoats are used almost universally. They hang straight from the shoulder, the wide straps fastening in front either with tapes or buttons. It is really best to use buttons on the petticoat, in order to avoid "humps" poking up underneath the dress.

The best type of nightie is one that will turn into a form of sleeping bag by drawing a string around the bottom. Lightweight flannel or flannelette are the best materials. An important point to watch is the shoulder seam, or rather the absence of shoulder seam. A magyar garment, both for dress and gown, is preferable to the seamed shoulder, which may bind the arm and prevent free circulation. Neither will baby outgrow the magyar style garment so quickly.

As to dresses, we have specified only three because these, too, will probably be given to the baby, and even if they are not, you will find it better to procure them as you need them later on in his first year of life. At first he very probably will not be wearing dresses except for special state occasions. Many mothers keep their babies in nighties for the first month or two, and this really is a very good idea. The modern baby spends most of his time in the pram on the verandah or in the garden, where the sun rays and fresh air will reach him. Dainty dresses very soon get crumpled, so if he is dressed in time to greet daddy when he comes home, that is all the change that is needed, before he retires finally for the night with a fresh binder, when binder is used, diaper, knitted shirt and nightgown.

Dr. Helen MacMurchy's *Blue Books*, issued by the Department of Health, Ottawa, give clear instructions for the making of a knitted layette. Dr. MacMurchy recommends for a shawl a thirty-six inch square of flannelette or baby-flannel, bound with white silk ribbon, and for out-of-doors, a sleeveless coat and hood, the coat made long enough to turn up and button at the bottom, like a sleeping bag.

A very dainty and practical layette for the needle-woman is shown in *The Chatelaine* Patterns. It includes a dress with bishop sleeves, a Gertrude petticoat, a nightgown, a kimono that is perforated for a short sack, a bib and a binder. A delicate, flowerlike design is obtainable for embroidery. The layette pattern is No. 221, price twenty-five cents, and the transfer pattern is No. 11127, price fifteen cents.

And as to ready-made layettes, *The Chatelaine* will be glad to furnish anyone interested with prices on representative layettes, and to put them in touch with reliable stores handling them.



## Are Women Drivers More Dependable Than Men?

Continued from page 55

would familiarize themselves with the highway rules and regulations before they started to drive. For safe driving there are a few outstanding traffic laws that one should always bear in mind:—

Do not pass another car on a curve.  
Do not pass another car on a hill.  
Do not cut in when the distance is uncertain.

Do not cut out without ascertaining that nothing is approaching.

Do not drive without head and rear lights.  
Do not park on the concrete if avoidable.

Of course, as we all know, there are a great many more men than women driving cars—delivery wagons, trucks and taxis are all driven by men, but from what I have seen and heard from the men I have interviewed I maintain it is time the sneering expression "Oh, a woman driver again" was dropped.

During the war hundreds of women drove ambulances, trucks and staff cars both in England and France. They proved themselves there! In moments of danger and

death they kept their heads and did their job without any fuss—they stood the hardships of war cheerfully and as a matter of course—and now we hear boys, who were babies then, say of these same women, from the exalted height of their supposed manhood "A woman driver!"

I am not for a moment contending that a woman drives a car better than a man, or that they understand the mechanism as well, or that many of them could extricate a car from a difficult position as well as a man. But I do maintain that women are safer drivers, that they take less chances and that it is time that motorists were looked upon as motorists and not as men, and "women drivers!"

I must just add one little paragraph. As I was leaving the office in the parliament buildings the gentleman who so kindly gave me the figures I have quoted, called me back and said "You know Miss Jury, the ladies get away with a lot—that little smile for the policeman . . ." "Oh well" I said as I beat a hasty retreat "Why bring that up?"

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 It fits Red Rose Orange Pekoe.

**RED ROSE TEA**  
 "is GOOD tea" 243

## Chatelaine Patterns

may be purchased at these stores

Chatelaine Patterns may now be purchased in the stores listed below. If there is as yet no dealer in your neighborhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favourite store, and, in the meantime, you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. In ordering by mail, be careful to write the pattern number plainly and be sure to state the size required.

### List of Chatelaine Pattern Dealers

#### ONTARIO

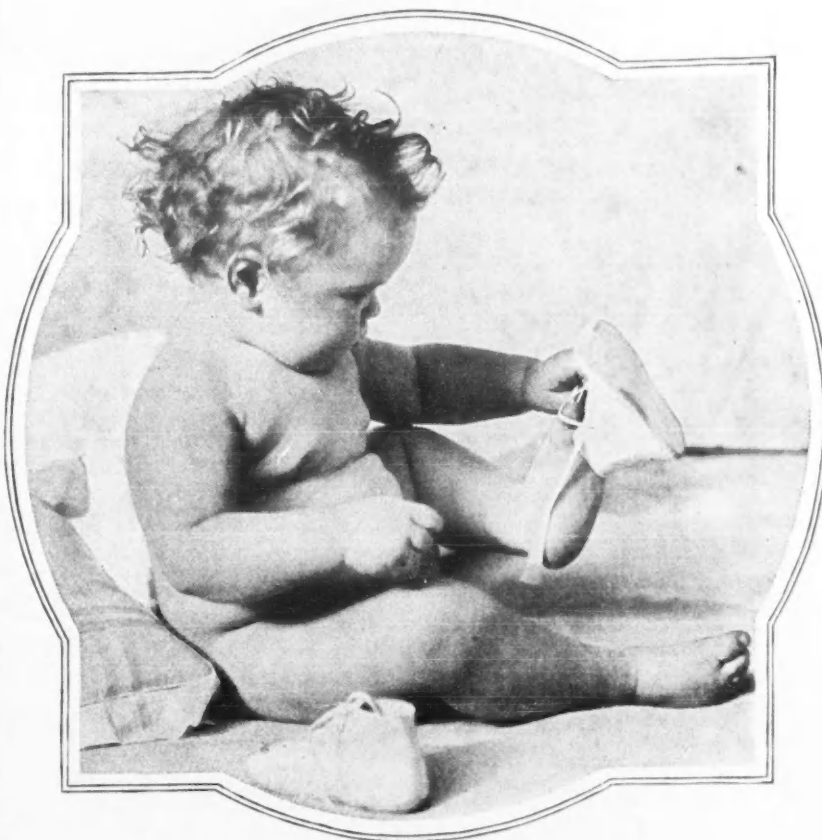
Amherstburg  
Walker's Stores, Limited  
 Ancaster  
Walker's Stores, Limited  
 Aylmer  
Walker's Stores, Limited  
 Barrie  
Walker's Stores, Limited  
 Belleville  
Canadian Department Stores, Limited  
 Bowmanville  
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 Brantford  
Canadian Department Stores, Limited  
 Brockville  
Levelette's Store  
Canadian Department Stores, Limited  
 Carleton Place  
Walker's Stores, Limited  
 Chatham  
Spencer Stone, Limited  
Canadian Department Stores, Limited  
 Collingwood  
Walker's Stores, Limited  
 Cornwall  
Walker's Stores, Limited  
 Durham  
A. Graham  
 Englehart  
M. S. Ireland  
 Forest  
Forest Farmer's Trading Co.  
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Walker's Stores, Limited  
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N. Weswig  
 Hanover  
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 Huntsville  
Canadian Department Stores, Limited  
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Gouldie's, Limited, Department Store  
Canadian Department Stores, Limited  
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 Lindsay  
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Canadian Department Stores, Limited  
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763-767 Bank Street  
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Storehouse's, Limited  
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St. Catherine St. East  
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 Quebec  
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## DRESSING THE BABY

*Some practical advice on a very general problem*

I AM expecting my first baby in a few months' time, and I have been looking around for a suitable layette. Unfortunately, the local, dry-goods-grocery-hardware-butcher store around the corner (the only corner) seem to think that a layette is just another miracle of motherhood—which will materialize from heaven knows where at the duly appointed time. Can you advise me what I should buy, and where I could secure my first baby things?"

This is one of many similar letters that have reached *The Chatelaine* in recent months. And since there are probably many women similarly placed who would be glad to have this information, this article is written to reach them all through the columns of *The Chatelaine*.

There can, of course, be no arbitrary rule which will apply to each and every mother for each and every baby. Some mothers like to make their baby's clothes by hand. Others prefer to buy them all ready made. Some will want their baby to have a more lavish wardrobe than others. Here is a thoroughly comprehensive, practical layette for the average baby:

- 3 Binders of cotton, flannel or flannelette
- 3 Silk and wool bands (if desired)
- 3 Silk and wool vests
- 3 Dozen diapers
- 2 Pairs of knitted booties (or)
- 2 Pairs of stockings
- 4 Nightgowns of nun's veiling or flannelette
- 3 Gertrude petticoats of flannelette
- 3 Nainsook dresses
- 1 Bonnet
- 1 Woolly jacket
- 1 Shawl

Most binders supplied with layettes are of flannelette, but many nurses recommend a cotton fabric which will boil and will be soft and adjustable. The binder is really a bandage to keep the dressing in place until the stump of the navel cord separates in a few days. It should not be hemmed. A

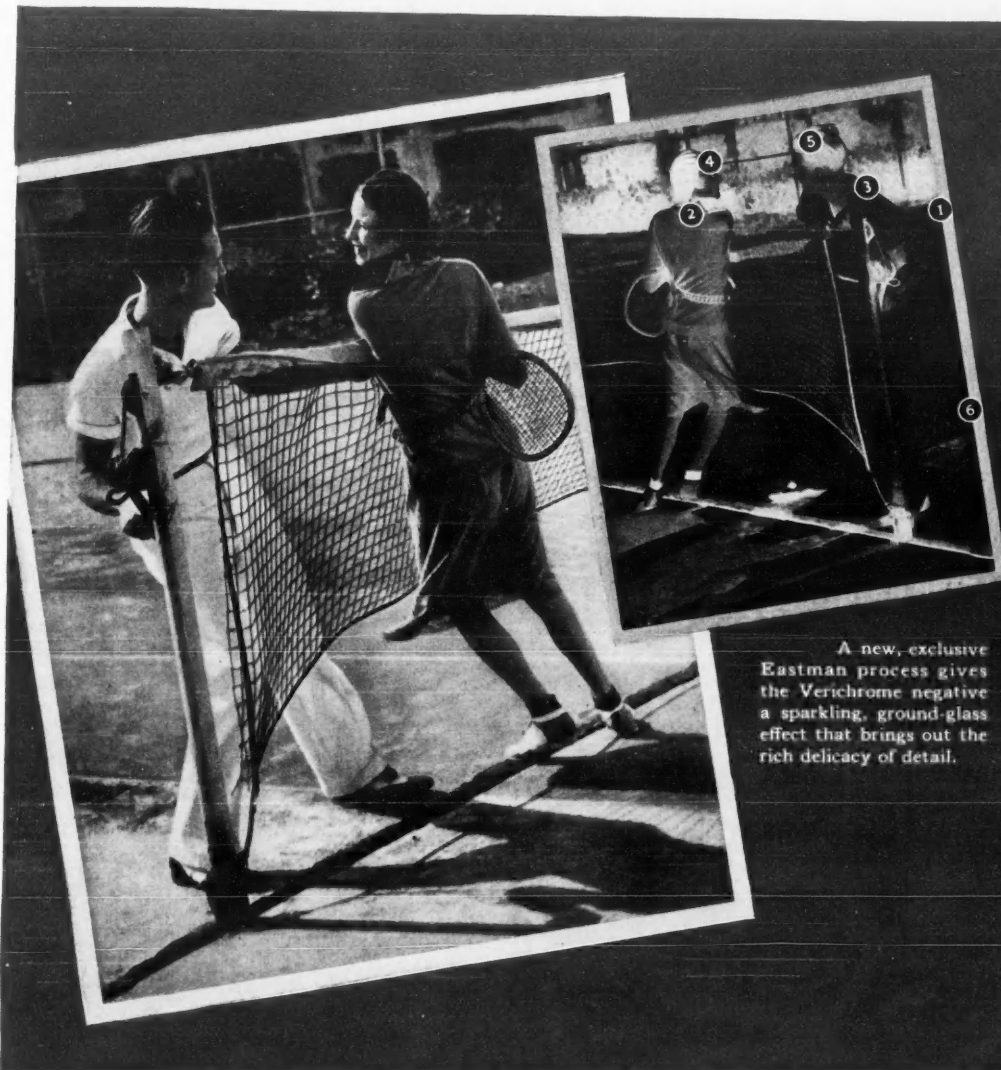
cotton crêpe or unbleached muslin torn in strips will do. Attach tapes so that no pins need be used.

Babies' "undies" are usually made of all-wool, wool and cotton or silk and wool. All-wool is, of course, wonderfully soft and cozy, but the laundering needs such care that most people prefer to use a mixture of wool and cotton or silk and wool. Silk and wool bands, then, and silk and wool vests are recommended for baby's first outfit. The bands are made with wide shoulder straps and a tab below, fitting firmly, but not compressing. They may fasten in front with tapes or buttons. Since this is the garment which is worn next to baby's tender skin, it should have no seams to leave ridges. It should fit smoothly round the body so that it will not ruck up and wrinkle. If you prefer, of course, you may knit the bands yourself—shape them to fit the curve of the body. Some mothers prefer not to use the bands at all. They feel that the warm undervest is sufficient to keep the baby snug. Again, in summer, the vest is often discarded and the sleeveless band alone worn. It is a point, depending to a great extent on climatic conditions, which every mother will decide for herself. The tendency of today is certainly toward less clothing for the healthy baby. Vests may be tied or buttoned. Those which fasten with tapes are double-breasted and have the advantage of giving baby's chest double protection.

THERE is really very little legitimate reason for a self-respecting baby to cry, now that they have taken pins away from him. Even his diapers are often tied. Both bird's-eye cotton and flannelette are favored for diaper material. Be sure to wash the new flannelette before using, in order to get rid of the lint which is in it. The size may be eighteen, twenty-two, twenty-five or twenty-seven inches square.

The knitted panties, or soakers as they are often called, replace the rubber panties that were used so generally not so long ago. Doctors and mothers are agreed that rubber, effective as it may be, is most injurious to baby's health. Hence these "soakers." They are usually hand knitted, and are wonder-

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## Small Cakes

Continued from page 44

greased baking sheet, and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for ten to fifteen minutes.

### Dale Bars

- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of fine granulated sugar
- 1 Cupful of dates chopped
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of nuts chopped
- 1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt

Beat the eggs, add the sugar and continue beating, add the dates and nuts which have been finely chopped and mix well. Add the melted butter, the lemon juice, and sifted flour and salt. Spread about one-quarter inch thick in a greased shallow pan. Bake in a slow oven, 325 degrees, for about one-half hour. Cut in strips while still hot and roll in powdered sugar.

### Shaped Cookies

- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg
- $1\frac{1}{4}$  Cupfuls of flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of baking powder
- Pinch of salt

Cream the butter and sugar together thoroughly. Add the egg yolk and mix well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt and combine with the first mixture. Shape with a cookie press or mold with the fingers, brush the tops with unbeaten egg white and sprinkle with fine granulated sugar. Bake on a greased sheet at 375 degrees for about fifteen minutes.

### Nut Wafers

- 1 Cupful of shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of white sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of brown sugar
- 2 Eggs
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of chopped nuts
- $3\frac{1}{4}$  Cupfuls of flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Teaspoonful of soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt

quarter to one and one-half tablespoonfuls of this solution to one gallon of water a good proportion. Borax is less effective as a softener but an excess is not so damaging in effect on the fabrics.

In districts where the water is very hard, the installation of a chemical softener is a worthwhile investment. It is easily operated and eliminates guesswork in securing properly softened water. The cost of this equipment is reasonable when one considers its convenience as it takes care of the water used in household purposes other than laundry work.

After washing clothes it is important that all soap, regardless of the variety, should be removed by thorough rinsing. If this is not done, the clothes have a dingy appearance,

colors are dulled and the white clothes take on a yellowish tint.

The tendency of white clothes to become yellow is counteracted by blueing. This should be carefully done after removal of the soap by rinsing in clear cold water. Liquid and solid blues are both available, the latter form being most commonly used for home laundering.

Good soap and other cleansing aids are necessary for removing soil and dirt from clothes but they cannot be expected to entirely overcome the results of poor washing methods. Persistent stains can be removed only by special treatment and this phase of laundering will be considered in another article.

## The Small Living Room

Continued from page 21

imagination sees the ideal home as one which escapes the commonplace, no matter how insignificant the amount may be which is spent in furnishing it. But very often a room that is correctly furnished just misses that something called personality which gives a definite impression of charm. I was particularly impressed with this fact the other day when I had occasion to call at two houses near together in location but widely different in effect. One of them had all the usual and correct pieces of furniture in the living room, but it had an institutional air which the owner had evidently realized and had tried to offset by placing the numerous scatter rugs at all sorts of angles instead of in line with the walls. This gave the room a

disturbed look and in no way lessened its coldness. There were books, cushions and minor details needed to bring the requisite personality and give it "seasoning." In the other house much less money had been spent, but it had a lived-in look that invited you in to read and to relax. A grate fire was burning there were flowers, magazines, cushions, and other minor oddments about, all of which make the difference between a house and a home.

The next article in this series will deal with the purchase of the furnishings for the dining room in our seven-roomed house, in which we hope to show some new and interesting details.

The thing that had happened was so unexpected, so hideous, that for the time being she could not fight it with any weapon.

Rodney and Judy, Rodney and Judy. So this was his revenge, this his way of forcing her, Tania, to acknowledge the marriage publicly. He knew her deep love for her little sister and he had worked upon it with diabolical cleverness because he had known that she would not permit an outrage such as this . . . There was only one thing now . . . He had beaten her . . .

The telephone beside her bed rang sharply and raising herself she answered tonelessly to hear the porter's voice: "Would Mademoiselle Ardwyn see Monsieur Cardross? He was waiting downstairs and begged her to see him on an urgent matter . . ." Larry . . . Larry begging to see her . . . She came to a swift decision.

"Tell Monsieur Cardross I will be with him in five minutes," she said, and getting off the bed went to the dressing-table and proceeded to erase the traces of the last half-hour's tragedy. Larry might hate her, but he would help her. Larry should now know the exact truth for however much he might despise her he would know what to do. Only a man could handle Rodney Blakiston, and Larry Cardross was that man.

Larry, waiting in the vestibule, his car throbbing silently outside in the narrow shady street, saw Tania come from the elevators toward him, her face white, her eyes darkened with a look that wrung his heart. Putting aside everything he had come prepared to say, he met her, took her gently by the arm and drew her to the door. "I'll drive you outside the town. Somewhere where we shall be undisturbed. Please come. I'll explain then."

She got into the car without a word. The thing that threatened had swamped all feeling of surprise or resentment at his visit. As one in physical pain so great that all mental processes are suspended, she sat beside him as he sent the car speeding to the upper road above the valley that leads by a circuitous route to the golf links.

There at last he pulled up and spoke.

"Tania, I stood it as long as I could, but now I've got to know. All I want you to tell me is why you did it, why you ever married him; and for goodness sake don't keep anything from me any longer!"

"Larry!" For a moment even Judy's peril faded from her mind at the realization of what his words meant. "Larry! You—care still?"

"Care?" he said roughly. "What do you think I am? Do you think I love one day and forget the next?"

"But—your letter—you never came or telephoned."

"When I knew, I saw red. I thought you'd been playing with me—I didn't care what happened and I went to Mae at once and made her fix the marriage."

"And now—now." She could not finish and he turned to her, his eyes bloodshot, his face working.

"I couldn't forget you. God forgive me, I've never held Mae in my arms without thinking of you, trying to believe it was you; without hating myself; and when we met—here—" his voice stumbled heavily—"when I saw you, I knew you couldn't have treated me like that—on purpose. And this morning I couldn't stand it any longer. Tania! Why didn't you tell me that day at Dodsworth?"

Brokenly she answered him:

"I was going to tell you the next morning. I was going to ask you to help me to get free—only—oh, Larry, I ought to have told you at Dodsworth, only I wanted just that one perfect memory! I'd been so unhappy so long—and you told me you loved me and I loved you and I hadn't the courage, Larry—"

She was in his arms with his lips on hers, and for a little everything was blotted out in the rapture of that hungered-for embrace. Then at last, resting against him she told him the whole pitiful story up to the very night she had met him when Blakiston had

used his first threat. She felt his muscles stiffen and the quiver that ran through him when he heard of that wedding, and sensed the rage that stormed through him. But even that meant nothing to her for the time being, since all was well between her and the man she loved.

Later the realization of their difficulties came to them and they began efforts to find a way out. That Judy's engagement must at all costs be prevented, Larry agreed; and Tania's hand desperately gripped his.

"Larry, you'll help me save Judy at any cost?"

"At any cost except the sacrifice of yourself," he said very gently. "And that will not be necessary. Give me twenty-four hours to think. He shan't trick her, too."

wine in their glasses, he drew up a plan of campaign.

"You are going back to England within the next week or so, and I think you must tell your father everything. Can you?"

"To save Judy, I must," Tania said, and even as she spoke wondered why the food did not choke her; why she was so heartless as to be enjoying it; and knew in the same instant that it was because Larry sat at the little table with her. Larry was looking at her and his strong, hard hand was holding hers.

"Good. Then I think you will have to see Blakiston. I wish you needn't but I'm afraid you must. You can tell him that if he persists you'll expose him."

"That's what he wants," Tania said. "You see, Larry, this has just been to force



## INTERLUDE

by MONROE HEATH

Like languorous smoke that curls along a cloth,  
Measureless peace descends upon me now.  
Shades from the candle's gentle light seem loth  
To stir their clinging vestures, and endow  
This room with a reluctant mystery.  
Faint fumes of coffee rise; plump kettles glow  
In circling golden smiles. How good to see  
Such friendliness; how good to hear the low  
Murmur of voices in easy badinage  
Or quiet converse of inconsequences—  
Warm human interlude while moments age  
To memory of contented soul and senses!

"I will do anything you say," Tania said, and he put his arm round her again and held her close.

"What a fool I was!" he said brokenly. "Tania, beloved, can you ever forgive me? If I'd only waited—but I was mad, crazy. I couldn't reason. I knew the cad Blakiston was even then, and the thought that he had touched you—held you—had you—it drove me insane. Forgive me, Tania—"

"Larry, Larry, don't! I was as much to blame—more. I ought to have told you at once! It was cruel—I was afraid—Larry . . ."

They clung together, their faces wet with each other's tears, children for the while, heartbroken and seeing no future beyond the tragedy of the moment.

MUCH later Larry's car drew up at a little wayside restaurant outside Chambéry and they had lunch on a rickety little iron table under green trees, for Larry had come sufficiently to his senses to insist on food for them both. Over the omelet and chicken, with the sun glinting on the golden

my hand. He'll face anything to get me."

"He may not like the idea of facing prison!" Larry said dryly. "And bigamy is punished severely nowadays. Ask him. It's terrible that I can't protect you in any way."

"You would if you could, Larry dear. I know that," she said, laying her other hand for a moment over his. "And I agree that if he really means to do this thing I must tell father everything. I can face it now, Larry. Before, I was desperate."

"I was desperate, too," he said simply. "I realized then that there was a great deal must be said between us. Tania, there is a great deal more, but it can't be said yet. What I do want you to remember is this. I love you and you only with all my body and soul. There's nothing in the world I wouldn't do if you asked me, and in so far as I can without injuring you, I'll stand back of you in everything."

She looked at him through a sudden mist of tears born out of tenderness.

"Dear, I shall always remember it, and I trust you and believe you with all my heart. I can't see any future for us, but just

now I am so happy that the future does not seem to threaten. Larry, can we meet in London?"

"As often as you wish. I'd ask for nothing better than to spend the rest of my life with you. But as it is we can see a good deal of each other. I shan't be neglecting Mae. All she wants is excitement, dancing, and a crowd. The only thing I must watch is the protection of your name, dear, and because of that I must not be with you too often."

"I know. I'm talking like a child now, Larry, and I'm a woman. It's only just for the heavenly satisfaction of hearing you say you care. It's so wonderful. So unbelievably dear to me."

Presently, the car headed once more for Aix, he asked her immediate plans: "I'm dining with the Cavendishes—we shall be in the villa I expect afterwards. Tomorrow there is a luncheon grandmamma is giving, and on Friday I expect we go back. How long shall you stay?"

"Another fortnight or so—then Deauville, so Mae says. After that I shall have to go down to Dodsworth for a couple of weeks and we go to Scotland for the First. I shan't be back in America till the fall."

"You'll ring me up when you get to London in case I'm still over here?"

"Directly. But, Tania, you'll write. You'll let me know what has happened? I shall be frantic till I hear. And, Tania—" he laid his left hand on her knee, "you mustn't think because I have made no definite plan that I mean to leave things as they are. You understand?"

She met his eyes, smiled and nodded.

"I understand Larry dear."

"I hope you do," he said with sudden intensity, "because I'll leave no stone unturned to put an end to my marriage as well as yours. I am your lover now and always and you are mine. But it will not be easy—or quick. God forgive me, for the scoundrel I've been in marrying Mae at all."

Tania's face was very pale and she turned her gaze away and looked instead at the swiftly running river beside the road.

"Larry, what right have you to do this? You married Mae of your own free will, and because you find you have made a mistake is no reason why you should leave her and wreck your life together. Oh, my dear, we've both made our beds and we've got to lie on them, and that's all there is to it."

With a sudden savage intensity he spoke.

"If I thought that," he said very slowly, "I would drive this car into the river and put an end to it all for both of us. Don't talk to me of rights and wrongs. I'll admit them, so it is a waste of time. But I will not give up the chance to get you—sooner or later; you shall belong to me as I belong to you and this hideous nightmare of a life shall be over for ever."

The hot afternoon sun poured down upon the wide valley with its ripening corn, its streams and fields, its willows and oaks and poplars and stately elms. The vines were heavy with fruit, the wild flowers patches of color in the grass by the roadsides, and in the whole lovely landscape was the sense of rich fertility and promise fulfilled . . . only for themselves was life barren.

They talked but little more and near the golf links they overtook a horse carriage on its way back to Aix, whereupon Larry signalled it and pulled up.

"I'm going to the clubhouse and I'm going to send you back to the Europe in this," he said. "In case anyone saw us leave early this morning and chose to gossip, it's better. I am a reckless fool in most things but I want to shelter you. You'll watch for me tonight?"

"I shall see no one till I see you."

"You love me?"

"I love you."

"You are all the world to me—there's no one else—there never will be. If you don't go—quickly—I shall make a fool of myself. My darling. My own dear love—"

BUT Larry did not see Tania alone again until she left, for the duchess had made many engagements, and Tania felt obliged to fall in with them, especially as her grand-

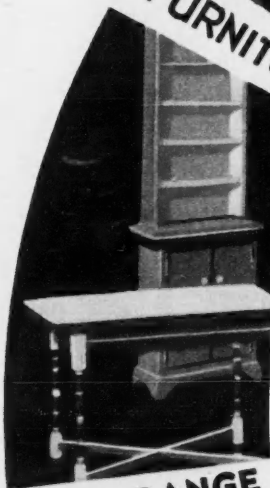
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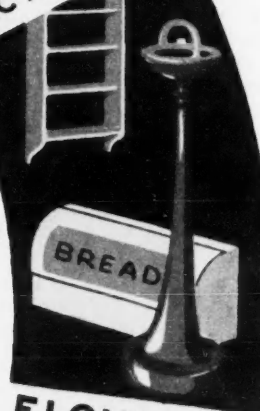


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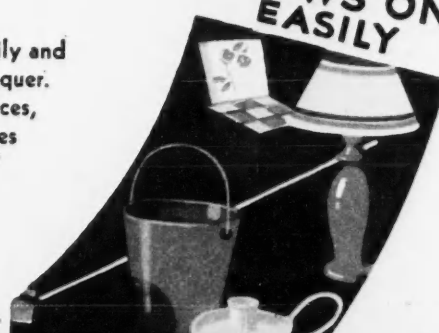


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Round and round in her tired brain the questions chased themselves, and it was with shameless relief that she learned the next morning that Judy had returned from her drive with a sore throat and would stay in bed. Lady Emily was hardly less relieved; she was awaiting almost hour by hour the reply to her cable and when it came it was entirely satisfactory.

"Imperative you return. Passages arranged *Homeric*, sailing 10th. Bring girls. Love. Ross."

She read it through twice, pausing at the last word but one. Love. Ross seldom wasted money, generous as he was, and he never used a term of endearment easily. Love. What did it mean? Would her return home tell her that she still had her husband left, or was this one word but a casual courtesy?

Tania, knowing Judy was for the time being safe, was able to listen without betrayal to her alternate anger and despair at their father's orders, and allowed herself to wonder if she might dare hope to see Larry before she left for home. He had said they were coming. Was there a chance that they would arrive in time? Despite all her thoughts, her next meeting with him was as unexpected in its surroundings as the last had been, for on a July day, when after endless torment of mind she had still not reached any conclusion, the day of Judy's return, she found herself at Lords for the first day of the Eton and Harrow match.

They were to join the duke's party for luncheon and his coach was drawn up in an excellent position. The duchess, his mother, was not present, and Emily was to play hostess for him. So when the luncheon bell rang a minute after the Eton captain had made a century, the crowd began to surge out of its seats, and Tania, in a frock of painted chiffon, palest lilac in hue, looked at herself in her hand mirror and wished she had put on more color. The lilac shades made her too pale to be becoming. Then she forgot all about it, for a voice, deep and rather husky, said just behind her:

"Hello, Tania! What luck meeting you in all this crowd!" And wheeling round she found Larry at her side.

His morning-coat and grey top hat brought back the memory of his wedding with a pang, but the smile in his eyes and the hard clasp of his hand drove that memory away and she let all her gladness at the sight of him leap to her eyes.

"Larry! Oh, Larry! I had no idea you were back. How good to see you!"

He stood looking down as if he could never feast his eyes enough on the sight of her.

"I came back yesterday. We're staying at the *Ritz*. Mae's coming this afternoon. Cricket bores her. Any chance of us lunching together?"

"I'm with my cousin Lambourne. You must join us, of course. The coach is just a little farther down."

"No hope of being alone?"

"Not the slightest, Larry."

"I was hungry for the sight of you," he said very low. "Hungry? No, not hungry—starving! All right. I'll behave. Only let me sit next to you."

"We can get a chance to talk presently. Now come with me and meet the others."

Side by side they strolled through the throng, Tania breathing a little quickly, the pallor she had disliked invaded now by a faint and lovely color. Larry trying to keep his emotions in order wondered if she knew that she was the most beautiful of all God's creatures. How could he protect her from the storm that threatened?

At the coach they found a gay party; the duke himself paying a great deal of attention to a charming young French girl who was a friend of Tania, Jeanette de Courvilles; his sister Marjorie swinging slim, peach-colored legs from the high box seat, Emily superintending the footmen's arrangement of food. All Larry wanted was to sit near Tania, to realize with every quivering nerve that he was back again at her side, that his eyes could see her, his hands touch her. Somewhere at the back of his mind he knew there was suffering for them both, self-denial, undying hunger. But for the moment that

knowledge was but a far-off shadow hardly infringing upon the horizon, and amid this scene of gaiety and clean enjoyment and summer sunshine, was the illusion of safety and happiness.

Luncheon over, play began, and he had no chance yet for the coveted talk to Tania, but when stumps were drawn at six and the vast multicolored crowd made for the gates, it was easy to separate her from the others and in the crush snatch a few minutes privacy.

"Tonight I'm dining at my grandmother's—a big party, and we are dancing at the Embassy at half-past eleven. Meet us there, Larry."

"I will. We'll get some sort of a time together. I don't know what Mae has arranged to do but we can drift in here later, anyhow. Tania, did I tell you you are the most adorable woman in all the world? And this frock is like every other frock you wear—exquisite?"

"Not in words," Tania said demurely, and in the crush he tightened his fingers in the crook of her arm till they bruised the delicate flesh, to show in five darkened points when she began to dress an hour and a half later.

IN THE crush of the dancing on such a night it was easy for Tania and Larry to snatch a few moments alone at the Embassy and Tania told him her news. He listened almost in silence, but his hand stole to hers and gave it a quick close grip; and when she had ended he was silent for a little.

"It's all a mess," he said at last. "You naturally want to punish him, but if you do so at this juncture you can't protect Judy. Any attack on him will hurt her. You must keep quiet Tania for the moment. Nothing else is any good."

"I thought you'd say that," she said in that tired expressionless voice. "It's what I felt myself. I cannot help Judy now—only injure her. But supposing Rodney's marriage to me should become known? What then? Somebody may have known: there's always the register. That's the thing that haunts me Larry."

"I know," Larry said savagely. "That's the thing I'm afraid of, too. That's the danger and for the moment I can't see how to meet it."

"I've thought and thought," Tania said. "I feel now that my brain is not clear any longer but just that it is a maze of aches and tangled ideas. Oh, Larry, it sounds so easy to keep silent but I fear sometimes I may lose my self-control. If—if he hurts Judy, I would kill him!"

Larry turned sharply round and looked at her.

"Stop that!" he said. "You'll do nothing of the sort. You're not the type of woman to fail when something big is demanded of you. And rest assured that hog won't dare to marry your sister. He knows the position he's in, and he knows you'll watch him like a cat watching a mouse. I'm not afraid of that."

"If I were sure of what you say I could face things better," Tania said. "Oh, Larry, do you mean that?"

"Most certainly. I do, and if you think a minute you'll see I'm right. He dare not marry her. When it's broken off she's bound to be miserable; and we've got to break it off, but the question is, how?" They were both silent a moment, then Larry spoke in a different tone.

"Tania, darling, there's another side to all this, yours and mine. It's a blow between the eyes, and just for the moment I don't feel I'm taking it too well. I've been planning since you left Aix to get us both free decently; and now there is no decent way. This has finished everything for the time being, if we're to shield Judy. Mae's tired to death of me and marriage. I could have fixed that, but now Blakiston has done this thing there's no way out for us."

The pain in his voice wrung her heart and the surroundings added an ironical quota to their unhappiness; the crowded club, the dancing in full swing, themselves side by side standing on the stairs, looks, clothes, health—if anyone might be envied by the

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mother's remaining time in Aix was short, and did not enquire further about her anxiety with regard to Blakiston.

On the Friday morning as they took their seats in the Paris train, the duchess having decided to break her journey there and travel by train, Tania looked about the quiet shabby station with a sense of utter despair. In a way, the knowledge of Larry's misery made her own more unbearable and the future stretched hopeless and loveless before her. After a while she knew she would pull herself together, take up the broken strands of her life and weave them into some decent useful pattern, but just now all her strength was needed to hide her pain from those around her. Sitting back in her corner she suddenly heard her name called huskily and, starting up, she saw Larry bareheaded on the platform. As she leaned out he caught her hand, looking up at her with tormented eyes.

"I had to see you again. Oh, Tania, throw the whole thing up. No, no, don't listen. I'm half mad this morning."

His face was haggard, his eyes bloodshot; he looked as though he had not been to bed all night. The duchess, wondering who was speaking to her granddaughter with such urgency, leaned forward, saw who it was, and touched Tania's arm.

"Tell Mr. Cardross to get in. We have six minutes."

Tania gave the message and Larry obeyed, controlling voice and manner just sufficiently to utter conventional greetings, and the duchess, her glance stern, kept him talking nothings till the train was due to start. Then she dismissed him regally, and he had to leap out with only a glance for Tania. As the train drew out of the station Tania saw him standing there, tall and broad, in white flannels and the customary old tweed coat, his hand raised in farewell.

THEY drove from Victoria straight to Lambourne House to find Lady Emily there waiting to give them tea, and no sign of Judy. The latter was out, her mother said, and when the duchess had retired to rest after her journey, Emily came and sat near Tania and looked her up and down.

"What's the matter, my dear?" she enquired. "You look ghastly."

"The journey was so terribly hot, I nearly died," Tania said, drinking tea gratefully. "And after all, grandmamma is rather a responsibility, you know."

"Ye-es." Emily gave a little nod and, as if making some silent decision, reached briskly for the cigarettes and held out the box to her daughter.

"It's new for you to complain of heat," she remarked. "However, one changes. You'd like to know our plans, perhaps?"

"Please. How is daddy?"

"Extremely well when I last heard. He stayed a week after the Court and then went back. We are going to stay till about the 16th. I've taken our passages on the *Homer*. That will give Judy the best part of the season."

"Is she enjoying it?"

Emily looked curiously at her daughter. She had a piece of news for her, and she was perplexed as to how she would take it.

"Yes, she is enjoying herself immensely. You'll be interested to hear that her engagement has just been announced."

"Mother! Who to? Not—"

"Rodney Blakiston." Emily's own color faded a little at the look on Tania's face, a look she utterly misunderstood, but her bright composure did not waver. "You're surprised?"

Tania set down her cup and crushing the half-smoked cigarette with the saucer took another, and in her heart Emily was saying to herself: "It's true then. That story of Mary Brian's—oh, my darling child—my poor darling."

At last Tania spoke.

"Yes I'm surprised. He is not the man Judy ought to marry. I—I had no idea there was a likelihood of it when I left."

"Neither had anyone. I don't approve at all and neither does your father. She's far too young to know her own mind, and just in her first season."

"I suppose he fascinated her," Tania said dully. "He can be attractive when he likes in a sophisticated selfish way. You'll not give your consent to the marriage?"

"Certainly not—if they wait to ask first!"

"They must wait," Tania said in a strangled voice. "They must! He's not the man. He's—" She broke off, waves of alternate heat and cold sweeping her as though she might be about to faint. Emily, shrewdly observing her, took up the sentence as though she noticed nothing amiss.

"I don't like the young man at all. I never did. But Judy is infatuated. The child is going about in a veritable dream of ecstasy. But we mustn't stay gossiping here, Tania. There is a dinner I've accepted for you—the Bentincks are giving it at the Berkeley and dancing. Half-past eight, dear. Have a rest first and get your color back."

She dismissed Tania deliberately, seeing the state she was in, and not wishing her to say in a moment of physical exhaustion what she would later bitterly regret. If anything of the past was to be told, it must be told after due consideration. But when the door had closed behind Tania she threw away her cigarette, and closing her eyes sat rigid in her chair, her hands gripping the arms, her face lifted, her mouth set to hide its trembling.

Two tears forced themselves from beneath her lids, but she would not cry. This was no time for weak self-indulgence; she must keep her brain clear, her nerves steady so that she could decide what path to take. But her heart ached and only her iron will upheld her, for sitting there alone face to face with her own past she believed that she and she only was responsible for this tragedy. If she had done her duty as wife and mother, if in the years of her daughters' adolescence she had rejoiced in her motherhood rather than been bored by it, this would not have happened.

A footman coming into the room saw her sitting there rigid as though carved in stone, and hesitated as to whether he had better deliver the message he carried or not, but she opened her eyes as he came across the room and spoke in her usual manner.

"Yes—what is it?"

"A message from Miss Judith, m'lady. She has gone down with Captain Blakiston to Bray and will not be back to dinner."

"Very well."

She dismissed him curtly and getting up went over to the window and stood looking down. This burden that was upon her overshadowed the world—Tania—Judy—Ross. She had lost her children. Had she lost her husband? Had Ross waited in vain and finally turned to others for the understanding and sympathy she had been too busy to give?

Tania—Judy—Ross. Over and over the three names rang in her head as she stood there, forcing herself to composure, to consideration of this problem that was now hers.

She was too late to save Tania. God grant she might be in time to rescue Judy. Of Ross she must not, dare not think.

Later, in her maid's hands before dinner, she made her plans and dictated a cable to her husband.

"Imperative we return at once. Must consult you. Send cable demanding return of girls and myself admitting no argument." She paused a moment, then added, "No need worry. Emily."

That would for the moment carry Judy beyond the reach of immediate danger and enable her to consult with Ross.

As for Tania she had thought the depths plumbed on the day of Larry's marriage, but this showed her to have been wrong. This was something greater, more far-reaching; this might be the wreckage of a young life, the blasting of Judy's future. Yet how to act. What to do? Was she wholly to blame in refusing to make that secret unconsummated marriage public? Was it so much her fault that the innocent must suffer for her folly? Was the punishment to fall on the young sister she loved, despite all she could do?

## Solitaire Helps You Think

Continued from page 7

with one hand," she said, rather helplessly. "Shall I play it out for you?"

"If you want to."

There was an empty chair beside the low table; she tried to look as if the chair had been meant for Mrs. Holland. He sat down in it and took the cards from her. They were careful not to touch fingers. She leaned back and looked out into the trees.

"Do you know, John," she said contentedly after a while, "I like it here. It's so quiet. It's so restful. No one 'my dears' me or 'darlings' me. No one makes me do things. People aren't all the time talking. Look out—you're skipping a good six! There. And there's trees. There's just you and me and Mrs. Holland and maybe the doctor and the dog and Mrs. Holland's canary. I like it."

His voice was queer, but his hands were steady. "Thanks."

"There's always time here. No rush, there's always tomorrow. You can breathe. You can listen to the birds. You can watch a leaf uncurl. You can watch a cloud sail by. I think I shall stay here, John."

Now his voice was as steady as his hands. "You can't."

"Why can't I John?"

"Because," he answered gently, "your people are coming for you."

She sat up quickly. "I won't go with them!"

He looked at her. But he did not try to kiss her. His eyes were kind. "I'm afraid you'll have to," he said quietly.

"I won't be here when they come!"

She got up and went back to the house, slowly and unsteadily, with the collie. He followed her but he did not touch her.

"Where will you go?"

"I don't know. But I won't be here. You can tell them I've gone."

"Do you mean that?"

"You'll see!"

All that day and the next she watched very carefully like Sister Anne. When she saw from afar the long, low limousine bowling along the road, she went unhurriedly to a downstairs closet and took one of John's coats. Still unhurriedly she went to the kitchen and clumsily cut herself four slices of bread. She buttered them and put salt on two just for variety. Then she went out into the woods and sat under a tree until it was quite dark. She ate the bread and butter and wrapped John's coat around her and held one sleeve against her cheek.

When she thought it was time, she got up and went back to the house. She stood in the French window and held on to the side with her left hand.

"Put that red three on the black four," she said.

He put the red three on the black four. "They've gone," he said.

"Yes." She came in and sat down on the edge of a fat tufted chair. "Did you wonder about me?"

"I knew you'd come back."

"How did you know? I might have taken the money from my purse in the drawer and I might have walked to the main road and begged a lift to the station and taken a train. How did you know?"

"I knew."

"Yes." She leaned her head against the back of the fat tufted chair. "I'm hungry," she said.

He was on his feet in an instant. "Mrs. Holland," he bawled. "Mrs. Holland!" he roared.

Mrs. Holland came running.

"She's hungry," he explained.

"Of course she is, the lamb," said Mrs. Holland.

"May I have a tray in here, please? I should like it. I want to watch John play solitaire."

She had her tray and she watched John play solitaire. After the tray had been removed, she leaned back again and sighed contentedly.

"Once upon a time," she began dreamily, "there was a girl who was brought up to

make a good match. From tiny girlhood she was brought up to make a good match. She had language lessons and dancing lessons and deportment lessons and she was sent to Europe to school. She was pushed around like a doll. She was stuffed with strictly selected ideas. She was dieted. She was exercised. She was trained," she said very pleasantly, "just like a race horse."

"She learned how to say the right thing, how to play the right games, how to talk to a butler, how to wear clothes, how to carry herself, and how to hold her mouth."

"Well, finally, she did make a good match; she became engaged. No, she became affianced; she was betrothed. In the continental manner she was betrothed, with her mother relaying the proposal, with chaperones, with formalities and arrangements. She was quite accustomed by this time to being pushed around like a doll."

"So then she had to shop and have fittings and go here and be seen there, and attend to this and be careful of that, and people began to give parties for her, and every day had every single minute, every tiny second allotted to some particular thing; and people kissed her and pawed her and made a fuss over her until she thought she would go mad. Because inside she was not sawdust like a doll. Sometimes she could not eat for fatigue; mostly she could not sleep for thinking."

"But her fiancé did not know this. He escaped it all because he lived in the country most of the time. Everyone thought him an eccentric, but he could afford to do as he pleased because his name meant so much and because he had so much money. So no one dared to criticize, but congratulated the girl because after she was married she could do as she pleased, too. And the girl only found out later that her mother had been afraid that her jangled nerves might make her act nastily to her fiancé and say the wrong things, and that the fiancé might become annoyed and call the whole thing off. Of course that would be a terrible waste because he was such a prize, and anyway that was what the girl had been brought up for. So her mother had smiled and said that all girls were overstrung and queerish before their weddings, and she quoted poetry coyly and finally suggested that the girl's fiancé take himself off somewhere and not see the girl for a while."

"And meanwhile the girl was going on smiling and prattling and smiling and thanking until suddenly one day—something snapped. She thought of the wedding exhibition and something snapped. And she knew that she was through being a doll."

"So she put some money into a purse and took a car and ran away. But first she drove out into the country. She speeded and she told herself things out loud and she sang, more like screeching than singing, and she laughed. She laughed because she was going to tell her fiancé how much she hated him and because she could picture his face when she told him the whole thing had gone ka-pot and then threw his ring at him. You have been getting paler and paler. Why are you so white?"

He put a red eight on a red two. "You wouldn't understand."

"But then the girl had an accident and she had to stay at her fiancé's house. And she learned a lot. She learned that he was kind and chivalrous and good but that he couldn't say things. She learned that he loved the outdoors and woodsy things. She saw how simply and sweetly he lived. And she knew—she knew that she loved him very very much."

Over crashed the table with the cards. He went to her and swept her up to him. He put his hand on her throat and tilted her head back on his arm and kissed her hungrily over and over again.

She clung to him, sling and all. "Oh, Timothy John! Oh, Tim, my darling! Why didn't you do this in the beginning?"

He rocked her in his arms. "Because your mother told me to go slowly, to go gently,



## How An Amazing Facial Really Rejuvenates Faces in 20 Minutes

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# Old English Wax

PASTE and LIQUID

ignorant it would surely be Larry and herself just now. With a smile which had no mirth in it she turned to him.

"It is odd how habit holds us, isn't it? Here we are, you and me, apparently enjoying ourselves—here to enjoy ourselves—carrying on our ordinary life, doing what all the rest of our set does, and underneath"—she broke off mistrusting her voice, her eyes filled, and Larry seeing that first unexpected wavering of fine courage, felt a flame of mingled tenderness and passion course through him. Gripping her hand he answered her hardly above his breath.

"Tania, come with me—to Canada. I'll buy another place right away. Let's leave it all. You're not a child. You know you can trust me. I'll never leave you again. Come with me—"

The stumbling husky voice, the agonizing grip of his fingers, the look in his face, all weakened her. She had suffered so cruelly and so long. Wherever she looked there seemed no way out of the impasse in which they were. The syncopation of the orchestra beat intolerably upon her brain even as the heat of the place was stifling to her lungs. With one swift noiseless movement she was at the cloakroom door.

"Larry, I can't stand it. Take me home—" her voice was almost inaudible, and Larry, summoning an attendant to call a taxi, put his arm through hers as she came out of the cloakroom, almost carried her up the stairs, and putting her into the taxi took her in his arms.

She lay there like one utterly exhausted, eyes wide open yet hardly seeing him, seeing instead freedom, wide rivers and lovely forest, the vast land that awaited her and the company of the man she loved, away from all the artificiality of the life which surrounded her.

As for Larry, misunderstanding her silence, seeing her so white beneath the tell-tale color, feeling her frail slenderness, self-reproach seized him. Holding her close, he spoke as quietly as his emotion would let him.

"Tania, forgive me. I was mad. You can't do that, I know, and I was a brute and a fool to whine. I want to save you from being hurt, and that would be hurting you more than everything else..."

She turned her head a little against his shoulder, looking up at him.

"There's no way out, Larry. You're Mae's husband. You can't turn her down for my faults, even if I could get free and I can't. No. Hush, dear! I know you don't feel it that way but it's true. It was my fault—all of it. I ought to have known better. I did know better. I was a coward and fear made me do a thing I knew was wrong. I'm a coward now, Larry—but I am afraid of doing a wrong thing again. You must help me. I've no strength left."

He lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it and then suddenly broke down utterly, hiding his face on her shoulder and sobbing with the grinding agony of a man who has passed the limit of endurance. At that sudden collapse Tania's weakness left her, and into her mind, incongruously perhaps, came the words of the old time saint.

"Love watcheth and sleeping, slumbereth not. When weary it is not tired; when straitened it is not confined; when frightened it is not disturbed; but like a vivid flame and a burning torch it mounteth upward and securely passeth through all."

"Securely passeth through all." Tania laid her cheek against his temple and waited till the first violence of his emotion had passed; then very gently she spoke.

"Larry, I love you. Remember always I love you. Nothing will ever alter that. But I am not going to see you again like this. It hurts us both too much."

He lifted his head, thankful for the dusk that hid his tears.

"I'm ashamed. Forgive me. You're right. I mustn't see you. I make it harder. But if ever you want me I'll come. If ever I can help you forget all this—forget I've been a fool and a coward. I will never behave like this again. If I can serve

you"—he bent swiftly and kissed the hem of her dress—"I am at your feet."

They said good-by, outside in the July starlit dusk of the Square. He watched the heavy door open and the footman admit her, saw her turn and look back at him just once; then the door closed, lurching a little like a man half-drunken. He crossed the pavement to the taxi, paid the man, and started back toward Bond Street.

To Lambourne and Lady Emily he gave the same message:

"Tania felt faint. It was the heat, she said, and I took her home. She asked me to tell you she was perfectly all right but tired, and to make her excuses."

"I thought she was tired," her mother said. "You're sure she's all right Mr. Cardross?"

"Quite. She is absolutely all right and there's not the least need for anxiety."

**T**HE homecoming for Emily and her daughters, Judy still rebellious, was unexpectedly pleasant, for as the boat docked Ross was seen on the quay waving to them, and Tania, happening to glance at her mother's face, saw it queerly set as if to hide some unexpected emotion.

Her father, she thought, looked pale, and the lines about his mouth had deepened, but his eyes lit up as she kissed him, and he put an arm round her in a quick gesture of affection. Then Emily stepped forward and held out her hand.

"Good afternoon, Ross. Punctual as ever!"

Her words were light as her tone, but Tania discovered the under current of emotion that prevented her being serious, and Ross appeared to notice it, too, for he held her hand rather longer than usual and then bending down kissed her. It was a light kiss on the cheek, yet Emily felt herself quiver at it. The question that had tormented her almost without ceasing for these last three weeks was again uppermost and the sight of her husband gave it a new urgency. Was she to lose him? Had she lost him, as she had lost her children? Had he in his loneliness turned to someone else for the comfort and warmth she had been too busy and too egotistical to give?

She could learn nothing from his face. That was as ever inscrutable, but here at last was a possible chance for her. She was back; he seemed pleased to see her and always that one word on the cable, "Love," kept close in her memory, giving to her a warm feeling of happiness and allowing her to hope.

They docked at half-past twelve, and went to lunch at one of the uptown restaurants, the baggage going to the house. There Ross informed them of his own plans, remembering that Emily probably had not wished her daughters to know of the request for the cable.

"I've been staying in town, as it didn't seem worth opening up the house at White Ledges," he said as they ate iced melon. "But you couldn't bear it; the heat's been something fierce. So everything's ready; Emily and I think the place is looking good. Will you have your trunks sent straight down or what?"

"We'd better go down tomorrow," Emily said. "Don't you think so, Tania? I don't want to take all the things I have down there. I packed in such a hurry that the linen is packed with scent, and my clothes with some old brocade for that Italian chair in your study."

So it was left at that.

**A**T TWO O'CLOCK the next morning, Emily, ensconced comfortably in a corner of the big car, whose top was open despite the heat, drove down-town to pick up Ross, who was ready for her, and got in beside her with a brief word of greeting. Emily's spirits rose with every mile, even though Ross sat beside her, speaking only of casual things when he spoke at all.

Out now between scented hedgerows and fields thick with standing wheat and barley, Emily chose as her moment to put out her hand and lay it lightly upon his.

Continued on page 71

which has been melted, then the well-beaten eggs. Sift in the flour and salt, then add the nuts and flavoring. Mix thoroughly and spread in a shallow buttered pan about three-quarters of an inch thick. Bake for half an hour at 350 to 375 degrees Fahr. Remove from the oven and cut in bars while still hot.

#### Cocoanut Sticks

- 1 Cupful of white flour
- 2 Cupfuls of Graham flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cocoanut
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sour cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of milk

Mix the first five ingredients together. Dissolve the soda in the sour cream, add the milk and combine with the dry ingredients. Let the mixture stand in a cool place for half an hour. Roll to one-third inch thickness. Cut in strips three to four inches long and bake at 400 degrees until crisp and brown. They should be turned frequently to avoid burning.

#### To Candy Orange Peel

Choose thin-skinned oranges and remove the peel in quarters or sixths. Cover with cold water, heat to boiling point and cook slowly until soft. Drain, scrape off the white portion and cut the rind into strips. Make a syrup by boiling one cupful of sugar with one half cupful of water until a thread spins when a little is dropped from a spoon. Cook the strips in the syrup for five minutes, drain and roll in powdered sugar.

#### Maple Mousse

- 4 Egg yolks
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of maple syrup
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of whipping cream
- Pinch of salt

Beat the egg yolks slightly. Heat the maple syrup and pour over the egg yolks. Return to the double boiler and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Allow to cool and when cold fold in the cream which has been whipped. Add the salt, pack in a mold and let stand packed in ice and salt (three parts ice to one part salt) for three to four hours—or freeze in the tray of a mechanical refrigerator.

#### Jellied Asparagus Salad

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of mild vinegar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of lemon juice
- 2 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of very finely-chopped onion
- Pimento
- Asparagus, fresh cooked or canned

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Add the vinegar and lemon juice, boiling water, onion, salt and sugar. Stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Strain and cool. Arrange the asparagus stalks in small bundles in a shallow pan and bind each one with a strip of pimento. Carefully pour the cold gelatine mixture over them and allow to set. Cut in sections so that each section contains an asparagus bundle. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise and garnish with tomato sections.

## Cross Currents

Continued from page 68

"You haven't asked me why I sent that cable," she said. "Don't you want to know?"

He had thought his start as she touched him had been imperceptible, but she had felt it, and a cold blankness swept over her as he withdrew his hand, to be followed by a quickening of every nerve. For the withdrawal had been but to clasp her fingers in his.

"I thought you'd tell me when you were ready," he said. "It's enough that you wanted to come."

She shot a quick glance at him.

"You're pleased?"

"Of course."

"But really? It means something to you that I am here?"

"A man generally prefers his wife to be with him rather than have her the other side of the Atlantic."

She moved impatiently; but for the comfortable feeling of his hand on hers she would have matched her tone with the gesture.

"Yes, of course. It wasn't what I meant."

#### Lemon Marlow

- $2\frac{1}{4}$  Dozen marshmallows
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of water
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream

Place the marshmallows and the water in a double boiler and steam until the marshmallows are completely melted and liquefied. Add the lemon juice and cool. When quite cold and partly stiffened, fold in the cream which has been whipped. Freeze as you would the Maple Mousse.

#### Frozen Fruit Salad

- 1 Cupful of whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{8}$  Cupful of powdered sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cooked salad dressing
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- $2\frac{1}{4}$  Cupfuls of mixed fruits (Peaches, pineapple, pears, cherries, oranges, bananas, and strawberries)

The fruits may be fresh or canned and are cut in pieces, or if desired a portion of them could be mashed.

Whip the cream, add the sugar, salad dressing and lemon juice. Fold in the prepared fruits and pack in ice as for Maple Mousse or freeze in a mechanical refrigerator. Unmold and serve on crisp lettuce with fruit salad dressing or mayonnaise to which whipped cream has been added.

#### Strawberry Bavarian Cream

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of strawberry syrup
- Powdered sugar if necessary
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of whipping cream
- 1 Cupful of strawberries, cut in pieces

Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the boiling water. Add the strawberry juice which may be the syrup from preserved berries or the sweetened juice of freshly cooked berries. Add more sugar if necessary. Allow the mixture to cool and partly thicken, stirring frequently. Then add the whipped cream and fold in the berries. Mold and chill and serve with additional fresh sweetened berries if desired.

#### A Delicious Fruit Drink

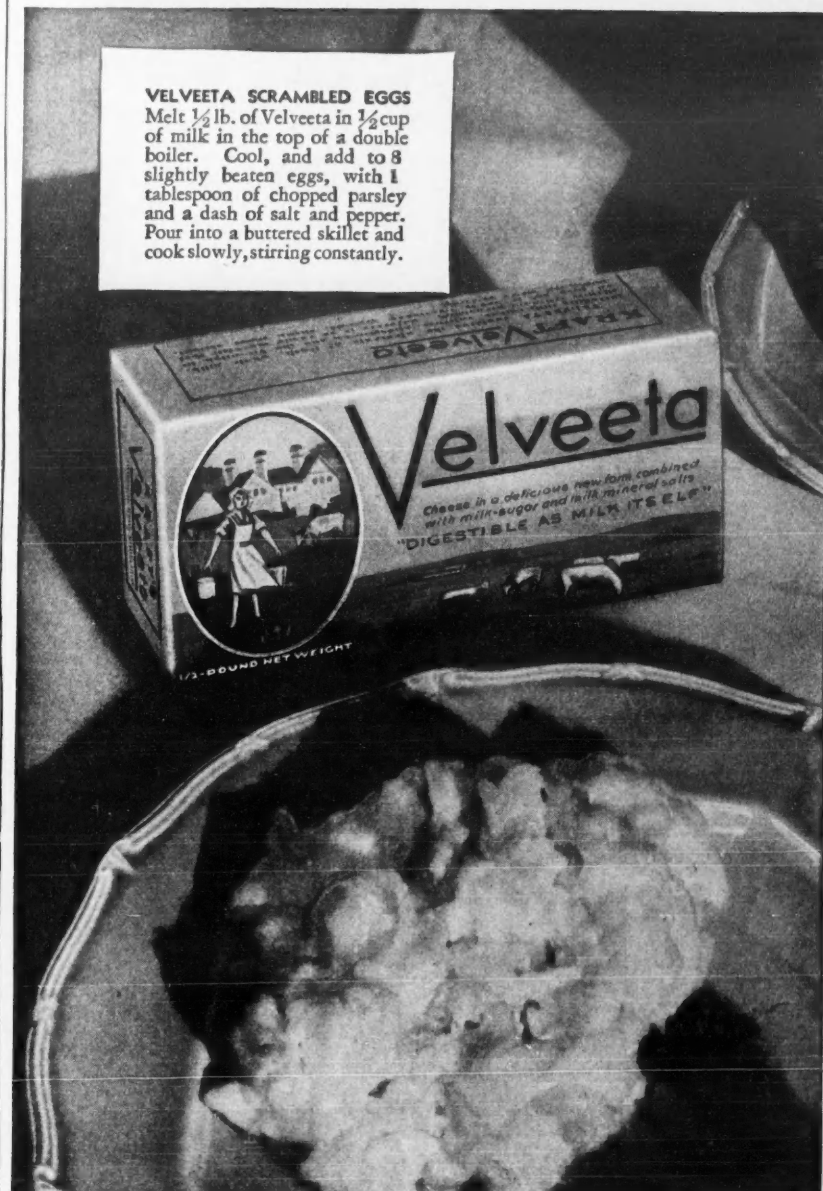
- 1 Cupful of grapefruit juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of orange juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of lemon juice
- $1\frac{1}{4}$  Cupfuls of water
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of sugar syrup

(Make syrup by boiling together for ten minutes one cupful of water and one cupful of sugar. Cool and bottle and use as desired.) Mix all the above ingredients and chill. Serve with cubes of mint ice made as follows:

- 2 Bunches of mint
- 1 Quart of boiling water
- Green coloring
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of sugar

Wash the mint and chop finely. Add the boiling water and the sugar and let stand in a warm place for an hour; add lemon juice and green coloring. Pour into the tray of the refrigerator and freeze as you would ordinary ice cubes.

## \* DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF!



#### VELVEETA SCRAMBLED EGGS

Melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of Velveeta in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of milk in the top of a double boiler. Cool, and add to 8 slightly beaten eggs, with 1 tablespoon of chopped parsley and a dash of salt and pepper. Pour into a buttered skillet and cook slowly, stirring constantly.

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in familiar dishes

HERE are scrambled eggs you'll be proud to produce. They simply refuse to be commonplace. They're flavored with Velveeta! And so easy to do! (See recipe above.)

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## A delightful recipe for Canned Salmon filling



### SALMON CANADIENNE

Flake one can Salmon. Place heaping tablespoon of it in cocktail glass. Over this pour sauce made of one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, two tablespoons tomato catsup, a dash of cayenne, a pinch of salt and a little sugar. Serve with toasted fingers.

### SALMON SANDWICH FILLING

One half-pound can of Canadian Salmon flaked, two hard boiled eggs, eight pimiento olives, one small onion and one small cucumber. Chop all these finely and mix with mayonnaise and Worcestershire sauce. A crisp lettuce leaf helps the appearance, as also does the daintiness of the cutting. This quantity will make 24 medium sized sandwiches.

THE ability of the modern hostess to offer her guests refreshments that are really novel, yet delicious and pleasantly satisfying, is an ever present problem . . . and yet Canned Salmon has never found its equal as a sandwich filling! Especially are Salmon Sandwiches in great demand when made with the filling recipe given here.

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not to frighten you. She told me how carefully you had been brought up, how gracefully sheltered. She told me how innocent you were, and tender. She told me you were a flower—"

She began to shake. But it was with laughter. Eyes closed, she hung in his arms and shook with silent laughter. "Isn't that like her?" she gasped. "She was afraid, she thought I didn't care for you, and she was afraid to take a chance of having anything go wrong before we were safely married!"

Then suddenly she sobered and hid her face against him like a frightened child. "Oh, Tim," she whispered, "I've been so unhappy!"

He kissed her closed eyes and her cheeks and her chin and her mouth. "Never again," he promised. "Never again."

They were standing on the ace—two, three, four of hearts. *The End*

## The Bride's Own Party

Continued from page 20

Jellied Asparagus Salad

Finger Rolls

Fresh Strawberry Tarts

or

Strawberry Bavarian Cream

Coffee

Frozen Fruit Salad

Nut Bread Sandwiches

Chocolate Layer Cake

Salted Nuts

Coffee

### Recipes

#### Sandwich Fillings

Equal parts of minced lobster and chopped celery moistened with salad dressing. Chopped salted peanuts moistened with salad dressing on whole wheat bread. Equal parts of finely chopped almonds and mashed white cheese, moistened with cream, on whole wheat bread.

Two parts of chopped chicken and one part of finely chopped stuffed olives, moistened with salad dressing.

A delicious sweet sandwich is made by spreading Graham bread with a mixture made by softening white cheese with cream and adding chopped candied cherries and dates. Equal parts of chopped figs, walnuts and coconut moistened with orange juice.

Bake your favorite chocolate cake in small muffin tins and frost with the following frosting.

- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
- ½ Tablespoonful of cocoa
- ½ Cupful of confectioner's sugar
- 2½ Tablespoonfuls of strong coffee
- 1 Tablespoonful of cream
- Confectioner's sugar

Cream the first three ingredients until smooth and thick, then add the coffee and cream and sugar until the mixture is stiff enough to spread.

#### Macaroons

- 2 Egg whites
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¾ Cupful of granulated sugar
- ½ Teaspoonful of lemon extract
- 1½ Teaspoonful of coconut

Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add the salt and the sugar ¼ cupful at a time. Add the flavoring and fold in the coconut. Drop by teaspoonfuls leaving about one inch between each, on to a baking sheet which has been greased with an unsalted fat. Bake in a slow oven (275 degrees) for 30 minutes.

#### Walnut Bars

- ½ Cupful of butter
- 1 Cupful of fine granulated sugar
- 2 Squares of chocolate
- 2 Eggs
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of flour
- ¾ Cupful of chopped walnuts
- ½ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Cream the butter, add the sugar and continue creaming. Add the chocolate

# Dozens of Different ways to serve Canned Foods

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#### TOMATO JELLY (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine . ¼ cup cold water . 2 cups canned tomatoes . 1 tablespoonful onion juice . Stalk celery . 1 tablespoonful mild vinegar or lemon juice . Few grains salt . Few grains cayenne or pepper . ½ bay leaf—if desired

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients except onion and vinegar and let boil ten minutes. Add soaked gelatine and stir until dissolved, then add vinegar and onion juice (extracted by grating onion). Strain. Turn into wet molds and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise or cooked dressing; or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats. The juice of fresh tomatoes makes a delightful salad.

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## When I Went to School With Royalty

Continued from page 13

"toast and water tea." We were dressed for the dining room at six.

On Sundays we got up half-an-hour later. We each had a boiled egg for breakfast. After breakfast we learned the "collect" for the day, a portion of scripture and a hymn. At eleven we went to church. Church lasted two hours, the sermon was never less than forty-five minutes long.

Dinner was at half-past one. After dinner, we had dessert in the dining room, and the Lady in the Chair heard us recite the text of the morning's sermon. There was no "dressing" on Sundays, for we were already in our "Sunday clothes."

After dessert we went to the schoolroom and wrote on large slates all we could recollect of the morning's sermon.

This exercise was a dreadful anxiety to me the first time I had it to do, but Prince "Eddy," who was as kind-hearted as his father, seeing me rubbing tears all over the slate, told me that nobody ever read the compositions, so long as the slate was filled right up on both sides and to the very corners. So I had a great time recording my original ideas, and it was lucky that the records were not perused by authority, for I am sure that I indited some highly personal remarks.

As a matter of fact, these sermons were about the only original compositions we ever made. I remember the youngest prince, the present king, stating as he wrote on the Prodigal Son, the subject of the morning's discourse, "When I get to Heaven, God will come and kiss me and say I'm very glad you are in time for tea."

Bread and water and solitary confinement was the usual correction. It had no terrors for me because in the attic of imprisonment I found a great box of books which I devoured. If anyone had suspected this they would have been horrified, for the collection was so varied as to include Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* along with *Tales From Boccaccio*, *Dumas*, *Balzac* and *Mau-passant*.

ONE summer the programme was changed. The Lady was gone on a visit to Ireland, and we went to the White Lodge instead of to Windsor.

At that time this mansion was a great, bare house, very sparsely furnished, with not a carpet anywhere.

Lessons were suspended and we had a glorious five weeks. The domestic staff was scanty and the house dusty and dirty. Nurses and governesses bitterly resented the visit, for the table was poor and the allowance of beer—then part of every dependent's wages—reported worse than the cooking. However, they found opportunity to repair this deficiency from their own private resources as I had reason to find out.

One afternoon we were enjoying a particularly strenuous game in one of the long, bare corridors. We were tumbling, racing, and yelling, smothered in dust and dirt, when Prince Adolph called out that "grandma was coming."

We did not believe him, but looked in the direction of his pointing finger. Sure enough there was the well-known pony chaise swiftly crossing the park.

We ran to tell our guardians, who, for their part, were rejoicing in card games and refreshments.

They received us roughly, bidding us run away, but our insistence gaining upon them they came to the great window to see for themselves. Of course, by that time the chaise was at the door and not to be seen.

Condign correction would have been meted out, but a pallid footman, frightfully untidy, burst through the door and announced that "Her Majesty would like to see the young ladies and gentlemen."

The hush which fell upon us was appalling. Some of the nurses clutched at their respective charges intending some arrangements of disordered toilettes, but the pallid footman, with urgent gesture, signified the

need for haste. As he pushed through the baize door we heard the ebony walking cane tapping on the boards.

This was a sign as clear as the presence of the pony chaise.

Fraulein Steyrer, then acting as head governess, powdered her nose, a thing she was wont to do in times of stress, motioned us into line of precedence and majestically led the way to the drawing-room.

At the door we went through the prescribed motions, made up in line and faced destiny.

Children, in these days of hygienic clothing, have liberty of movement to play and romp without looking too untidy. But the elaborate garments of those days afforded no such luxury! Such a group of scarecrows as we represented could not have been bettered from any slum—frills torn from pantaloons curled round blackened knees. Frayed sashes trailed the floor. Sandals were untied, the strings hanging and dragging at the feet. Hose hung at heels, hair stood on end or drooped dismally over eyes. Tuckers and collars were limp rags and over all was a smudge and dirt that darkened faces, hands and clothing.

I wish some picture might have been painted of the scene. The Queen registered the most appalled horror mind can conjecture, and you may be sure we were hang-dog enough to lend character to the scene.

What might have happened I know not, but the Duchess of Teck, famed for her cheerful temper and good nature, was in the room. She broke into hearty laughter which rang through and through the big room. The queen, after a second, joined in, but not before she had waved the ebony stick and bid us begone.

We fell over each other in the hurry of saluting and scurrying back to the school-rooms.

Tidying-up began instantly with frantic expressions of exasperation, fright, anger. These operations were suspended by the reappearance of the pale footman, now as neat as his uniform, not of the newest, permitted. He announced that Fraulein was wanted.

This call roused fresh apprehensions. When she came back we hung anxiously on her words.

"Lessons tomorrow" she said abruptly.

SO WE went to Windsor Castle next day, immediately after breakfast, and lessons were resumed. Of course, in this, we children were penalized, for teachers in those days did not much exert themselves beyond "hearing lessons." Nobody ever explained much. No diagrams were drawn upon blackboards to enlighten young minds in the intricacies of the Rule of Three or Simple Fractions. There was no concrete assistance in the mastering of the complexities of English money applied to Long Division. You had your books and you learned the pages marked for committing to memory and repeated them, or else you took the consequences—and the consequences could be painful.

It is amazing now to think of those methods of child-training. The very diet was a combination for the promotion of stupidity, in its heaviness on the capacities of the digestive system. Except in the form of jam—it was certainly good jam—we hardly ever saw fruit. The half of an orange was a treat, and this was mainly a resort for sickness.

Besides the long morning church service on Sundays, we had catechism recitations in the afternoon and church again in the evening. Only one half-hour was our own on Sundays, and during that we must read our Sunday books. Daniel in purple in a green den being interviewed by red and yellow lions is a vivid recollection of mine to this day.

And yet we were very happy, very much beloved, and any one of us would have died to serve the Lady in the Chair.

# Humanity has good reason to fear *pyorrhea*

MANY people are self-conscious and uncomfortable today with false teeth who might have been spared the loss of their own.

Pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five who pass the age of forty, can rob you of your teeth and break down your very health if permitted to go unchecked.

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But don't wait for these symptoms. Many people have the beginnings of pyorrhea in their mouths for ten years before outward signs appear. To be safe, see your dentist at least twice a year and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's.

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Forhan's was created by R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for 26 years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

### Don't gamble with pyorrhea

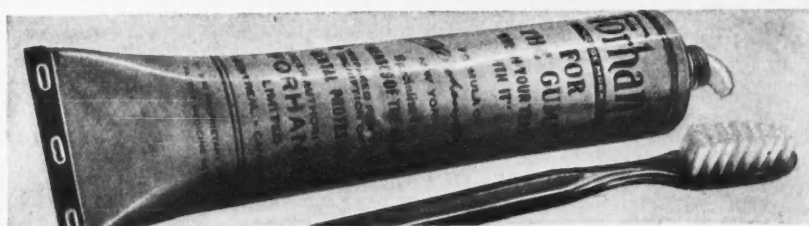
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FALSE TEETH ARE A  
GREAT INVENTION  
BUT KEEP YOUR OWN  
AS LONG AS YOU CAN



False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five past the age of 40



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"I know that," he said surprisingly and shifted a little in his seat so that he could look fully at her.

"I wish I could say what you expect, Emily. But I can't. Perhaps I'm afraid to. Perhaps it would not be true."

The color faded a little in her face, but her voice was quite composed.

"You mean that you have grown used to being without me?"

"In a way. Those two years did a good deal of harm. Oh, I'm not blaming you any more than myself. I was every bit as culpable. I was selfish and unreasonable, but the fact's there. We separated. It changed things, Emily. It changed me and I expect it changed you. I got into the habit of living alone—of keeping my affairs to myself."

"You mean—" Emily's words were very distinct; she took her hand away, casually as if almost unaware it had ever touched his—"You are content with life as you have learned to live it?"

He sat frowning at the countryside as they sped by it, his gaze unseeing, turned only upon his own heart.

"Perhaps. I don't know. I've got to find things out. You've unsettled me, Emily. I expect you're unsettled yourself."

Very quietly, with the grim courage of secret desperation, she put the question she had thought she dared not ask.

"Do you want a divorce? Are you in love with someone else?"

He made no indignant protest and the coldness began to creep around her heart. Once he would have raged, furious and passionate. Now he showed not even haste in repudiation.

"No," he said at last, "not that. Divorce is too general in our world, and I am not in love with anyone. Are you?"

"No."

"Very well then. We'll wipe that out."

He was silent again and under the light dust rug she clenched her hands together. She wanted to cry out in exasperation, to fling herself into his arms, to force from him some declaration of lasting love. And she was fifty and he was two years older, and his passion for her was dead in him and romance over. She saw all the sentimental weakness in herself, all the folly that had thrown him away, and the even greater folly of supposing that now she could ever get him back. She sat there with lips hard-set and eyes closed, to fight back tears while she told herself she was a weak fool.

"You won't want to rush things any more than I do," he said at last when the silence was trying her nerves almost beyond endurance. "You've made your own life and interests. I don't want to disturb either. But no scandal. If we can do nothing else we can at least keep clear of that."

She nodded and managed to say: "Yes, of course. That is the one thing I could not bear either."

As if relieved at her calm acceptance, Ross settled himself lower in his corner and looked out at the great sweep of the coast away to the ocean. "There is no need."

"None whatever," he said in a relieved voice. "I want to be sure that the children have a stable background. We must—all of us—take a stand in these affairs if the country is to be any good. It's too bad, all the divorces and drinking and general slackness."

Emily was saying to herself: "You fool, you fool, be glad at least he doesn't want to marry some young thing of nineteen with legs like a beauty chorus girl—" and outwardly: "I agree. Yes, of course. We must have a good talk over these things."

Her tone was admirably detached. Ross looked out over the sun-drenched landscape to the Atlantic and his face grew a little more grim. She was just as poised as ever, just as sure of herself, could still make him feel awkward at showing his feelings. What would she say if she knew he wanted to put his arms round her, to beg her not to be so cool, but to show him her real feelings and tell him she loved him and wanted him still?

Nonsense, of course. Emily wasn't the

kind of woman to throw herself into any man's arms, not even her husband's. She belonged to a world that wore a mask, a courteous, clever, amusing mask that had been worn so long it could not be discarded.

Emily's voice broke into his confused thoughts with a new note in it and he brought them smartly to order.

"Ross, there's something I wanted to say to you—something. That's why I cabled; why I would not let the girls come with us. It is about Tania."

"Yes?" he said, and instantly was his own self again. Here was something practical, something he could definitely discuss, and he was proportionately relieved to be out of the realm of emotion.

Emily heard the tone, but made herself ignore it and described to him Tania's return from Aix-les-Bains and the manner in which she had taken the news of Judy's engagement. As she talked, something of her own misery faded, its place taken by fear for her daughter. Ross listened in silence, and when she ended he said heavily,

"You think that proves it?"

"It proves that Rodney Blakiston is something to Tania. I don't know whether she cares, whether she ever did. She was terribly shocked. Ross—" For the first time that afternoon Emily's voice shook. "I can't bear it! If he did that thing to her—hurt her when she was too young and ignorant to know how to handle any situation in which she found herself—it's my fault, my neglect. I must make up. I must do something."

She turned her face away to hide the tears that ran down it, and took out her handkerchief, hiding her twisting mouth. The next instant she felt Ross's hand, strong and warm, gripping hers.

"There's no question of blame for you, any more than me, dear. If this thing's true—and it may not be—we've got to find out if she still cares. I'll have a word with him and show him he's not the man for Judy. There is one certain thing. He shall not marry Judy. It's monstrous."

"And if Tania does care?"

"She must choose for herself. I'll move heaven and earth to get him out of Judy's way and the only thing for Tania is for us to find out the truth."

"How?"

"I think you or I must ask her the direct question. This isn't a time for hesitation even on the score of delicacy or pain. I must know exactly where I am before I tackle him."

"But Judy—she's crazy about him!"

"She's young. She'll get over it. She's got to. Thank heaven he's the other side of the Atlantic, safe for a few weeks. Emily—" he leaned nearer and slid his arm round her. "Don't cry. I can't bear to see you cry. Goodness knows, I'm as much to blame as you."

She dabbed her eyes and, closing them, let herself sink for a moment against his broad shoulder, while through her tired brain the confusion of emotions and regrets stormed anew. Fool, fool, to have ever imagined anything worth the loss of this that she had had, this protection that might have been—that was—once, not protection only, but love . . . For those few seconds of weakness she let the illusion of the love she had cast so carelessly from her, wrap itself about her spirit, let herself pretend that Ross was hers; that all the loneliness and the pretense and the separation were but an evil dream; that they were young again and in love.

The car's brakes came on as a dog ran across the drive; the sea wind came whipping across the garden, and they drew up before the porch of the White Harbor home. Emily's powder puff was in her fingers without flurry, but also without delay, and the illusion of lost youth and love was still with her as Ross handed her down.

(Will Tania confess her secret marriage? Can Ross possibly make Rodney Blakiston relinquish Tania?—Another absorbing installment of this powerful love story will appear next month.)

## Should a Woman Speculate?

Continued from page 12

poor plungers in stocks would have done without their insurance policies, I do not know. They are only now beginning to catch up with their payments, but at least they had something on which to fall back."

An excellent salesman of insurance, you will say of this lady. Yes, but isn't she talking hard, common sense? The most pitiable women, you or I know today are the women past fifty or sixty who have no adequate provision for their futures and who

cannot find work in a world which is so greatly given over to the young and strong. As someone has said, the only crock of gold we are certain to find at the end of the rainbow is the one we put there ourselves. The stock crash will not have been in vain if our women, old, young and middle-aged have been taught that "safety first" applies not only to crossing roads, but to financial investments.

## The Wife of a Politician

Continued from page 9

no one but my wife is responsible for my presence in public life, it might occur to my constituents to offer the next nomination to the lady, out of liking for the substance in preference to the shadow."

Then his voice turned from banter and a pensive light came to his eye as he looked out through his window to Ottawa and the river beyond. "In any successful marriage," he said, "there is only one career. It is the career of two people who are collaborating to give the best that is in them to their mutual task, whatever it is. Without the loyal help and support of his wife the man is lost. With that help he can do anything, because he knows they are working together toward a common goal. In public life a man must give everything in him to his work. His wife must give as freely. If you take life in this manner, no matter your sphere of labor, you may fail of your objectives, but you will be happy. And that is what really matters."

IF YOU will look back along the road these two have travelled the genius of their partnership in statecraft is easily seen. Ernest Lapointe, married almost on the very day of his entry into public life, has marched through more than a quarter of a century of parliamentary experience with his bride of that day at his side. This has been their joint career. When he left Riviere du Loup, unhonored and unsung, to take his place on the back benches of the Commons, his wife remained down river, guarding their lines of communication. There was not much money in those days. Life was uncertain. Perhaps the next general election would find him returned to his Main Street, hanging out his shingle again and praying for clients to ring his bell. So, as young Lapointe applied himself to mastering the English tongue and learning the rudiments of parliamentary practice in the capital, it was his young bride who stood guard over the constituency, penning daily letters to bring him all the news of his district and to encourage him toward success in the strange places on The Hill. Step by step as they have advanced—through the dark days of Opposition with Laurier, to recognition as a centurion in the tents of his party, to the fulfillment of his dreams and the attainment of a leader's rôle—she has marched beside him, growing as he grew, urging him on, nursing his wounds when battles are over.

Of those among our elected great who qualify to wear the mantle of the statesman he stands, a figure of dignity and poise, suave, able; a man who combines unquestioned integrity and ability with Old World charm and grace. At his side stands the wife, a stately, dignified sharing-partner in mutual dreams, hopes, joys and sorrows.

BEING the wife of a man in politics always makes me think of the old pictures that we used to see of sailormen's women waiting on the beach for their men to come home. Madame Lapointe told me as we chatted of the difficulties of private and public life when their paths cross. "Politics is a career which leaves no man an hour or a day which he can be sure to call his own. And the first duty of the wife of the

man who has given himself to public service, is to recognize her husband's responsibilities and difficulties, helping him to meet them as they come. Today he may be at home in Ottawa, but mid-day will bring news of some affair in Quebec to demand his attention and everything must be put aside to enable him to catch his train and be away. Or perhaps we count on a day or two of rest and quiet, far away from politicians and delegations, when suddenly one's husband discovers that he ought to be in Toronto, or Montreal, instead of at home. So plans are ruined again. When a family lives in the political world politics gives the marching orders. There is no other master or mistress. It makes little difference whether the family is in Opposition or Office, once public life has become the family rôle."

PICTURE the routine of a senior politician's life as I have seen it through the eyes of Ernest Lapointe. A hurried breakfast where buttered toast and coffee meet snatches of effort to solve the problems of house, education of family, social obligations. Thence to his office and its unending parade of appointments and consultations, Luncheon brings a colleague, or else sends him out to break bread and discuss party or national affairs with a visitor from half-way across the continent, while in another part of the Capital the minister's or member's wife either entertains the wife of her husband's luncheon guest, or herself is guest in the quasi-political atmosphere of a women's club. The Commons in session throughout the afternoon—and Ernest Lapointe is assiduous in attendance in his seat, whether he be Minister or Oppositionist. An hour of callers and conferences in his office at six o'clock—a hurried homeward exit, fortunate if it is for the purpose of dining *en famille*, more often to dress and dine elsewhere on duty. Home at midnight from the House; an hour of rest, perhaps, but more often given to study of problems awaiting solution on the morrow. Here is a day in the life of a man who makes Parliament his career when the House is in session.

When Parliament disbands for the long recess and private members have gone their ways to the four corners of Canada, a new form of routine is born, its nature depending on whether one's party is in Office or Opposition. If one is a Minister of the Crown, desks must be cleared of the piled-up files of matters awaiting adjudication. Always, day in and out, the responsibilities of administration must be faced. If, on the other hand, one is for the time being merely a leader of those who sit to Mister Speaker's left, organization amply fills the times which intervene between sessions. Constituencies must be visited. Speaking tours must be undertaken. By-elections must be fought. Social obligations, long postponed, must be fulfilled. Lines of strategy for the campaign which has a return to power for its objective must be laid down.

His party and his political duties always have made first call on husband and wife. Together they have sailed the parliamentary sea for more than a quarter of a century. Storms and typhoons have assailed them in erruoch tise, but never shipwreck. Entering

## SHE DANCES WITH CHEERS IN HER EYES...YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SO gay; so feather-light on feet that fairly flit across a gleaming floor. You'd say this laughing little lady didn't have a care in the world. But, while her eyes give three cheers to each new partner in the dance, there's a *bar sinister* on her happiness.

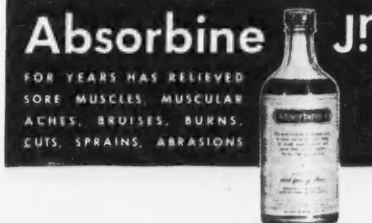
At the back of her mind, a vague worry begins to intrude. Even as she dressed for the party she noticed it again: An unnatural, moist whiteness between her little pink toes. It made her feel hardly dainty. What would her partner think of the twinges she feels—even i-t-c-h-i-n-g? She hates to ask even her dearest friend about it; doesn't know what to call it, though thousands of similarly immaculate people have this same trouble—"Athlete's Foot."

**Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?**

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us\* because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and

**\*Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



Wonderful, too, for  
**SORE MUSCLES**  
tamed by spring activities. Rub in  
for quick relief to tired, aching  
muscles. Soothing, refreshing.

thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it is possible for it to cause infection and re-infection—with great persistence. In fact the official reports have shown that "probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time."

**It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.\* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it kills the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

**Examine YOUR feet tonight**

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms\* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.

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"How d'you do, Mr. Rooster! Do you want to know the latest at our house? Mother's 'scovered a new powder and it's the best ever. You know they used to think I was a good deal of a nuisance, I used to cry so. But it really wasn't my fault, I was always so chafed. But this powder is so soft and fine. I feel as comfy as possible all of the time and I'm no trouble at all."

**B**ABY POWDERS ARE DIFFERENT—largely because of the difference in talcs. The high-grade Italian talc used for Johnson's Baby Powder is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles! You can feel the difference by rubbing a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger.

For your baby's sake decide wisely! Use Johnson's Baby Powder. As Baby should have the best of soap too, there is the specially made Johnson's Baby Soap—and, Johnson's Baby Cream for extra comfort.

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## Johnson's Baby Powder



SOAP



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**FREE SAMPLES!** In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of each—free of charge. Write to Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal.

## The Secret of Mounting Etchings

**B**EFORE mounting etchings and engravings, one must first decide if each proof is to be mounted with no thought of the others, and thus have the wall hung with a variety of frames, or if all are to be practically the same size. Perhaps the best way is to have all pictures mounted in two or three convenient sizes, a small proof having a much larger mount, proportionately, than a large one.

The most common and practical size is twenty-two by fifteen inches, and if this seems too big for the smaller proofs, then quarter size (fifteen by eleven inches) may be used, while half double elephant (twenty-seven by twenty inches) could accommodate the largest ones. All these sizes are of good proportion.

Regarding the mount, fairly stout paper (white plate, one hundred and twenty pounds to the ream) gives the best result. It is as white as paper can be made, of matt rather than either rough or shiny surface, and thus has many advantages. It is utilized like blotting paper, has no deckle, lies perfectly flat, and if in a damp room it absorbs the damp without buckling, protecting the proof. The face of the paper is distinguished at once from the back, which shows the wire marks.

For a proof, the mount must be a hinged one, in order that one may examine the whole proof inside.

The most convenient way is to take the sheet of paper and score it, that is, half cut through it, down the middle, folding it back, so that the surface is outside. This gives a hinged mount, which might further be supported with a one-inch strip of gummed paper inside.

**T**HE position of the proof in the mount requires good judgment. By being exactly in the middle, or even just higher, it looks as though it were nearer the base. At least it must be in the optical centre, that is, when the margin above and below look equal. An excellent proportion which always looks well in a standard size frame is where the margins at the top and sides are equal, and the bottom takes care of itself.

A longwise rectangular proof is usually preferred in an upright mount, in which case the top margin might be a little broader than the sides, to counteract the effect (not being upright) of looking too near the top.

The proof's position must now be marked on the upper face of the mount, allowing one-eighth to quarter inch round the plate-mark, and again a little extra at the base (which will show the artist's name). The plate-mark seems as valuable to the proof as the frame is to the picture, and it is therefore shown to advantage.

The rectangle thus marked is cut out with a sharp penknife and straightedge, and slightly bevelled inward, while the etching is fixed in position by the top corners with gummed paper on the inside lower sheet. The proof must never be completely stuck down, or cut down to the platemark; so treated it becomes practically valueless.

There is little doubt that etchings generally look best in narrow black frames, either flat, round or chamfered (twenty-seven by twenty inches might be three-quarter inch wide; twenty-two by fifteen inches, half inch wide; and fifteen by eleven inches, three-eighths inch wide), but unpolished or dark-stained oak of narrow width is quite popular. Gilt, lacquer and tortoise-shell frames are seen occasionally.

Long phonograph needles put into the wall at an angle of forty-five degrees form excellent supports, and there are small hooks with a pin obliquely thrust through them made for the purpose. The cord at the back of the picture should be made short enough to be unseen when the etching is hung on the wall.

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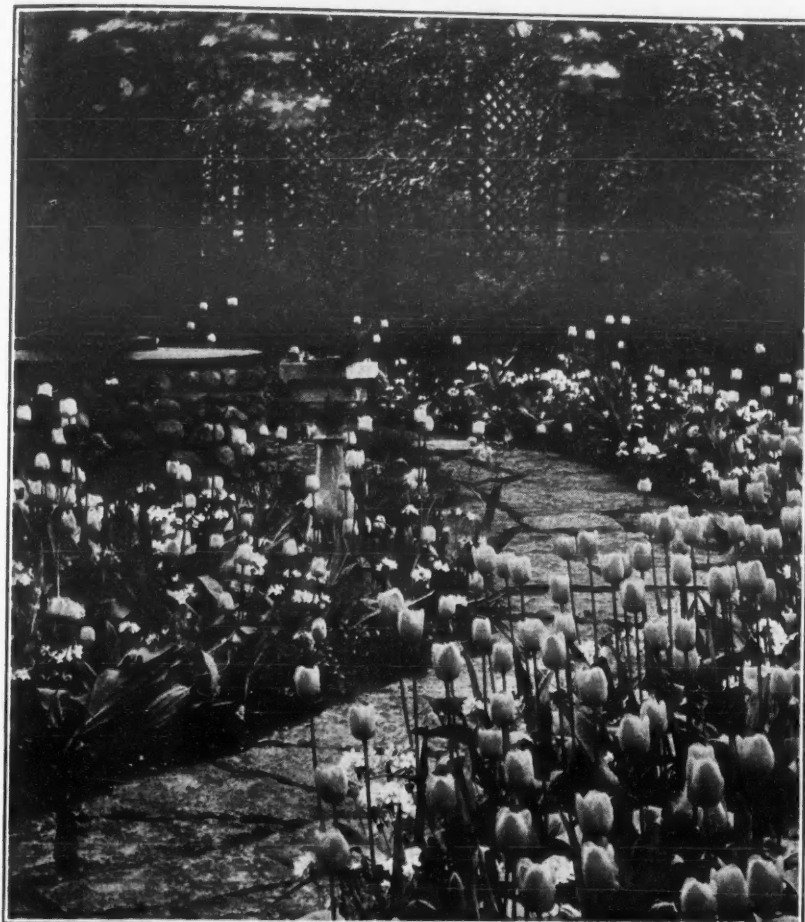
If you want joyous health and glorious vigor—if you want to work hard and enjoy your work—try taking *Kruschen Salts* every day—millions of people are enjoying their daily labours, thanks to the "little daily dose" of *Kruschen*.



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## GARDENERS—TAKE NOTE!

*Now is the time to consider your annual flowers*

by ETHEL M. WEBSTER

*"The flower lady of Canada"*

**E**VEN though we may want a perennial garden eventually, there are so many annuals of such satisfactory qualities and beauty and we will include them in our summer scheme as a matter of course year after year. The amateur will start with them also as a matter of fact, for her flower-hungry soul needs the immediate bloom of the annuals to supply her want. And well can they do it! The salpiglossis, in a wide range of shades and markings, each and every one of them beautiful, the Shirley poppies, with crumpled, silken petals, with a delicate beauty all their own, the sweet peas, and many others would satisfy the tastes of the most exacting, even as they furnish the liveliness that brings delight to the heart of the novice.

Annual poppies, gay in a multitude of colors ranging from pure white to almost black, including the pinks, purples, salmons, roses, crimsons and blendings of many other shades, in singles, doubles and semi-doubles, are able to make a gorgeous display with little work or expense.

California poppies, named after the state where they were found rooting wild, are listed in catalogues as *Eschscholtzias*, such an awkward name for so friendly a flower. The original flowers were a pure gold, but the wizardry of the late Luther Burbank has given us a number of new colors for this plant, and all are lovely.

California blue bells are botanically known as *Phacelia campanularia*. They are also called border flowers, little blue bells, and other names. The easiest and most accepted name is the first one, namely California blue bell. The name describes them accurately. They make an excellent edging plant.

For backgrounds nothing can excel the kochias, or as it is sometimes known, summer cypress. It has a bad habit of seeding rather too freely, however, and needs pulling

once it has turned red and dried off, or it may seed the farm for you. This is a common trait with many of the flowers, but they can be held in check by watching for ripe seed and eliminating those you do not want before they scatter seed all over the place.

Ornamental beets, also called Rocky Mountain spinach, summer cypress and a few other names, is really a Chilean beet. It makes a tropical looking plant for backgrounds. I was amused to hear it called "Elephant's ears" this past summer. However, it is a nice background plant, and would be excellent alternated with hemp.

Prince's Feather, an amaranthus, also makes a nice plant with green ones for a background, although the amaranthus known as Love Lies Bleeding, is much more attractive, with long, rope-like seed or flower stems that drag along the ground. The latter needs staking and tying up, which the former does not.

Another pretty background plant is the *Malva Crispa*, known as fluffy ruffle. The leaves are very large, with crumpled edge, and the whole effect is luxuriant. The flower is scarcely noticeable, but this may be added to the desirable background plants.

There is one rather odd plant, sometimes sold as shoo fly, (which it certainly does not) and which is really the *Physalodes*, which is worth while for its effect in the border. I have some which are about a foot and a half high, others nearly five feet. The flowers are somewhat like that of the nolina, which is a sprawling, or trailing plant.

The annual larkspurs, baby breaths, marigolds, mallows, mignonettes, aster, scarlet flax, and many others hardly need description. But they are well worth cultivating. Even alone, they would give an excellent display in any garden bed.

Calendula is a much-named flower that bothered me badly for a while. My first seed was named "Chinese aster marigold." An-



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the House an unknown French-speaking lawyer from the tidewater country beyond Quebec, without a word of English in his vocabulary, Ernest Lapointe was to become, step-by-step, a leader in the councils of his party, until his fate was settled definitely and forever when he moved to a front bench of the Commons during the dark days of Liberal Opposition to Sir Robert Borden's Coalition Government. When his party returned to Office in 1921 he came by the portfolio of Marine, succeeding to the senior Department of Justice when Sir Lomer Gouin resigned in 1924. From that day forward he stands recognized not only as the present Liberal leader's right hand in the House, but as a statesmanlike figure whose name will remain in the pages of our history when those of noisier men are forgotten. Today as an Opposition front-bencher he waits, as he has waited before, for the returning tide which one day will carry him back to the shores of Office.

IT IS an uncertain life," Madame Lapointe told me, "but I would not have it changed. Fortunately neither of us has the practical mind. You cannot live in public life and be a very practical person in regard to your private affairs. Today you may be in Office, but tomorrow may find you in Opposition or, what is worse, not in Parliament at all. There is only one thing to do and that is to give the best that you have while the opportunity to give it is offered."

And there, it seems to me, is a key to life that will fit any man's or any woman's door to happiness, no matter whether one dwells in the political heavens, in the fields or in the factory. Do the best you can. Give everything you have. As man and wife work in harmony toward the common goal. No wonder so many of those who follow the course of events on Ottawa's Hill speak of Ernest Lapointe as statesman. No wonder, with such a creed to live by, that this daughter of Old Quebec, his consort, so ably qualifies for her rôle as statesman's wife.

The End

### Home Discoveries

#### Remove Scorch From Woollens

A hot iron should never be used in direct contact with woollen goods. If such misfortune should occur and goods get badly scorched, I find that slicing a raw onion and spreading over the scorched area, previously moistened, and left on for about two hours, will remove all trace of scorch.—Florence Hatten, Desbarats, Ont.



#### Remove Perspiration Stains

To take perspiration stains or water marks from canton crêpe or crêpe-de-Chine, apply half a teaspoonful of borax to a saucerful of tepid water and wet the stained part thoroughly. Dry by placing the goods between a Turkish towel and pressing with a hot iron. When almost dry remove the goods and rub in a circular motion until dry. Then finish by pressing. I have used this method very successfully. It will not leave dark rings as gasoline does, but be sure to rub in a circular motion.—H. G. S., Edmonton, Alta.



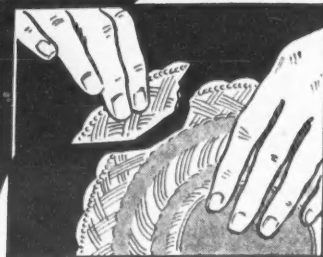
#### Patching Wall Paper

To make an "invisible patch" on wall paper, paste and then tear instead of cutting the length you require. This also applies to a paper patch to be covered with muresco. The torn edge will not show through, but a cut edge will.—Miss A. C. Craig, Watson's Corners, Ont.



#### Boiling Cracked Eggs

To boil a cracked egg, wrap ordinary white tissue paper around the egg and boil as usual. The paper, when it becomes wet, clings so tightly to the shell that the cracks are closed and none of the egg escapes.—Fern Auger, Port Arthur, Ont.



### DUCO Household Cement

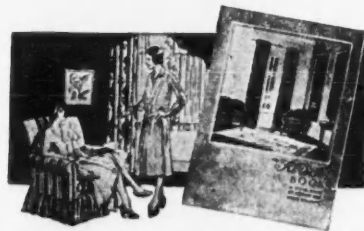
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dropped her eyes to his hand. He let it fall. "Gretchen, I mean," he said. "Won't you, please—"

"I'm going," she broke in. "Don't try to come with me. It isn't of any use."

Max, when he did not lose his head, was a perceptive man. He recognized finality when he saw it. He whitened, but stood where he was at the door and watched her go down the hall.

SHE was feeling jaded when she came out on the street. The certainty that nothing would ever surprise her again was so strongly upon her that she only looked listlessly at Dick Fleming when he drove up to the curb and asked her to ride with him. Listlessly, she got in beside him.

His car was as good as Max's, and he drove as well though less showily.

"So you decided to leave," he said. "I happened to be passing when you went in, and I stuck around. I thought maybe you'd be coming out before long."

"Yes," she said, and added nothing to it. There was something comfortable about this forthright boy. One didn't have to say anything to him unless one liked, and then one could tell him the truth, knowing that he would never trade on any weakness that a confidence might expose. She knew that about him, now that she really noticed him.

In spite of herself, she drooped in the seat beside him.

"You're tired," he guessed.

"A little."

"Being there with those people today tired you. Max isn't really a friend of yours, is he?"

"No," she answered. "I don't think I have any friends. I don't seem to fit in anywhere."

"Have you tried mixing with business and professional people?"

"No. They wouldn't be interested in me. I don't know how to do anything, you see," she answered. "Three or four years ago, I begged mother and father to let me get a job. I was keen to learn something about some kind of business then. But they wouldn't have it, so I let the idea drop."

"Too bad," he said sympathetically. "You'd be sure to enjoy holding a job. You're the sort who ought to be doing something, making something. I always used to think what strong-looking white hands you had, for a small girl. I used to watch you a lot."

"Why didn't you ever talk to me?"

"I hadn't time just then for friendships. My father had lost his money and died, and I was having to look around for some way to take care of myself."

"What did you do?" she asked quickly.

He grinned reminiscently.

"Took a place that the landlady called a bedroom, and found work at pay that I called a salary."

"Weren't you unhappy?" she asked, turning about to look at him.

"I was happier than I had ever been, after I got over the shock of losing dad," he answered promptly. "It was independence on a small scale, but it was independence. I liked it."

"Yes. That would be good. I'd like it, too."

Vague, forgotten ambitions were replacing the young cynicism which, since she had left Max's apartment, had rested on her face.

"Why don't you try it?"

"I wouldn't know how to begin," she said helplessly.

He drove in silence for a few minutes, his brows drawn together in thought.

"How would you like to drop in at the King Business College and watch the classes at work? It's a revelation to see how quickly they condition raw material there."

"Oh, can we, this late? Don't they have visitors' hours?"

"I know Gordon King. We can go through."

He turned into the town-going traffic stream, and presently they were in the college reception rooms, where Dick spoke to the young woman at the desk. She

called him by name with such obsequiousness that Gretchen began to wonder what business he was in.

"He might be a blackmailer, too," she thought, with an impulse toward hysterical laughter.

He led her into a large room where thirty girls and young men sat before typewriters with unlettered keyboards. At the front of the room was a large chart which pictured the keyboard with letters, and as the teacher called the letters of an exercise, the pupils felt for the proper keys.

"That's how they teach the touch system," Dick explained.

They were at the back of the room, and he drew out the chair before a machine.

"Don't you want to try it?" he said.

She sat down and let him roll a sheet of paper into place. Fumblingly she placed her hands in the correct position as shown by another chart in the corner of the room. It took a long time for her to make sure that her fingers rested on the right keys in the second row, and when she had convinced herself that they were properly placed she felt a satisfaction out of all proportion to what she had achieved.

The teacher was still calling an exercise. After a moment, with her eyes fixed on the central chart, Gretchen began to follow the dictated letters and saw stamped on the centre of her page, jhfg jhfg jhfg.

She had forgotten Dick Fleming, but now she remembered him and looked around to see if he were still behind her. Her eyes were bright with excitement.

"This," she said contentedly, "is fun."

MR. CALHOUN, coming into the library one day in the early autumn, did not see the young man sitting in the window embrasure. For one thing, the room was growing dusky with the coming twilight; for another, Mr. Calhoun had his mind on sombre and absorbing things.

He stopped beside his desk, unlocked the right hand drawer and took out his revolver. It was then that he learned of the presence of Dick Fleming, who stepped out of the shadow, spun him violently around by the shoulders and jerked the revolver out of his surprised grasp.

"Oh, no. You won't do that," said the young man inflexibly.

"Do what?" asked Mr. Calhoun.

"Quit. Oh, I understand. You've been closed out. You're bankrupt, and tomorrow everybody will know it. But you'll have to face it. I'm thinking of Gretchen. She has grit and pride, and you want to cripple them by giving her a suicide for a father!"

"No, no, you're mistaken," said Mr. Calhoun earnestly. "I am starting north to see about a position. I plan to drive all night, and I wanted the gun to put in my car."

They gazed at each other for a moment, Mr. Calhoun steadily, Dick measuringly. Then Dick's face, which had been tense, relaxed. He laid the revolver on the table.

"There it is," he said. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"What you thought was reasonable enough," Mr. Calhoun answered. "Who are you?"

"Dick Fleming. I was waiting for Gretchen to come in."

"No telling when that will be. She practically lives away from home," said her father irritably and anxiously.

"You can't blame her for that," said Dick. "If you'll forgive me for saying so, she came to feel that the life you and her mother wanted her to lead didn't offer her very solid footing."

"She sees more than I thought," Mr. Calhoun admitted dryly. "I've never understood her very well. I suppose we made the average parents' share of mistakes with her, and some of our own besides. Does she go out much with you?"

"She doesn't go out with anybody else," said Dick softly.

"I'm trying to place you," Mr. Calhoun told him with frankness. "I seem to have heard your name."

"If you were deaf, you'd know it," Dick's lips parted over even, white teeth.



## CATTY but True

*"They were mean to say it... but I knew they were right"*

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"I was ashamed of my hands, but I had hoped no one else noticed them. Then I chanced to overhear that comment. From the woman I admired most in our club, too."

"Careless," she had called me.

"Then I realized how my red, roughened hands SPOILED the effect I wanted to make. But how to have pretty hands—with dishes to do three times a day?"

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"It was a little friend of mine, who works in a beauty shop, who helped me out."

"We use LUX suds in our manicure bowls," she told me—'because they leave the hands very soft and lovely. If I were washing dishes I'd use Lux in the dishpan—for my hands' sake!'"

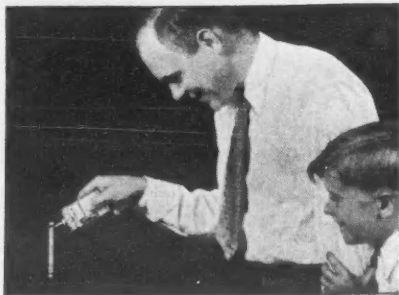
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other packet of similar seed received the same spring was named Scotch marigolds. The flowers and plants were identical. Pot marigolds proved to be the same, and so did a packet which was named English marigold. Since then I have received the same seed under other names, but I prefer as more experienced growers do, to keep the name of *Calendula* for them all. It is a showy flower, well worth a place in the flower garden.

Nasturtiums will not be satisfactory in good garden soil. They grow too many leaves at the expense of flowers. Try them on a gravelly hillside, where you can water them freely, or where rainfall is sufficient, and see them flourish. If you like the taste of both leaves and flower as a filling for sandwiches as well as some of us do, you will most assuredly include them in your flower garden plans.

Tagets is a name used for a tiny marigold, the lilliputian of marigolds, which makes a tiny plant, simply covered with the daintiest wee marigold blooms, and is an ideal edging plant. It makes such a shapely wee plant and is so showy for its size.

Sweet alyssum makes an excellent edging plant also. Its white flowers are almost like a carpet all summer and it seems to bloom first last and in between times with equal freedom.

The annual *Centaureas*, which are the sweet sultans and bachelor buttons of our mothers' gardens, are showy flowers, easily grown and make a good display. The bachelor buttons, especially with their colors of pink, blues, reds, maroons, whites and shades between, are quite gay.

Candytuft is another flower which comes in many colors and shades. I am often surprised to see an entirely new color or shade which I did not know this versatile flower

had possessed. They are lower growing than many of the above, and can be grown to advantage just inside the edging plants.

Calliopsis, in gold and browns, make a velvety show which usually interests any one not familiar with them. Like the marigolds, they supply the brown which few flowers possess. They are excellent to put in a mixed bouquet of cut flowers, and usually attract attention wherever seen.

The annual chrysanthemums, sometimes called summer flowering chrysanthemums, are splendid just inside the taller plants at the back. As they bloom late, they are ready to take the place of those which have passed on during the summer heat.

Cosmos, also are late bloomers, and make a wonderful display from August until freeze-up. The late blooming sorts are too late for our northern climate on the prairies, however, and only the early blooming sorts will give us a satisfactory show for our work before frost catches them.

Among the vines for annual planting, the most satisfactory are the morning glories, especially if they are placed on the west side of the house where the morning sun will not strike them. Once the sun rays shine on the bloom they close, so if they are on the west side they bloom longer each morning. They need plenty of water to be successful.

Wild cucumbers will grow rapidly and make a bright green vine, but are inclined to drop the lower foliage as they climb up. The prickly seed pods are odd and somewhat attractive. The seed drops out as soon as it ripens, so is often harvested, like four o'clocks, from the ground.

There are many other annuals which are equally satisfactory and as the above, but the amateur, wanting to start with a few for experimental purposes, will be pleased with any of the above.



## Fast Company

Continued from page 5

no business that would take him away. Stepping to the telephone, she called the club stables, and when she was answered, she asked whether Mr. Page was there.

"He's here," said the voice, which she recognized as belonging to one of the trainers. "Would you like to speak to him?"

"Later," she said. "I haven't time to talk now, after all."

She hung up the receiver and stood looking at the wall.

"I hate him," she thought passionately. "I hate the whole crowd of them."

At four o'clock Max called her. She met him, and let him drive her wherever he chose. She felt almost at peace with Max, who valued her for herself.

"You made me bring you away so suddenly, I didn't have time to show you the whole place this morning," Max said. "Come back up there with me, Gretchen. I have some good pictures in my library. You'll like them. We can go in the back way, and we won't have to see anybody."

"I don't know—" she said uncertainly. "Please come," he begged. While she hesitated, he said, with a wistfulness that

touched her, "You have never let me see you where we could be alone."

"You're a dear, Max," she said impulsively. "I'll come."

That gave him back his assurance, which seemed to grow as they approached the apartment. She had never seen him so genial. It was not as becoming to him as his quieter manner. But, of course, he was stimulated by the change in her manner toward him. She had never before talked so frankly to him as she had talked today, and had never admitted him so fully to her friendship. He was happy.

He led her along the hall to a door at the rear and opened it on a small writing room. Stepping back, he waited for her to go ahead of him; but unaccountably herself, to she felt hesitation overcome her again, and she paused there beside him for an instant. He put his hand under her arm.

"Come on," he said intimately. "Everything's all right, sister." And she knew that for the first time she had heard Max speak when he was spontaneously himself.

Without moving, she turned her face and looked at him with distaste.

"Sister!" she repeated fastidiously, and



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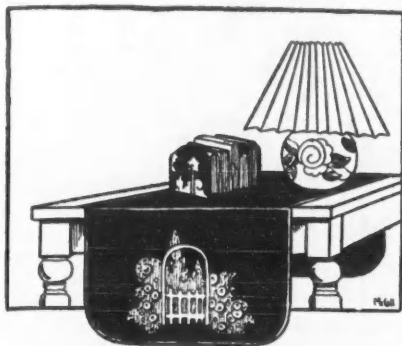


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## A Medley of Favorite Designs

For attractive, quickly finished handicrafts

by RUBY SHORT McKIM



Number 601—A black felt scarf with swatches of red, orange, lavender and sand, silhouetted in attractive design. Price \$1.27.

HERE are a number of handicrafts that have proved most popular in past numbers. They are shown again here for the benefit of readers who have not had an opportunity to see them before.

Number 601 is a black felt scarf for a library table. The work of cutting and machine-stitching the stamped color swatches on to the clearly stamped black background is something that any woman can do, and the resulting effect is charming. The



Number 506—A charming maple leaf design for a centrepiece or table scarf. The scarf is 30 cents and the centrepiece is 43 cents.

garden gate on the scarf is sand color with posies in red, orange and lavender, all silhouetted against a large background piece of green. Number 601 includes best quality black felt, 16 x 36 inches, stamped in yellow at both ends, all swatches stamped on the five colors used, and complete instructions for making. Price \$1.27.



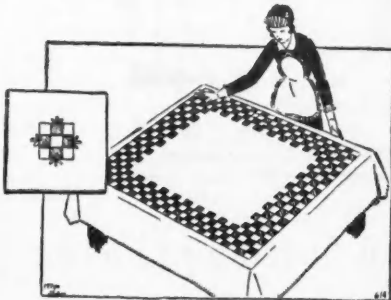
Number 582—An attractive arrangement of butterflies and blossoms for embroidery on bed linens. Price 25 cents.

THE maple leaf design number 506 may be adapted either to a scarf for the table or a centrepiece. The large maple leaves are buttonhole-stitched around in rich autumn shades, veined in outline stitch, while the background is filled in with long running stitches in green. The wax transfer for the scarf design is 30 cents and the transfer for the centrepiece is 43 cents.

NUMBER 582 is a charming conventional arrangement of butterflies and blossoms done in buttonhole, outline and solid embroidery. The scalloped outer petals of the large blossoms are buttonholed to the outside, then there is a plain circle and

another of buttonhole-stitch which again centres a plain circle. This is effective in all white or in white embroidery on the new tinted linens. Price 25 cents.

AND how these green gingham-trimmed table linens will be appreciated in use. The muslin is of the heaviest, even weave, the floss is boilproof and the gingham is of guaranteed steadfastness also. Number 615 is a small lunch or bridge cloth, thirty-six inches square, price 80 cents complete. Napkins are about thirteen and a half inches square. They also have appliqué plaid with green thread to finish. Order them as number 616 at 14 cents each. No printed



Number 615—A luncheon or bridge cloth of heavy muslin trimmed with green gingham. Price 80 cents. Napkins are Number 616 at 14 cents each.

pattern is necessary, but a chart telling where to do lazy-daisies, blanket-stitch, or long running stitches accompanies each order.

NUMBER 533 makes a highly individual shawl for summer evening wear, and the rhythmical colors and modernistic design are beautiful. By using our wax transfer to outline all sections of the design, and then following our color chart, you can easily make this, and hand color it with the wash-proof paints supplied for painting fabrics. The illustration shows a section of the design which is repeated in glowing sweeps of color throughout the entire shawl. The actual design is 34 inches square, so it will go on a 36-inch square of silk but, of course, it looks much better on a 40-inch square. The price is 62 cents, for the wax transfer and color chart.

As to the paints, we have assembled a special kit, consisting of bottles of brilliant yellow, rose and blue, a brush and a jar of the painting medium, which makes the colors so easy to work with. All the shades called for are easily mixed from these primary colors. This painting set is number 213 and will be sent postpaid for \$1.62.



Number 533—Showing a section of the modernistic design for an evening shawl to be hand painted with special fabric paints. The transfer is 62 cents and the fabric paints, Number 213 are \$1.62.

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"I remember now," Mr. Calhoun looked at him with new interest. "You're Logan Fleming's boy. He didn't leave you anything, but you managed well for yourself. You made some sort of contrivance so that your grandmother could hear. Now you manufacture them."

"That's it. I'm often kidded about how I got my start."

"A start in a business like yours is no laughing matter," said Mr. Calhoun. "Logan Fleming's boy! Well, I'm glad that Gretchen has been spending part of her time with you. Perhaps you can tell me what she does with all of it. She is always gone—has scarcely been in the house, except to sleep, for months. We've been worried about her. I don't mind telling you that for a while she was keeping some rather fast company, and we haven't known just who her friends are."

"The ones she has now are as steady as

we like them because they are genuine. We both ask the same thing of life: that it shall be honest."

Mr. Calhoun nodded.

"My wife and I always saw eye to eye on things, too," he said. "We asked that life should be amusing. But probably you are wiser."

He climbed the stairs briskly, after Dick had gone, and went into the bedroom where Mrs. Calhoun was lying in bed with a cold cloth on her forehead.

"Carrie," he said, "we could have saved ourselves worry over Gretchen. She dropped Max Groves months ago. I've just been talking with a new beau of hers, and if he is representative of her friends, we couldn't ask more."

"Then we have triumphed after all, Thatcher," said Mrs. Calhoun weakly. "Whatever else we have lost, we have won through her. I believed all along that the

## Spendthrift

by JOHN HANLON



Spring is a spendthrift lady;  
Where mortal never comes,  
In forests, lost and shady,  
She squanders trilliums.

In hidden dells, whose grasses  
A silver runnel wets,  
Where mortal never passes,  
She squanders violets.

But when she finds the city's  
Sooty and cramped confines,  
She's bankrupt of all pretties  
But brazen dandelions.

you could ask," said Dick. "She is going to King's Business College. She has gone there for the last four months."

"Why didn't she let us know?"

"Because she knew you'd make a fuss."

"We had given her what we considered an advantageous place in the world," said Mr. Calhoun slowly. "Naturally, we wanted her to make the best of it as long as possible."

"That's a grim assignment in any circle where the admission ticket has a dollar mark on it," observed Dick. "Anyhow, she's out of it now, and happy. She's interested in her work. She's nearly ready to take a position."

Mr. Calhoun frowned.

"I know it is absurd, in my situation, for me to mind that," he said, "particularly since she enjoys it. But I hate to think of her going into an office."

"A while back, I'd have thought you were wrong, but now I agree," said Dick. "She has become a special case to me, too. And she isn't going into just any office. She is coming into mine. I love her and hope to marry her, and I believe that she is beginning to love me."

"Do you think you can make her happy?"

"Yes. We like the same things and the same people. You'd probably think some of our friends are rather unimpressive, but

effect of the social advantages and the environment we had given her must show up."

"That may be, but I rather think that this boy, Dick Fleming, may have had more to do with it. He wants to marry her."

Mrs. Calhoun brushed away the cold cloth and raised herself on her elbow.

"Richard Fleming! Do you mean Richard Fleming? But he's hardly a boy, is he, Thatcher?"

"He's quite young. I must say he has an old head when it comes to business. He has already pulled a fortune out of those audiphones of his."

"But if she takes Richard Fleming, that means that she'll be in society, after all," began Mrs. Calhoun. "I read in the paper that he has just recently bought back the old Fleming home. They'll be able to entertain beautifully there. Oh, Thatcher, we must make them realize from the first the importance of a secure social position. I must help them."

"You leave them alone," cried Mr. Calhoun. His voice had risen, and Mrs. Calhoun looked at him in surprise. "Just leave them alone, Carrie," he repeated more calmly, and added with something like humility, "Sometimes I think the young people know better about those things than we do." *The End.*



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Marie Irwin, and whose family was closely allied with that of Mary, Queen of Scots.

THERE are curious episodes, too, which reflect the superstition of the times, as for instance the witchery of the miller. This miller of Quebec was a converted Huguenot, who had unhappily fallen in love with a girl who repulsed him firmly. The miller, so said the gossips, was using sorcery to lure the girl to him, though it was a queer way of going about it. He filled her home with apparitions and fearful creatures and the poor girl fled to the Hotel Dieu for safety. Not one of the miller's evil creatures dared cross the holy threshold after her. This incident is gravely recorded in the reports to France.

The administrators of New France never failed in their courtesy to these women who were so nobly sharing the business of nation building. Every newly arrived official went to call upon them, and many of them became their warm friends. Talon, the Great Intendant, was one of them.

Talon was probably the handsomest man ever sent out to administer the affairs of New France. He was witty, charming, ambitious. On his first visit to the Hotel Dieu he was awaited by two nuns, Mère Marie de Bonaventure, who had been thirty years out from France, and Mère Marie de la Nativité, more recently from the world of fashion. Talon, on a whim, presented himself as his secretary and gave them a message from the Intendant expressing his hope to serve them at all times. The older nun was about to accept the message in good faith when the younger woman smilingly signalled to her and assured the magnificently dressed visitor that she had the honor of addressing a personage of much higher rank than a secretary.

"By what means do you arrive at your assurance?" asked the visitor.

"By the distinction of your language and your person," answered the nun, and the flattered Intendant laughingly admitted his identity.

In 1690 the hospital fell under the terrific siege laid upon the town by Phipps and his New Englanders, a siege such as old soldiers from Europe had never seen excelled in ferocity. Frontenac paced up and down the ramparts from the Hotel Dieu to Chateau St. Louis, urging his men to courage.

Some of the most interesting pieces of old silver to be found on this continent are within the walls of the Hotel Dieu. Much of their altar plate is of rare old workmanship. Silver altar lights, candlesticks, and vases are among them. There are rare old paintings here, too, from the hands of old masters, sent out as gifts from noble friends in France. Madame d'Ailleboust, wife of the third governor, spent years living with the nuns and much of her furniture remains in the convent, including the furniture in the parlor of the Mother Superior. Every nun is allowed to bring with her one piece of furniture from her home, and in the course of years some of the novices have brought beautiful pieces, now rare and valuable. There is, for instance, the beautiful Louis the Fifteenth chair brought by a Made-moiselle des Meloises in 1765. There are many more chairs from Normandy and Brittany and Lorraine for which collectors would give much. One of the convent bells is more than two centuries old, and the vestments of the chaplain were worked more than 125 years ago.

Even the interior woodwork of the convent is of special interest, designed and carved by workmen so long ago. The nuns still occupy their original cells, in a plain, steeped-roofed building redolent of seventeenth-century France. A door from the cloister to the garden is one of the most beautiful in this country. And a great many of the early pewter dishes and spoons and forks, used when the convent was newly built, are still preserved, along with the heavy pewter ink wells from which the nuns wrote the reports of their work among the savages.

The library of the Hotel Dieu is one of the most unique in Canada. It has no less than 3,500 volumes of seventeenth century books.

Six of them are the sermons of one of their earliest chaplains, Joseph de la Calombière, and many more of them are books of seventeenth and eighteenth century music. Here are books of the mass used by the missionaries, including the martyrs, and the Port Missal which was a gift of the duchesse d'Aiguillon.

Throughout the years of her history Canada has been fortunate in the kind of women who have aided in her expansion. There was courage and enterprise in the hearts of both French and English who pressed on valiantly with their men folk into new lands, west and north. The nuns of the Hotel Dieu and Ursuline convents were in the vanguard, not merely religious and mystical women, but women of remarkable vision and business ability, who grasped firmly the principles of administration and expansion, and kept in touch with the public affairs of the colony. They were diplomats in their dealings with the French and English governments, keen business women who consolidated their properties and expanded their own usefulness to the community.

As an illustration of the care with which they looked to the affairs of their household, these nursing sisters have a complete register, dating back to 1689, of every patient that has entered, his name, place of birth, ailment and the outcome of his treatment.

Today there are 250 beds in the hospital, operating rooms equipped with the last thought in surgical necessities, dental equipment equally modern, a large staff of competent, trained nurses, and a training school for novices. The kitchens are an amazing revelation of twentieth century efficiency. And yet all this originated in the court of Louis XIII, in the mind of the woman whom Richelieu once contemplated putting on the throne of France, in place of Anne of Austria.

I walked through the historic buildings with a nun of clear, spiritual beauty, a daughter of a famous Canadian family, a woman whose family has long shared in the fortunes of Quebec. Her feet tripped noiselessly over the polished floors, and there was a faint frou-frou from her voluminous robes. She had an innate love of all that pertained to the history of her native land and talked to me of the days of long ago. Here and there in the spotless wards of the hospital she showed me some relic, an ancient clock, a crucifix of yellow old ivory, a plaque of rare beauty in old enamels added from epoch to epoch to the treasures of the convent.

In one of the corridors we came upon a little embrasure in the thick walls, and a window overlooking the old cloistered garden. There were nuns pacing gently to and fro, at leisure, breathing in the summer air in this the only bit of outdoor world they know. And then she pointed downward and there below us lay the graves of the convent. Row upon row, of narrow crowded graves—the God's Acre of the Hotel Dieu.

"Yes," she said smiling, "they all lay there, ever since the beginning."

And had they, I asked her, any relics of the founders, their habits, perhaps? Ah, no, mademoiselle. Nothing belongs to the nuns, nothing, not even their habits. Upon the death of one they pass on to those who need them. They could not be spared from common use in those days of long ago.

I looked down in awe upon those rows of graves, centuries old, at the ranks of little white crosses and thought of the streams of French history which ended here. Daughters of the proudest of French aristocrats, descendants of princes and soldiers and diplomats, of adventurers, explorers and colonizers who planted their traditions on the St. Lawrence. Many of their families followed the golden lilies back to France and only these, the white sisters, remained under the British regime—women who had no nationality, only a religion.

There lay the women who for 289 years have ministered to the ills of mankind and womankind in the New World. Daughters of sachems, of nobility both of blood and soul, who taught the women of the new world how to serve. *The End*

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Plump...Strong...Rosy?



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Children commonly show marked gains in 30 days or less—and anemic, rundown, underweight men and women likewise show amazingly rapid improvement.

All druggists sell McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets—60 tablets 60 cents.



## The Story of the White Sisters of Quebec

Continued from page 19

others of equally distinguished families.

There were not the same reasons urging the Canadian girls to the cloister, but there was the example set by the sisters in good works, and there was many a broken-hearted Canadian girl who sought in a lifetime of service in the colony a tribute to some young lover who had died in its defense.

Life in the convent of Quebec was far, far different from the cloistered peace of the ancient monasteries of Europe. Here were no flower-scented convent gardens, no carved cloisters full of ancient peace to wander in, no shrines adorned with century-old paintings and steeped in the prayers of generations. In Quebec was a simple, harsh, primitive life, with cruelly cold winters and equally cruel hot summers. The nuns had had to flee from the Sillery before the tomahawks of the Iroquois, and their convent in Quebec might be converted at any hour into a fortress or a refuge for war-stricken colonists. The red man, to whose ills they had come to minister, might be supplicants for aid, or screaming murderers by turn.

From their perch on the cliff the nuns had a view upon which to feed their fervor for the colony. It is still considered one of the finest views in the world. Below them under the cliff was the river shore and the little houses of traders and colonists. There was the slip at which travellers and missionaries pulled up their canoes. Beyond was the water of the St. Lawrence, a restless, scintillating, blue-green where river and sea mingled. Across was the Levis shore, a picturesque cliff, and eastward the beautiful Island of Orleans, wooded to the tidal brim. The Beaufort shore was a tapestry of trees, and beyond, on guard, stood Cap Tourmente, shrouded in the haze of distance.

And gradually the colors leaped as summer wore on, and the pigments of nature darkened from green and gold, to russet and scarlet. The last ships sailed away to France, and the colony became the prisoner of the frosts. How eagerly the women watched from their cell windows the twin channels around the Island of Orleans, from which so many of them came, for the first signal of a vessel from France, with news and supplies. For all their self-restraint and detachment from the world, those who had come from the old world must have felt their hearts throbbing till they ached.

And when the Bourbon flag floated into harbor there was invariably work to be done. Seldom a vessel docked but there was illness and disease aboard waiting for the help of

the nuns. Months on the crowded ships, on dried and salt food, with stale water, brought pestilence to the travellers, and many a litter was carried up the winding roads from the quay to the hospital on the hill. And thus news of the homeland came to the white sisters.

The nuns of the Hotel Dieu were usually the only healers in the colony until more enlightened days came. The health of New France was in their hands. Their own ranks were thinned by processes of disease which they did not understand and could not control. "The nuns died, but they never complained," is Parkman's tribute to them.

Parkman had little patience with the visionary religious recluses of the day, and condemns them roundly here and there throughout his works, but for the nuns of the Hotel Dieu his admiration was unbounded. Too busy to be morbid, he says, too absorbed in practical beneficence to become prey to their illusions, they were models of tender charity. Their hands were never idle. If a season of good health relieved the pressure of their duties they turned for relief to the creation of something beautiful. Embroideries for the churches, paintings of the saints, even the sculpture of virgins and holy men and women, and the making of artificial flowers with which they adorned all the altars in Quebec. There is a virgin, in wood, in a shrine in the Hotel Dieu to this day that came from the hands of a wood-carving sister in the early days of their work in Quebec.

Yet in spite of their dangers from war and fire and disease, the nuns generally lived long. Sheltered as had been the upbringing of these high-born Frenchwomen, they inured themselves to the crudities of pioneer life. Of the death of the first of their number they have mementos. She was Jeanne Suppli, known as Mère Marie, who died at the Sillery and was first buried there. When the nuns returned to Quebec they carried the French girl with them. In her memory her father gave the convent, among other rich gifts, a pyx, a censor, flagons and plate, all of heavy solid silver, beautifully decorated, and these are still in use in the convent to this day. Monsieur Annemarche was a Norman noble of great wealth who had reluctantly allowed his charming daughter to leave the life of luxury and splendor which he could provide for her.

Among the many other high-born sisters who came to Quebec to serve so humbly was an English-speaking girl whose name was



## Only a handkerchief...

**B**UT it was no joking matter to the bride. Someone had stepped on her "going away" handkerchief. The rare little bit of handed-down lace was crumpled and soiled. And it had to be washed with infinite care. Could we? We could and did.

We rather pride ourselves on our ability to take care of our guests. You'll find it reflected in larger rooms...larger closets...in every appointment which a hotel worthy of the name provides. But where you'll be sure to notice a spirit of extra service is in all the little things, where United Hotel employees are taught to take the time to do well!

You can always be sure of extra service at all the 25 United Hotels



## hours REDEEMED

THINK of the countless hours that used to be spent each year in scrubbing toilet bowls—that most unpleasant of all household tasks. They're unnecessary now. They can be spent on other things.

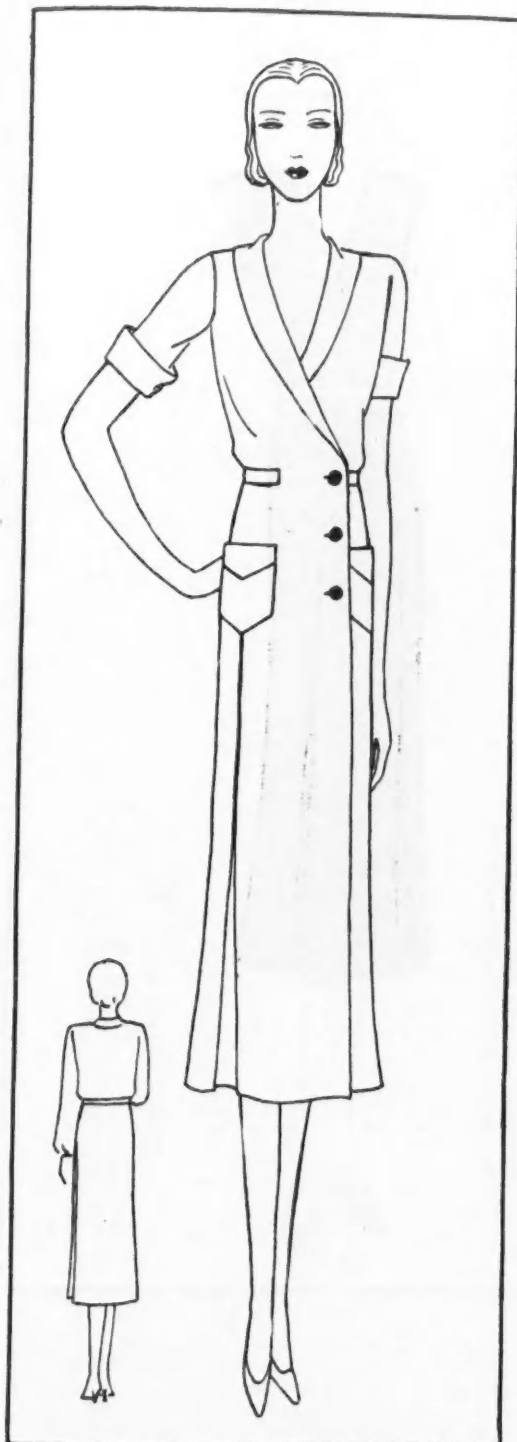
*Sani-Flush*, an antiseptic, cleansing powder, does a quicker, easier, safer job. Just sprinkle a little into the toilet, follow the directions on the can, flush, and the bowl is instantly spotless. All germs are killed. All odors eliminated. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is completely purified. And *Sani-Flush* contains nothing which can injure plumbing.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for *Sani-Flush*—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

## Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS  
WITHOUT SCOURING

# WHEN YOU WORK, SHOP OR VISIT A CHATELAINE STYLE FOR EACH OCCASION



560

No. 560—The morning's work seems not nearly so long if there is a smart yet workmanlike frock to slip into. This style is designed along the newest lines, and yet is comfortable and practical. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 35-inch material with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch material.

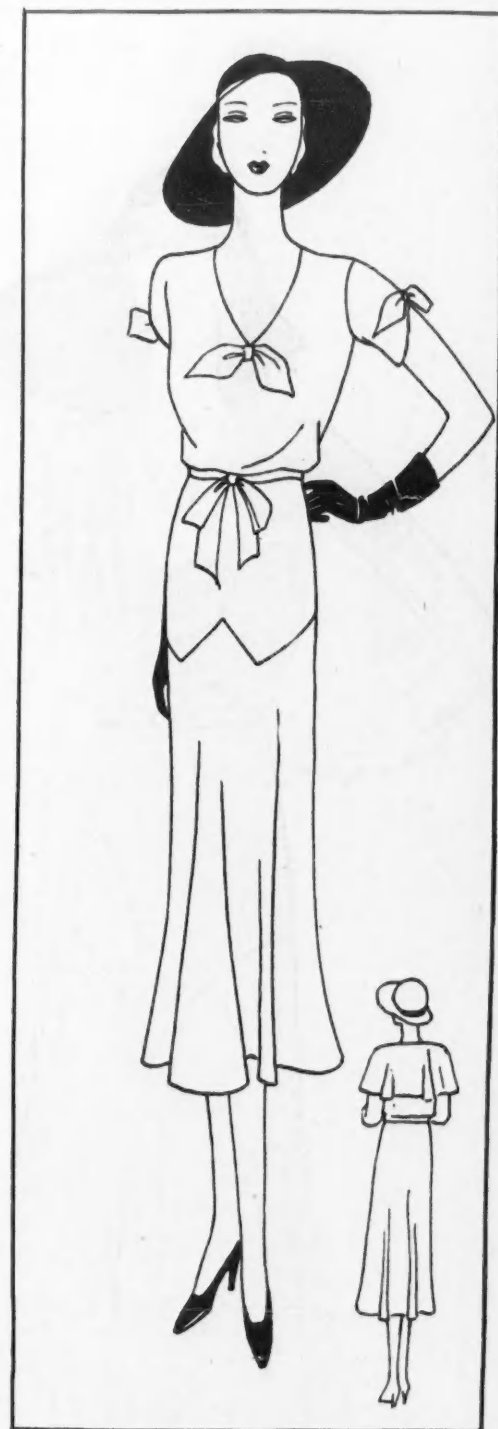
Price 25 cents



623

No. 623—The jacket ensemble is one of the smartest things Paris has to offer. This model would be particularly effective if carried out in a crêpe back satin with a blouse of flat crêpe. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material for the jacket and skirt, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of contrasting 39-inch material for the blouse.

Price 25 cents



829

No. 829—You can have the effect of a different frock, simply by adjusting a distinctive cape collar around the shoulders of this model. The sleeves, neck and cape, may be trimmed, if desired, with a dainty ruffling. Piqué, tussore, rajah silk, or crêpe de Chine, are all good materials. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of ruffling.

Price 25 cents

## Chatelaine Patterns are Guaranteed Perfect Cut and Perfect Fit

These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from the stores listed on page 60, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns please name both the number and size of the style desired.

# If a Lady Makes a Better Cake—



—that surely is the one she would want to show off—to draw her friends' attention to—to advertise herself—if we may put it that way—as a good cook, an able home-maker.

She surely would not for this purpose select anything but a cake or pie which she thinks compares favorably with any other.

This is why it pays to consult the advertising columns and let the paid announcements help you in your selections.

¶ *Advertised because they're Good—  
Good because they're Advertised*

**M**ANUFACTURERS place their names and trademarks on their products so that when they have won your approval you may be able to renew your supply of the same quality.

These goods are advertised year after year so that users are reminded of their quality. Only by maintaining quality and value can you be persuaded to continue buying.

Continued sales allow of reduced selling expenses and reduced costs of manufacture.

This is why you cannot buy "just-as-good" lines of unknown quality any cheaper, except perhaps when their manufacturers or retailers have been forced to throw them on the market at any price.

¶ *"It pays to Advertise" could well read  
"It pays to read the Advertisements"  
—because they are The Shopping News*

**N**OT only your old friends lay claim to your attention but any new departure—be it an electric washer or ironer—a new building material—a novel floor covering, the latest in ladies' silk hose or underwear—the advertising columns mirror them in the announcements of their manufacturers.

Yes, it pays to read the announcements of your old reliables—and also to study the advertising columns for the news of latest developments of products and of services that may be helpful to you.

*This advertisement was written by*  
**THE DESBARATS ADVERTISING AGENCY, LIMITED**  
Montreal - Toronto

*—One of a series prepared by Advertising Agencies upon invitation of MacLEAN'S MAGAZINE and THE CHATELAIN, to promote a better understanding of the protection which advertised products provide to the public.*

# WITH SUMMER ROUND THE CORNER THREE NEW SUGGESTIONS



No. 240—A charming jacket ensemble which would lend itself admirably to piqué or rajah silk. Tucking, pleats and scallops are very feminine, especially when the sleeves are mere frills and the collar finishes with drooping ends. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material for the dress and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material for the jacket. Price 25 cents

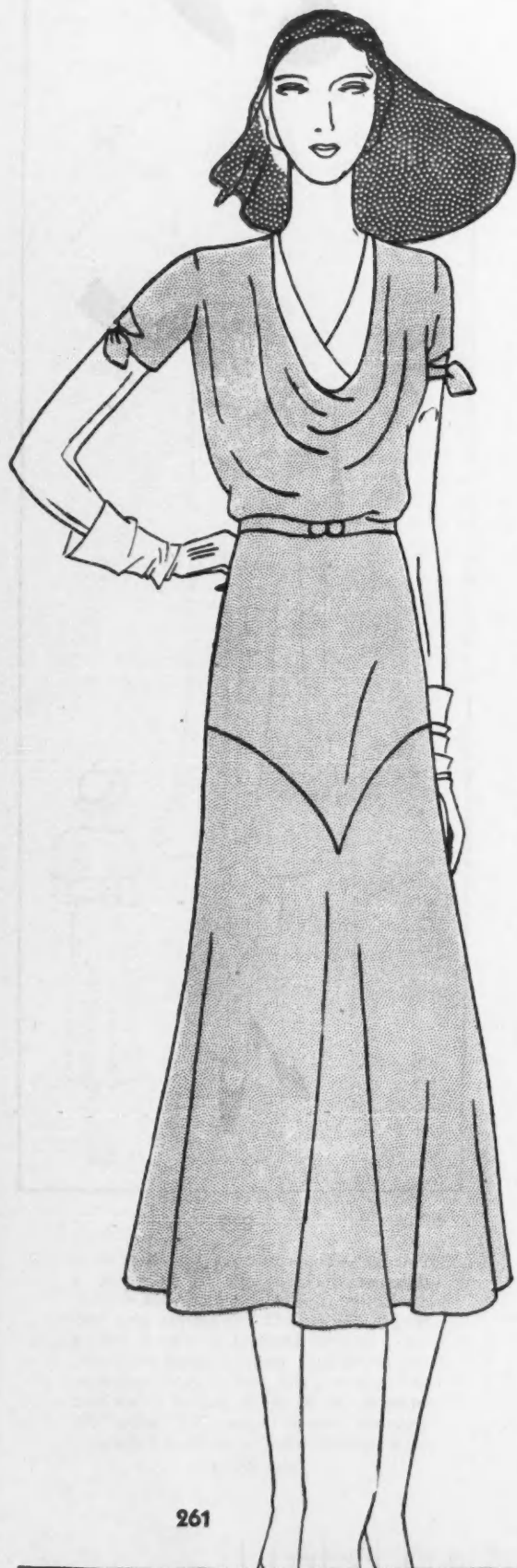
No. 923—Slimly graceful is this attractive frock for summer afternoons. One of the new delicately figured silk crêpes or chiffons would lend themselves beautifully to the design. The cowl collar and daintily cut away sleeves are charming features. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 39-inch plain material. Price 25 cents

No. 248—Polka dots are in, says Paris and nothing could be smarter than a navy blue dot on a white ground, navy blue binding and a splash of red on the tie ends. This model lends itself equally well to a plain material, as shown. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35- or 39-inch material for the dress;  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 35-inch material and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for the scarf; and  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of binding. Price 25 cents

Chatelaine Patterns are  
Made in Canada  
from Paris and New York  
Models



# CHATELAINE PATTERNS INTERPRET THE SUMMER MODE



No. 135—Deep revers are very smart this season. They are very flattering to the figure, too. A silk crêpe, tussore, or, more formally, a crêpe back satin, are excellent materials. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of lace or contrasting material for the vestee.  
Price 25 cents

No. 261—The cowl neckline is an attractive feature of this smart frock, whose sleeves are cleverly cut to achieve a "different" note. Plain or printed crêpe de Chine or rajah silk would make up well. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material.  
Price 25 cents

No. 770—A trim sports model which boasts a tiny sleeve. The belt may be worn either at the natural waistline, or if preferred, upon the hips. Tussore, linen and cotton piqué are favored for sports wear. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting material, if desired.  
Price 25 cents

Fashion Forecasts:  
Whimsical sleeve lengths  
A fancy for prints  
Much pique trimming

# Consider what you get

## ... above the bare needs of transportation



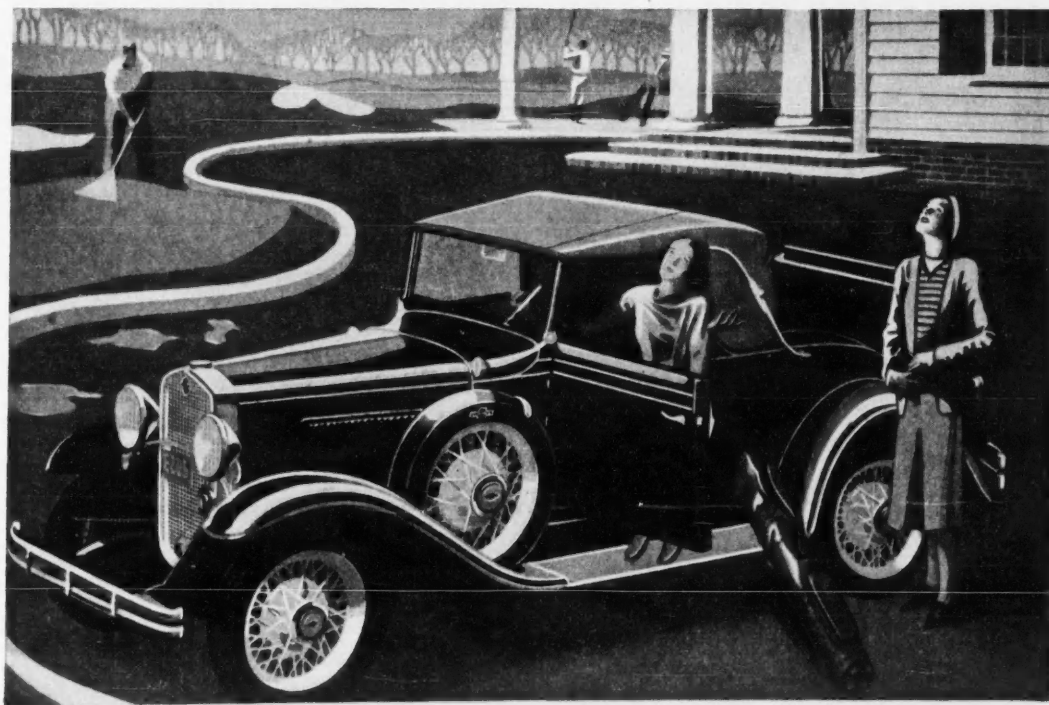
SO outstanding is the quality and beauty of the new Chevrolet Six, and so attractive are its new low prices, that buyers everywhere in Canada are showing a preference for this smart, spirited new motor car. The popularity of the new Chevrolet is based on the many exclusive, *fine-car* features it offers: Its longer wheelbase, with the resulting improvement in the lines and riding ease of the car. Its smarter, roomier, handsomely tailored and fitted Bodies by Fisher. Its smoother, more powerful six-cylinder performance. Its exceptional ease

of handling—in starting, stopping, turning, parking and in traffic. Its great comfort and restfulness. And its unsurpassed economy of operation and upkeep.

In these times, the thinking motorist considers what he gets *above the bare needs of transportation*, when selecting a low-priced car. With its fine-looking new Six, Chevrolet steps definitely away from standards based on utility alone. Here, from every standpoint . . . beauty, dependability, and economical operation . . . is a car you'll be proud to own and drive.

### "Forward Canada!"

Canadians everywhere are striking forward on the rising tide of a fresh and vigorous prosperity. And General Motors pays tribute to Canadian achievement with "Canada on Parade", an all-Canadian radio hour every Friday evening. Your Chevrolet dealer, listed in your classified phone book under "General Motors", invites you to tune in.



*The* NEW CHEVROLET SIX  
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Priced from \$610 at factory, Oshawa. Taxes Extra.

## Small Versions of Grown-up Fashions

Chatelaine patterns for children are  
simple, smart and practical

No. 245—This attractive frock is designed after an older model, with youthful modifications. The bolero and frilled peplum are jaunty touches. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of pleating and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 35-inch material for the collar.

Price 25 cents

No. 207—A shaped yoke buttons snugly across this smart little frock whose lines are simplicity itself. It is pleated at the front only, in order to avoid crumpling and simplify laundering. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material.

Price 25 cents



245

207



764

175

187

No. 764—Wee puff sleeves and a "natural waist" bodice are points of chic in this small model. A ribbon threads through the collar and ties in a bow with ends. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 18-inch contrasting and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of binding.

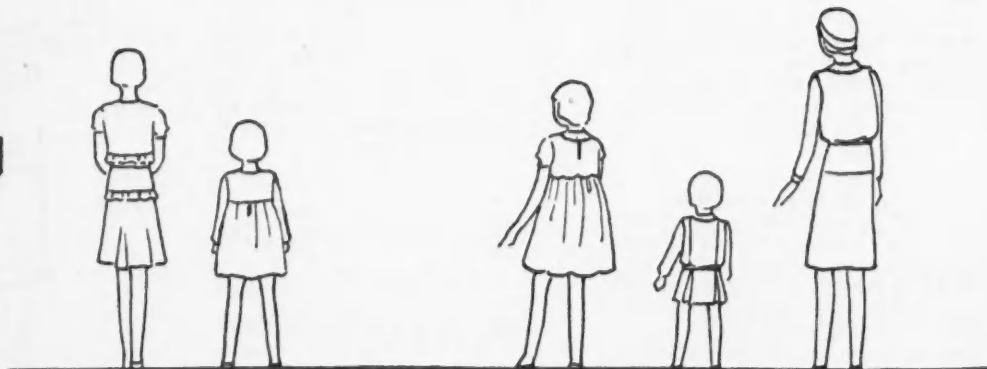
Price 25 cents

No. 175—Miss Prim prefers tailored simplicity. A tiny tunic which boasts wide box pleats just like big sister's school dress, and a blouse with Peter Pan collar, comprises her ensemble. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material for the tunic,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch material for the blouse, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of binding.

Price 25 cents

No. 187—A trim little outfit, suitable for both the small girl and her collegiate sister—a smartly belted dress, a blouse, and a smart fabric hat. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 8 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material for dress and hat, with  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material for the blouse.

Price 25 cents



# Another outstanding authority recommends **MAGIC BAKING POWDER**



**MISS LILLIAN LOUGHTON**, Dietitian and Cookery Expert of the *Canadian Magazine* says: "My successful baking results are due in large part to the *freshness, uniformity and consistent high quality* of Magic Baking Powder. I recommend 'Magic' for all recipes calling for baking powder. Even a beginner can use it confidently."

Miss Loughton, like most other outstanding Canadian cookery authorities, uses and recommends Magic Baking Powder *exclusively*. For she has learned, like others have, that "Magic" *does give consistently better baking results*.

That is why, too, that Magic Baking Powder is the unquestioned choice of *3 out of 4 Canadian housewives*, and why Magic is used almost exclusively by dietitians and teachers in Cooking Schools and public institutions throughout the Dominion.

When you bake at home, use Magic Baking Powder, then you, too, can *always* be sure of complete satisfaction.

## Try Miss Loughton's Recipe for "Magic" Date Cookies

3 cups rolled oats	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour	1 cup brown sugar
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Put rolled oats into a bowl. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together; add to oats. Melt butter and lard, add to dry mixture with milk. Mix all together; roll, cut with round cutter and bake in moderate oven.

Fill with following mixture: 1 pound chopped dates, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup hot water. Cook well and put between cookies.

Or finish cookies as illustrated. Have filling ready when you make cookie dough; when cookies are

## LOOK for this mark on every tin

It is a guarantee that Magic Baking Powder does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.

shaped with small cutter, cut centres from half the rounds; place a spoonful of the thick date filling on uncut rounds, put the open ones over the filling, pinch edges together well and bake at moderate heat.

• • •

These delicious cookies have no less than four places in the day's menu: for luncheon, tea, dinner and for late suppers. They will keep for weeks in a stone jar or crock which, by the way, is much better than a tin, because it is porous. Date Cookies served with fruit in a light syrup make a very tempting Spring dessert.

Buy made-in-Canada goods



More than 200 other suggestions for delicious cooked dishes are contained in the New Magic Cook Book. If you bake at home, mail the coupon and a copy of this handy recipe book will be sent to you.

STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED,  
FRASER AVE. & LIBERTY ST.,  
TORONTO, ONT.

Please send me — FREE — the New Magic Cook Book. C-5

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

# Meals of the Month

## Thirty-one Menus for May

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute staff.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
1	Stewed Rhubarb Grapenuts Toast Coffee	Salmon Souffle Brown Rolls Canned Cherries Drop Cakes Tea	(Vegetable Plate) Cheese Soup Spinach and Hard-cooked Egg Scalloped Potatoes Diced Carrots Steamed Chocolate Pudding Foamy Sauce Tea	17	Grapefruit and Orange Cup Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Jellied Veal Potato Salad Chocolate Layer Cake Tea	Consonme Cold Sliced Tenderloin Scalloped Potatoes Molded Rice Butterscotch Sauce Tea
2	Prunes and Lemon Shredded Wheat Biscuits Coffee	Mixed Vegetable Salad Hot Gingerbread Hard Sauce Tea	Broiled Liver Fried Onions Mashed Potatoes Cream Pie Tea	18	Cooked Bran with Raisins Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Dill Pickles Fresh Pineapple Tea	Sirloin Steak Buttered Asparagus Baked Custard Tea
3	Half Grapefruit Bacon Toast Coffee	Welsh Rarebit Radishes Cinnamon Toast Tea	Roast Veal Franconia Potatoes Harvard Beets Lettuce and Russian Dressing Fruit Jelly and Whipped Cream Tea	19	Bananas Toast Coffee	Tomato Jelly and Cottage Cheese Salad Rolls Canned Peas Tea	Meat Balls Brown Gravy Au Gratin Potatoes Diced Beets Tea
4	Cornflakes and Stewed Fruit Muffins Coffee	Baked Stuffed Onions Canned Peaches Oatmeal Cookies Tea	Tomato Soup Cold Roast Veal Creamed Potatoes String Beans Baked Rhubarb Pudding Tea	20	Stewed Rhubarb Puffed Rice Biscuits Coffee	Broiled Sweetbreads Raw Carrot Salad Crackers Tea	(Vegetable Plate) Cabbage with Cheese Sauce Steamed Rice Scalloped Potatoes Apple and Celery Salad Ginger Pudding Tea
5	Sliced Bananas Rolled Oats Toast Coffee	Veal and Rice Croquettes Tomato Salad Fruit Salad Tea	Oven-cooked Pork Chops Parsley Potatoes Cabbage Apricot upside-down Cake Tea	21	Prunes with Lemon Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Frankfurters Creamed Potatoes Jellied Rhubarb Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Chocolate Walnut Tea
6	Tomato Juice French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee	Scalloped Corn with Green Pepper Bran Muffins Fresh Pineapple Tea	Beef Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Celery Curis Cocoanut Custard Tea	22	Oranges All Bran Toast Coffee	Rice Croquettes Cheese Sauce Canned Blueberries Oatmeal Cookies Tea	Salmon Loaf Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Cole Slaw Strawberry Shortcake Tea
7	Oranges Bran Flakes Poached Eggs Coffee	Creamed Shrimps on Toast Canned Plums Chelsea Buns Tea	Baked Sausages Steamed Rice Stewed Tomatoes Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Tea	23	Cornflakes with Stewed Fruit Bacon Coffee	Vegetable Casserole Rolls Blueberry Tarts Tea	Baked Stuffed Heart Scalloped Potatoes Snow Pudding Custard Sauce Tea
8	Cooked Figs Puffed Wheat Toast Coffee	Cream of Pea Soup Lettuce Salad Johnny Cake Tea	Pan-broiled Trout Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Lemon Foam Tea	24	Tomato Juice Shredded Wheat Muffins Coffee	Devised Egg Salad Olive and Nut Sandwiches Fresh Pineapple Tea	Mixed Grill Mashed Potatoes Deep Rhubarb Pie Tea
9	Farina and Chopped Dates Graham Muffins Coffee	Potato Salad Celery Hearts Cheese Biscuits Grape Jam Tea	Baked Ham Slices Mustard Sauce Riced Potatoes Asparagus Chocolate Bread Pudding Tea	25	Stewed Figs Cream of Wheat Toast Coffee	Bacon Lyonnaise Potatoes Lemon Tarts Tea	Mock Duck Creamed Potatoes Coffee Whip Tea
10	Baked Rhubarb Omelet Coffee	Tuna Fish Mold Olives Sliced Oranges and Marshmallows Iced Cake Tea	Cold Sliced Ham Au Gratin Potatoes Spinach Strawberry Sherbet Macaroons Tea	26	Grapefruit Sausages Toast Coffee	Cabbage and Celery Salad Currant Jam Tea	Roast Lamb Franconia Potatoes Fruit Ice Cream Tea
11	Bananas Rice Krispies Scones Coffee	Ham a la King Pear and Cheese Salad Wafers Tea	Steak and Kidney Pie Boiled Potatoes Buttered Beets Caramel Junct Tea	27	Sliced Bananas Grapenuts Toast Coffee	Italian Spaghetti Canned Apricots Hermits Tea	Pea Soup Cold Roast Lamb Au Gratin Potatoes Pineapple Charlotte Tea
12	Prunes Cornflakes Bacon Coffee	Spanish Rice Watercress Cherry Jelly Whipped Tea	Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Blanc Mange and Fruit Tea	28	Rhubarb Cornflakes Toast Coffee	Toasted Ham Sandwiches Gherkins Apricot Whip (using juice from canned apricots) Tea	Spanish Steak Broiled Potatoes Beets Raisin Rice Pudding Tea
13	Grapefruit Oatmeal Toast Coffee	Scrambled Eggs Toast Canned Raspberries Tea	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Creamed Onions Butter Tarts Tea	29	Strawberries Griddle Cakes Honey Coffee	Potato Souffle Head Lettuce Blanc Mange Tea	Cream of Carrot Soup Tuna Fish Salad Potato Cakes Spinach Banana Souffle Tea
14	Apricots Shredded Wheat Brown Toast Coffee	Shepherd's Pie Lettuce and Dressing Lemon Sherbet Tea	Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Parsley Potatoes New Carrots Raspberry Roly-poly Tea	30	Prunes Puffed Wheat Toast Coffee	Cheese Toast and Bacon Canned Cherries Filled Cookies Tea	Liver Loaf Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Potatoes Fruit Salad Tea
15	Orange Sections Waffles and Syrup Coffee	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Peaches Cup Cakes Tea	Steamed Cod-fish Tartare Sauce Duchesse Potatoes Rhubarb Sponge Tea	31	Orange Juice Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee	Creamed Shrimps and Peas on Toast Fresh Strawberries and Cream Tea	Jellied Tongue Scalloped Potatoes Angel Cake Caramel Sauce Tea
16	Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Coffee	Fish and Vegetable Salad Brown Rolls Vanilla Junket Tea	Dressed Tenderloin Mashed Potatoes Prune Tapioca Tea	The Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of the Chatelaine every month.			

# ADVANCED REFRIGERATION

To a Husband



who has finally promised to part  
with good money for an  
electric refrigerator

Now that it's all over but the choosing, you will naturally want Her to have a refrigerator that will make the Woman Next Door take notice.

The kind of a refrigerator She can boast about and take pleasure in for years and years to come . . . for, after all, there's nothing like settling a thing of this sort so that it will *stay* settled.

To achieve this happy result you will need a refrigerator that looks like a thoroughbred and *keeps on* looking that way . . . one that will do a scientifically proper job of keeping cool season in and season out without fail . . . and one that will keep you pleasantly surprised each month when you pay your electric bill . . .

Did you know that Frigidaire, always in the forefront of its field, is responsible for developments in the past fifteen years that have made household refrigeration so healthful, convenient and economical?

The Frigidaire shown in the adjoining photograph, for instance, offers advantages you would possibly not expect to find in any refrigerator.

That is why we call it Frigidaire Advanced Refrigeration and that is why you really ought to investigate Frigidaire pretty thoroughly before you finally decide which of the many good electric refrigerators to buy.

Every Frigidaire Dealer has the facts and the figures. Any one of them will gladly tell you and show you whenever you have the time to visit his showroom.



Strikingly beautiful in sparkling  
white Porcelain — Frigidaire offers  
a new standard of Advanced Refrigeration

With new and striking beauty in a cabinet of snow-white Porcelain-on-steel—and with dozens of improvements and refinements that set it apart from all other refrigerators—Frigidaire presents a new idea in modern refrigeration.

Dishes slide smoothly in and out on bar-type, elevated shelves. Cleaning is made easy by the smooth porcelain exterior and by the seamless, acid-resisting porcelain within. Water turns to ice with incredible speed when you set the convenient exterior "Cold Control." Ice cubes tumble out easily and quickly with finger-tip pressure on the Quickube Ice Tray.

Vegetables come from the famous Hydrator as fresh as when you put them there.

And how quietly Frigidaire operates! You are scarcely aware that there is an extra-powerful unit concealed in the bottom of the cabinet—a unit that uses current only a few minutes each hour at a cost of but a few cents a day.

All these modern features combine to make Frigidaire the truly *advanced* refrigerator—and to effect savings that make it the truly economical refrigerator to own. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Toronto, Ont.

## FRIGIDAIRE

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE—Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Institutions . . . Electric Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment . . . Room Coolers

# EDITORIAL

H. NAPIER MOORE, *Editorial Director.*BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, *Editor*GEORGE H. TYNDALL, *Business Manager*

I HAVE been intensely interested in the letters which followed my request for information as to any clubs in which men and women worked together for the community welfare. They have come from all parts of Canada—and all but one, echo the thought that men and women together can accomplish greater things for the community than they can alone.

"How on earth," says one western woman, "we can distinguish between men's problems, and women's problems is more than I can see—are't they all just human problems, and as such don't they need the united point of view and action of both men and women?"

Why do we, on this continent, go in so much for women's clubs, and "hen parties," as opposed to the men's groups? Take any city or village throughout Canada, and you will find men meeting on one night of the week to consider church problems; and women on another. You will find a group of men in their own Canadian club, listening to an address; and across the street a gathering of women in their own Canadian club, listening to another.

Do we ever feel that the girl who is brought up without brothers can have as complete an understanding as the girl who is taught from childhood to look on the world through her brother's eyes as well as her own? Then why not carry the idea still further into community welfare? When so much in a village, or town, or city, depends on the mutual association and inspiration of men and women—why insist that the women should do the organizing and planning—and only collect cold dollars from the men?

ONE of the most interesting examples of just what can be done when men and women carry their responsibility for mutual help and understanding in facing problems, out of the home into the community, is offered in the United Farmers organizations of Western Canada. The local lodges of this farm organization function in many cases as community clubs, where men and women co-operate for the interests of the whole district. Mrs. A. L. Hollis, of Shaunavon, Sask., in writing to me of the developments and successes of this group of men and women in the West, says "Perhaps farm people have unique opportunities for this kind of co-operative endeavor, as farm men and women are more actually business partners than any other class of married folks." There's a challenge for her city sisters!

AN INTERESTING club for men and women, who otherwise would be missing much of the pleasure of life, is shown in the lip-reading club of Toronto, formed over eleven years ago, when two or three people gathered together to help those who, through deafness, were cut off from communication. Today one hundred and fifty members meet regularly, and through the wonderful art of lip-reading are able to enjoy many associations and pleasures which otherwise would be cut off from them. Here is an example which might be followed in all the cities of Canada.

Winnipeg, too, has an interesting group of

men and women in its Health Club. In this group, men and women, and, in fact, the whole family, meet regularly to learn more about health needs and values. The rules of health are of the simplest—yet the great majority of us pass through the whole of life without understanding them. I should think that a Health club, to study diet, exercise, and health rules would be a valuable asset in every community for men and women to work together toward a better health standard in the community.

IT'S always rather a pleasant feeling, on this last page in the magazine, to dip back into the pages that go before. I wonder . . . "Will they like this?" or, "Is that

the type of article everyone will want to read right away?"

Take, for instance, "The Story of the White Sisters of Quebec," by Blodwen Davies. I wish I could be a "Barker" and stand at the edge of the article with a megaphone and call out to you—"Come on in here ladies! Here's one of the most thrilling and absorbing stories of the heroines of early Canada that you could find! Told for you by Blodwen Davies, the young Canadian woman who is making a name for herself through her historical researches. Read this article now—read it to your children—to your club—to your friends!"

As those of you who have been with us from the first issue know, *The Chatelaine* has always been interested in the romance behind the curtain of Canadian history. I

have some delightful articles in store for you—one of the early difficulties with domestics in Canada by Emily Weaver, another Canadian woman who is making our history her hobby. Florence Randall Livesay will tell of the dress-making problems in early Canada and the astonishing fashions and dressmaking bills of those days. Edmund Pugsley of Vancouver will tell you the dramatic stories of the women who went into the mountains with their men, while the railroad was being built. These articles will appear in early issues.

Leslie Roberts, who interviewed Madame Lapointe for his article "The Wife of a Politician" is a young freelance writer who lives in Ottawa. Montreal is represented, in addition to our bridge authority, Xavier Bailet, by Dr. Anne Lee Ludlow, who tells of her early experiences in the royal palace in England. Her article "When I Went to School With Royalty" throws an intimate light on the life and upbringing of princes and princesses, and is unique in its interest.

THE life behind the blank windows of so many institutions is a mystery to the passers-by. Whether it's an orphanage, a prison, an asylum—most of us pause and wonder how life goes on inside. This issue contains one glimpse behind the scenes, in Vera Kellett's description of the daily life of children in a school for the blind. Miss Kellett is a teacher in the School for the Blind at Brantford, Ontario, where pupils from Western Canada attend as well—and if ever you had a feeling that blind children were miserable, read this article and find the truth!

Anne Anderson Perry, with her pithy and pungent article "Should a Woman Speculate?" is well known to all of you, through her series of articles discussing the high cost of sickness. Mrs. Perry found the basis of this article in an interview with a noted woman insurance agent, during her recent trip to the West. She is a freelance and is living in Toronto. The Maritimes is in this issue too, with "Vary Your Staples" by Claire McAllister of Halifax.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

Vol. IV.

Toronto, MAY, 1931

Number 5

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by MIRIAM SELSS

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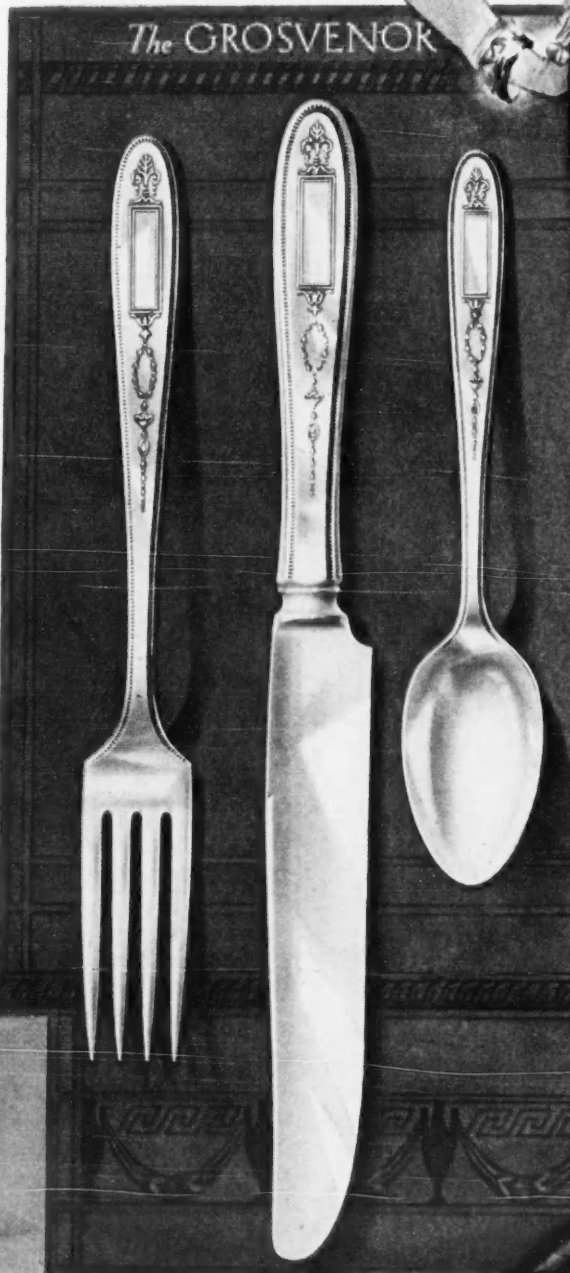
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